

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

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APRIL 1986



THE WILD ONE!

**VICKY O'KEEFE
CUTS LOOSE**

INVESTIGATION:

**WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO
MEN AT WORK?**

CRIME:

**THE DIRTY TRICKS
OF PRIVATE DICKS**

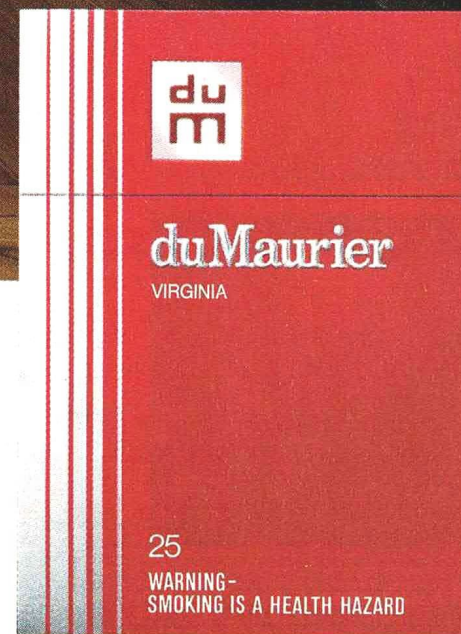
INTERVIEW:

**THE MOST MACHO MAN
IN AUSTRALIA**



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Australian PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 4/April 1986



Vicky O'Keefe Cuts Loose



Kid Eager



Dirty Tricks



Sea Urchins

REGULARS

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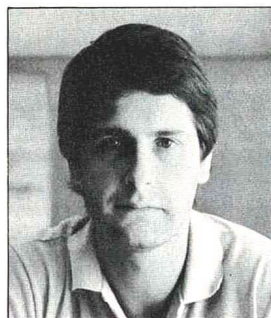
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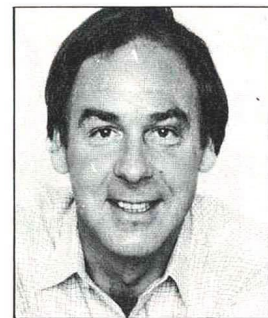
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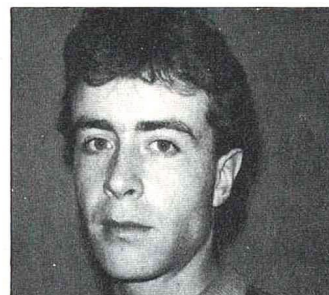
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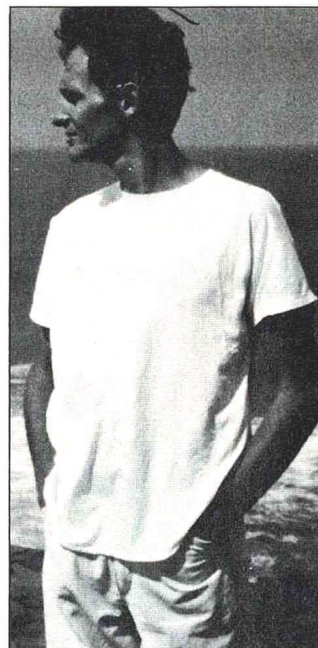
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HOUSECALL

THE WILD ONE

The big bonus in this month's *Australian Penthouse* is Vicky O'Keefe. "I guess I'm a bit of an exhibitionist," say the daughter of Australia's original Wild One, when she explains why she decided to bare all in this raunchy photo spread. Vicky was photographed exclusively for *Penthouse* by top lensman Nick Brokensha, while Eloise McAnulty interviewed the brash and bouncy VO'K for the accompanying text. Vicky O'Keefe cuts loose on page 39.

PERSONAL BEST

Penthouse continues to bring you the most beautiful Australian girls with April Pet Of The Month, Sydney's Kathleen Azzopardi. Acclaimed US photographer Stephen Hicks had the pleasure of doing justice to Kathleen's breathtaking good looks. He shot this centrespread on an isolated beach north of Cairns, in the sultry heat of the north Queensland summer. Turn to page 61.

DIRTY TRICKS

April *Penthouse* blows the whistle on some of the illegal stunts which are regularly used by private investigators to access "confidential" information from government departments and databanks on your finances. Writing under a pseudonym, a local agent exposes the dirty tricks and provides some useful suggestions which can help protect your privacy and property. Award winning artist Nigel Buchanan created the illustration on page 34.

THE MINDERS

Are sports managers nothing more than middlemen, sucking away at the lifeblood

of sport? Or are they the indispensable godfathers of once cruelly exploited sporting stooges? David Hickie looks at both sides of fence on page 50. David Pullman provided the illustration.

KID EAGER

"He wants to get to the top and he's prepared to work his balls off to get there." That's one expert on the subject of Wayne Gardner, the kid from Wollongong who's riding his way into history. Keith J. Butterick assesses Gardner's chances of becoming the World 500cc Motorcycle Champion in an action-packed profile on page 56. Malcolm Bryan contributed the photos.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MEN AT WORK?

Just a couple of years ago they were right up there with the all-time superstars of rock — and then, as quickly as they'd risen, they became the Men Who Didn't Care If They Never Worked Again. How and why did the wheels fall off their carefully assembled juggernaut? Rock expert Glenn A. Baker's in-depth investigation of the Men At Work debacle penetrates the platitudes and exposes the forces that tore the Men apart. Baker's piece starts on page 74 with a photo by Bob King.

HANS THOLSTRUP INTERVIEW

If he ever ties the knot, Hans Tholstrup would rather commit suicide than break his marriage vows by divorcing. If you think that's weird, you're not alone. Interviewer Paul Mann describes Australia's most macho man as "the holder of the most outrageous views I've heard." Graeme Davey shot the photo on page 128. 



We know, you only buy it for the articles inside.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Angst in the mail

I was interested to see that your story on big time dole fraud Cheques In The Mail (Jan '86) coincided with the Federal Opposition's call for a national telephone "dob in" campaign to bring these frauds to justice.

I was enthralled and then angered to read case histories of scammers ripping off millions of tax-payers' dollars. But that the Opposition's proposal was rejected, even in the light of claims that frauds of less than \$20,000 were not even being investigated, angered me more. If ever I get wind of one of these bastards I'll shoot first and make a phone call to the authorities later whether or not there's a dob in campaign. — A. Hutchinson, Wollongong, NSW

Nice legs, shame about . . .

If ever I've read a more ridiculous collection of antiquated, transparently propagandic, undergraduate clichés in the guise of fiction than Frank Hardy's *Reason In Revolt* (February), I certainly haven't had the tolerance to finish it. But with my tongue in my cheek I had to read every word just to confirm my amazement at his juvenile ramblings and the fact it made it to print.

If Frank Hardy is the literary successor to Henry Lawson, then *The Loaded Dog* cocks its leg on the tuckerbox five miles from Gundagai. (P.S. *Outstanding* illustration) — Jamie Talbot, Perth, WA

Burning question

Just a quick note from a Queenslander who wants you to keep on fighting the good fight. I'm a big fan of your articles and I'd like to see even more of the calibre of the story on soccer violence *Saturday Afternoon Fever* (Nov '85). Up to now I've only had the pleasure of your Queensland edition. How do I get my hands on the "hot" edition I've heard about? — Rodney Praed, Bundaberg, Qld

You'll find a post paid subscription application for the unrestricted edition of Australian *Penthouse* on a leaflet in this magazine. — Ed

No clap for Sir Les

While I've been a big fan of the Hon Les Patterson for yonks I can't say I approved of his appearance in your January '86 issue. The story *Sex Down Under* was clas-



Kathy Davis . . . who needs a smile?

sic Les, very funny stuff. Laugh? I nearly shat. But I don't buy *Penthouse* to tickle my funnybone and that grotesque photo of the dipso diplomat you used dead set put me off my oysters. If I had wanted pictures of stained teeth, broken capillaries and nico stains on the fingers I would have bought a copy of *Easy Rider*. Are you with me? — Frank Crichton, Melbourne, Vic

How about a smile?

January Pet Of The Month Kathy Davis could have been the most exciting pictorial you have run in the past year. Her body is the stuff of dreams, her skin a perfect satiny amber all over, and her wild wet hair . . . simply glorious.

But I repeat she *could* have been your most exciting pictorial. The only ingredient missing — and it's a vital one in my opinion — was a smile. A smiling face is an invitation to run one's eyes over the rest of a beautiful woman, and when that smile is missing so is an important part of that woman's allure.

I may not be an expert on these matters, but I know what I like. How about a photo of the stunning Miss Davis enjoying herself? — Colin Anderson, Maroubra, NSW

Angling for disaster

In your story of yellowfin tuna fishing, *The Big One* (January), the sport is described as the "ultimate test of strength, commitment and courage." Well, as far as commitment goes, that bunch of cowboys should be committed: fishing in open water with no working light on board ("not even a torch"), trying to land the thing in the dark, losing the gaff — and nearly one of them — overboard, tangled lines, engine failure. And then having the gall to claim credit for the idea of using a tailrope to land it: the most basic of small boat/big fish concepts. For a moment I thought they would resort to dynamite, the .303, or at least the subtlety of bashing it to death with a piece of four by two.

Then to claim an affinity with *The Old Man And The Sea* . . . I would have cacked myself had not the implications of their yobbo flirtation with disaster chilled me so. All too often the papers are filled with tales of tragedy as a result of thoughtless thrillseeking as documented on that expedition. Do the professionals a favor, fellas, and stick with poddy mullet, or get a job. — E.L., Eden, NSW

Astro logic

My mother used to tell me that if I didn't have a kind word to say about someone then I shouldn't say anything at all — which is probably the reason why I left home at 14. It's much more fun going for the jugular, and C.J. Mackay's slandering of the entire population has captured my imagination in her *Horrorscopes* (January). That's not to mention the way she has taken the piss out of those star-gazing shysters in the astrology game. Great fun. Loved it. More, more. — Tim Clarke, Killara, NSW

I am a regular reader of *Penthouse* and an unashamed fan of both your Forum section and your pictorials. But, imagine my reaction when, after carefully scrutinising my favorite bits, I turned to read my stars and found I was Aries — The Wanker. I haven't read a star guide yet that told me something I didn't already know. — Name and address withheld. ☺

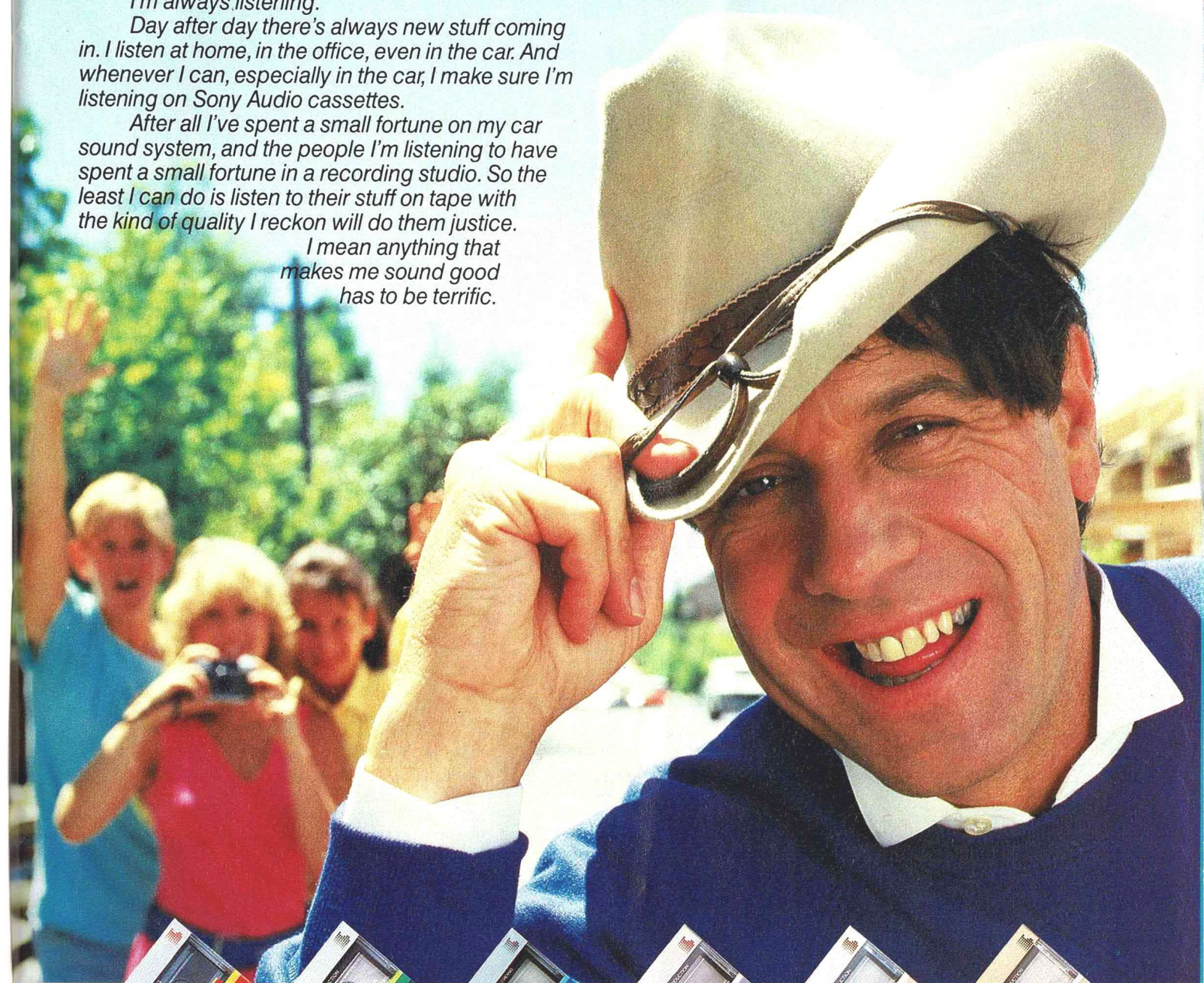
Molly takes his hat off to Sony Audio Tapes.

I'm always listening.

Day after day there's always new stuff coming in. I listen at home, in the office, even in the car. And whenever I can, especially in the car, I make sure I'm listening on Sony Audio cassettes.

After all I've spent a small fortune on my car sound system, and the people I'm listening to have spent a small fortune in a recording studio. So the least I can do is listen to their stuff on tape with the kind of quality I reckon will do them justice.

I mean anything that makes me sound good has to be terrific.



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Artistic form

I am a 23-year-old voluptuous model who takes her work very seriously. Until recently, I have never had an affair with any of the many men I meet in connection with my rising career. It wasn't until I received an unusual job to sit for an artist in his sixties that I succumbed.

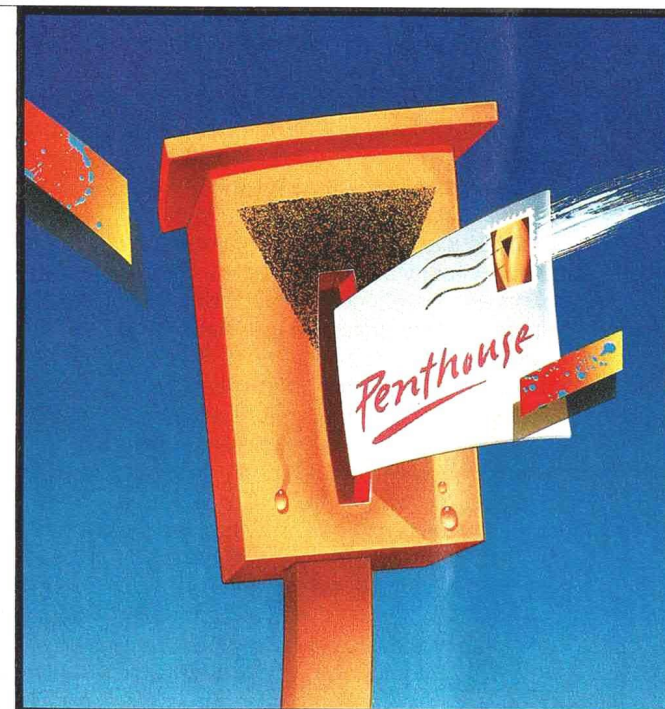
I felt the electricity the moment we met. It was a very strong attraction. However, I didn't say anything at the time. He was an obviously intelligent man whose sophistication and stylish brilliance radiated an explosive sexual energy. His voice was deep and accented. It was interesting that, by comparison, he made my Adonis-type boyfriend seem feminine. He oozed masculinity from every pore.

It was a sultry afternoon; I posed and he painted. We were listening to the sensual delights of his Italian music which was heavy with sexual overtones. He stopped painting and walked to the windows and opened them, allowing the soothing breeze to blow in. He returned to his palette and resumed recreating me on his easel. I was wearing a light antique-lace dress which he had bought during his last trip to France.

I was standing in his oversize studio when a gust of cool air rushed in through the windows, lifting my dress above my waist. He looked shocked and fascinated that I wasn't wearing any panties. His face blushed at my blonde pussy hairs. He tried to hide the hardness between his legs, but was overcome by the wanton desires that had stripped him of discipline.

With pompous confidence, the man walked over to where I was standing and embraced my lustful face in his strong hands. He started licking my tongue with his until our mouths were in full rapture. It was obvious that he had the expertise and technique of a gifted master. My legs began to tremble as my pussy juices moistened my thighs. I had never experienced such high sexual voltage before.

I spread my long ivory legs and lifted the flowing lace dress. He dropped to his knees and gently kissed my wet, perfumed pussy. Spreading the lips of my pussy, his



tongue started dancing inside me. His skill was amazing. Obviously, oral sex was an art he also delighted in. He held on to my smooth legs to keep them from shaking to collapse. I felt him sucking my clit like a hungry baby sucking its mother's breast. Ever so lightly he would touch me with his tongue, as if to tease me more. In minutes the tingles grew to an uncontrollable pulse that sent my body into an orgasmic fever. I limply fell to the floor in his arms.

He released his cock from his encasing clothes. His penis was garnished with black and silver hair. My legs parted to clear the passageway for this well-hung man. A shock of merciless pleasure invaded my body as he widened the banks of my vagina. I moaned while enjoying the authority, assurance, and apparent effortless skill of his snug cock. He held my hard nipple in his teeth as I wrapped my legs around him, refusing him the right to pull out.

He rolled me over to my hands and knees, fucking me violently. He held my long mane of hair in one hand and my pussy in the other so he could still control me when I released an orgasmic scream. I begged him not to stop as he slowed to the tempo of "Torna La Surriento."

I heard him wail as his liquid gold warmed my pussy. My vulva was still undulating as he slowly pulled his tool out of me. I turned to see his face filled with wild

pleasure. I lay down between his legs and began licking the remaining come that covered his prick. His body glistened with salty sweat, as the sun came in through the windows.

To my astonishment, within minutes my 61-year-old lover had another above-average erection. I had never before had a man rise to a second erection so quickly. He turned me over and entered me from behind.

His talented fingertips massaged my clit as he fucked me. I felt lucky to be on the receiving end of such a lusciously experienced and deadly-exciting man. My pussy was on fire and burning with greed. My body was pregnant with pleasure as I reached orgasm after orgasm. He put his pussy-wet fingers in my mouth, and I sucked them as if they were his massive cock

buried deep in me.

Our bodies rocked in perfect rhythm, until he could no longer withhold his second coming. He shook violently. I felt his warm, wet come drip from my pussy and down my thighs. He grabbed me and held me tightly in his arms. We both fell into a deep, peaceful sleep. When we woke hours later, my pussy was still wet from the most thrilling lover I had ever experienced.

Since that windy day I have not posed for him. Rather, we pursue another one of his respectable talents — the art of lovemaking. I have become very cultured, needless to say. He is a deliciously gifted person. He is the only man that can fuck me one day, and I still feel very fucked for days after. Now that's an art form! — *Name and address withheld*

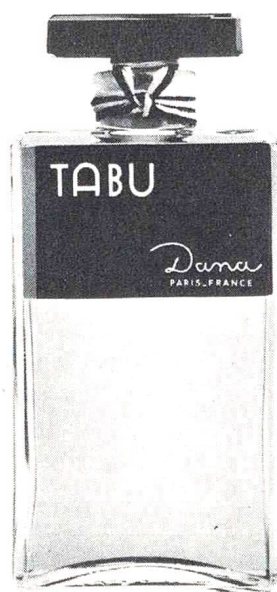
Party time

I've gained something of a reputation as a prick tease in the office. Men are constantly getting "stolen glimpses" all the way up my skirt, and if they enjoy the view, I don't mind at all. I wear a suspender belt, stockings and bright-colored bikini panties, often with a split skirt to enhance the view. I enjoy the attention, and it helps job security.

I am happily married. My husband knows I have had a few casual affairs and doesn't mind. At times I need to be fucked by someone else. There was little doubt in



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FORUM

my mind that sooner or later one of the men in the office would screw me. It was just a question of the right time and the right man.

A few weeks ago the social club arranged a party. There had been some playing around at previous parties, and I was ready to get laid. A hall had been rented. We had drinks and dancing to slow music. A couple of guys got hard while we were dancing. Instead of easing away, I pressed against them and let them fondle the cheeks of my arse.

Bob invited me to a private party afterward. I accepted and we left together. He had a flat only a few minutes away. I was a little surprised when we arrived and found four other men waiting, all from the previous party. Carl took me in his arms and started to dance with me. Both hands dropped to the cheeks of my arse and he drew me very close to him. While we danced he told me they were having a contest. I was to select the man I wanted to screw me. He said it in a joking manner, but it was obvious that he was serious.

After a few minutes Bob cut in. While we were dancing I felt him easing down the long zipper at the back of my dress. It was like someone turning on a switch; all of a sudden I was so hot I simply didn't care what happened. At the same time, I wanted to take my time and get every possible minute of enjoyment. I eased away from Bob and slipped out of my dress, then moved back into his arms. We kissed and I felt one of his hands slip under my panties to squeeze the cheeks of my arse, the other hand moving to my tits. We went on dancing while I ground my pussy against his hard cock.

I danced with the other three men, and let each play with me. When they asked me to decide which one I wanted I told them I was enjoying the selection process. I settled on to the couch between two men and let them take my bra off. Both were sucking my tits and taking turns feeling me until I slipped my panties off. After each man had finger fucked me I knelt in front of Bob, unzipped his pants, took his cock out and sucked it. I gave each man a blow job. All five had around eight or nine inches. When it was Carl's turn he started coming in my mouth almost as soon as my lips closed around his cock. I told the men that to make it even I wanted each to come in my mouth.

When we finished I called my husband to let him know I wouldn't be home until very late. I lay back on the couch and had each man eat me. They then insisted on me making a selection. When they asked me what I would like next I told them I wanted Bob to fuck me, first! We went into the bedroom. I lay back and spread my legs and Bob mounted me. I was so hot I started coming as soon as he shoved his cock up my pussy. I put my legs around him and

he started screwing me hard and fast. My pussy was coming up to meet every thrust. I made it a second time before I felt him coming in me. It was really turning me on to see the other four men waiting for their turn. As soon as one man pulled his cock out of my pussy another would mount me, and I would take the first cock in my mouth to lap up the cream. I was having one orgasm after another. After they had all screwed me I still wanted more. We took a much needed break, but after a few minutes I saw Carl had another hard-on. I straddled him and took his cock in my pussy, then sat up straight. I told them I wanted still more. Bob stood up on the bed and put his cock in my mouth, then I began stroking the other two pricks over my tits.

They wanted to take pictures. I agreed, as long as they didn't pass them around, and I got a copy of each shot. It was kind of fun sucking cocks and being fucked in different positions before the camera. They got some good shots of Ian coming all over my face and Steve coming on my tits.

I have no idea how many times I was fucked that night. Before I left I let them know I was looking forward to more romps with them. When they gave me my copies of the pictures a few days later I showed them to my husband. The next session took place in my home. The men were a little taken back at the idea of my husband joining in, but it more than made up for it when I let them know they were free to come to my home to fuck me whenever they wanted. Now I am getting laid a couple of times a week. I have slept with three of the men. It's now obvious some of the other men at work know I put out, and I will be getting even more cocks. Bob has been hinting about me giving him a blow job in his office. Sooner or later it will happen. — Ann S., Hurstville, NSW

Nuns get none?

I live close to a Catholic school which owns adjoining houses. That's where the nuns who teach there live. I had lived there for a couple of years before realising that the attractive women (dressed in blouses and shorts) who I chatted up when I saw them pulling weeds, mowing the lawns etc, were nuns. I had noticed the absence of males and wondered why, but never asked the reason.

That is, until the day Sister Theresa (the Principal) called in for advice on the best way to fit shelving in the school library (I'm a builder). Since I don't have any signs up I asked her how she found out about me. She said some of her teaching nuns had told her. "But I don't know any of your teachers," I told her. "Yes you do," she answered. "You often speak to them when they're working in the garden."

The penny dropped! I had not realised that nuns no longer have to wear their habits all the time. Well, time passed, until a couple of weeks ago. It was a long

weekend and I was taking it easy, killing a couple of tinnies while watching footy on TV, when there was a knock at the door; it was Theresa. Being a long weekend, the other nuns have gone to visit their families. Theresa has dropped something down the washbasin drain; could I retrieve it for her? Well, of course — anything for a helpless neighbor. I grabbed a pair of stilsons and headed next door with Theresa.

As I slid under the washbasin, I glanced up. Theresa was standing close to the basin and, with the afternoon sun reflecting off the white tiles, I could see up her light cotton skirt. Her panties were sheer and loose at the legs, so that I could get a good view of her snatch. My prick immediately jumped to attention! The next thing I knew, Theresa squatted on the floor (legs apart), put her hand up the leg of my shorts and slid my prick out.

Still lying on my back, I swivelled from under the basin, put my hands on Theresa's waist and slid her dripping panties over her hips. While she sat for a moment to slide them off her legs, I took off my shorts and shirt and then, again lying on my back, positioned Theresa kneeling over my legs so that I could ease her on to my hard-on. Surprise, surprise! As I slid into her, I realised that she was not a virgin. I unbuttoned her blouse and, another surprise: no bra! But what a beautiful firm pair of tits!

As I pulled Theresa towards me she opened her mouth for a full-blown French kiss, during which I reached my peak of excitement and came as I never have before, while she kept up a steady pelvic movement, until I collapsed in a state of satisfied exhaustion.

Then, Theresa spoke for the first time since we left my place: "There's more to come." She guided me up from the cold, hard tiles (which I hadn't noticed till then) and led me through the house to her bedroom. Walking behind her, I couldn't help noticing the sexy way her buttocks moved when she walked. She pulled back the bed covers and lay out on top of the sheets with her arms outstretched, inviting me to slide alongside her. It was such a heavenly feeling to lay close to Theresa with total contact between our two bodies.

After another long-lasting French kiss, I kissed her neck and shoulders before moving down to her beautiful breasts. Her nipples were hard and erect. Next, I moved down past her flat and trim tummy and, sliding my feet off the bed, ran my tongue over her clitoris (also hard and erect) while running two fingers into her glistening twat. She started to moan quietly and move her hips. I adjusted to the tempo, which gradually increased to a crescendo when she finally climaxed and fell into an exhausted sleep.

As I pulled the bedclothes over us, Theresa made a quiet moan of pleasure and snuggled into me. Three times during the night, I half woke with an erection. Each

time, Theresa woke at the same time and guided my penis into her vagina for more vigorous fucking. I woke the following morning with Theresa squatting on top of me for a "morning glory." We screwed wildly throughout the following day, but then I had to leave before the other nuns returned.

Now, when I speak to my neighbors, I wonder if Theresa has told any of the others what a wonderful day we had that long weekend. And I never did get to look at that trap under the handbasin . . . or was it a trap of another kind? — L.S., Sydney, NSW

The fast lane

I've been married over ten years and have been totally faithful — until now. I've always had roaming eyes, and for years they roamed in the direction of my wife's best friend. We'll call her Dawn. Well Dawn, her husband, and her two children had moved up north several years ago, where they opened their own business. Not long ago, they came back down south to visit us. Shortly after they arrived, Dawn's husband had to fly back home to handle a business crisis. During the remainder of Dawn's stay, my imagination was active, egged on by her wardrobe of halter tops and apparel that accented her feminine delights.

I dreamed many times of a sexual encounter with her. As luck would have it,

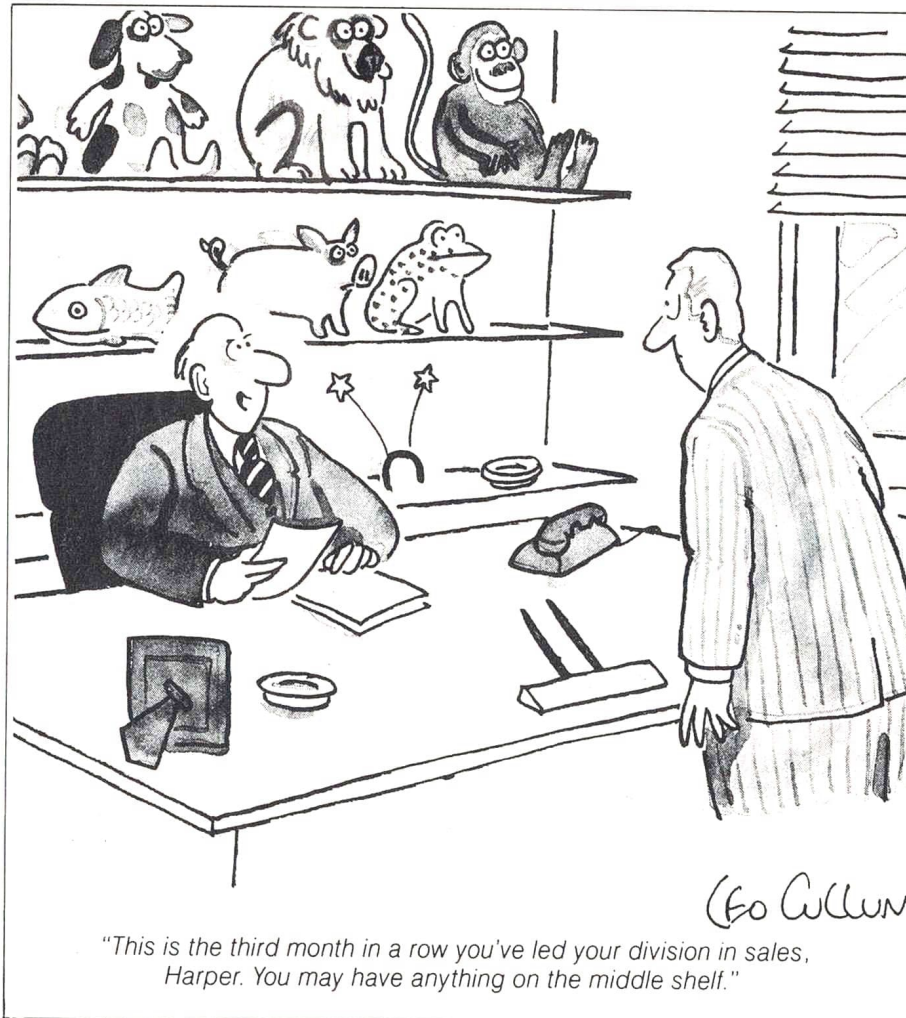
Dawn was pressed to get back home, as she had taken the children out of school. She was faced with the problem of the long drive home alone (over 24 hours), since her husband had already returned. With me being off from work at the time, and therefore available, it was decided that I would drive Dawn home and then fly back.

We pulled out at 10pm that evening. About 200 kilometres into the trip, we had to make a pit stop. It was good fortune that the petrol station at which we stopped carried *Penthouse*. Not long after we were back on the road, with the children sound asleep in the far end of the station wagon, the conversation began to turn to sex. Dawn let me know that she was sexually active outside of her marriage.

I asked her, if she had no objections, to read me some Forum. The first story was pretty kinky, so I told her to skip to the next one. Bingo! It was about a woman who managed to suck her husband off in the backseat of their car, with her parents in the front.

Since my wife refused oral sex, the vivid details had my cock tearing against my jeans. I could barely keep control of myself. As Dawn finished the story I remarked with a trembling voice, that I didn't believe half of those stories. I said, "Why couldn't something like that happen to me?" Dawn said, point-blank, "If you're looking for something like that, I'm your girl."

She slid next to me as I struggled to keep





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Tilt steering and ergonomically designed dashboard make driving a breeze. (Deluxe Hard Top.)

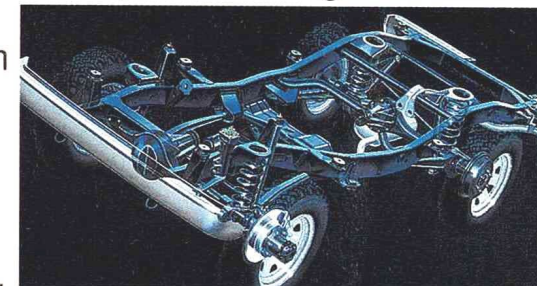


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speed box and free wheeling hubs for relaxed highway cruising. And when you hit the dirt, Bundera Deluxe lets you shift into high range 4WD at the touch of a button when the free-wheeling front hubs are engaged.

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Bundera gives you only one decision. The Hard Top has a lot more luxury. But the Soft Top has the sun, the moon and the stars. Whether you choose Hard Top Deluxe, Hard Top Standard or Soft Top you get 2.4 litres of hard charging power and a 90 litre fuel tank to make sure you can get away from it all and back again. The best way to make your decision is to take a test drive. See your Toyota dealer soon. And get into the Bundera era.

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TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!

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the car on the road. She reached down with both hands and undid my pants. Since I wore no underwear, my aching cock sprang from its confines. My body pounded with each heartbeat. For too many years, this had been only a fantasy. But Dawn's warm breath against my tool was real. As the warm wetness of her mouth began to slowly engulf my cock, I felt as though I was going to pass out. I moaned softly. I fought to keep the car in my lane. Her head moved slowly up and down in my lap. As I ran my free hand through her red hair, her tongue performed miracles in the velvety smoothness of her mouth.

My cock was harder than I can ever remember. After only a few minutes of gentle sucking, I began to feel the stir of a climax. I whispered, "I want it to last a while," as I pulled my cock out of her sucking lips. She released reluctantly. She slowly continued her magic. Soon there was no stopping. She pulled my free hand to her breasts, which hung braless under her blouse. She was now on all fours on the front seat of the car. I squeezed and fondled her nipples as she began to suck harder and faster. I couldn't hold back any longer. I groaned loudly as my load raced toward the tip of my dick and into her sucking mouth. She swallowed spurt after spurt, until I was drained.

She raised up to check on the kids, who remained fast asleep, and then lowered her head back down on my lap. She took my spent, limp cock into her mouth. It ached so much. Her loving lips and tongue soon had me as rigid as before. She sucked me as though she was the one I had wanted for years. She continued to suck, reaching down to my balls with her wet tongue. With my cock still in her mouth, I reached around her head and placed my fingertips where her lips moved gently up and down my shaft.

Feeling the contrast between my rock-hard, wet cock and her warm, soft lips was maddening. She flicked her tongue out of the side of her mouth and ran it over my fingertips. Being a one-shot lover, I couldn't believe it as I recognised that familiar feeling deep in my balls. I braced myself with my left leg, and began to pump my swollen member between Dawn's silken lips. She smacked and slurped as we picked up rhythm. I clamped her head tightly to my stomach. She moaned and twisted with anticipation. Again, with a moan, I poured my creamy love juice into her waiting mouth, and she sucked and smacked wildly as I realised that she was coming also.

As she sat up in the seat, she smiled, licked her lips, and said, "Mmmmm." The following evening she gave me a mini-replay as we neared her suburb. As I reflect on the events of that wonderful trip, I find my cock ripping at my pants yearning for

more of Dawn's oral delights. And to you, Dawn, thanks for fulfilling a lifelong fantasy, and I'll be looking forward, with a rigid cock, to your next visit. — *Name and address withheld*

Happy birthday, baby

My wife, Marie, and I are in our late twenties and in fairly good health. We don't make impressive salaries or live in a mansion, but we are comfortable in our surroundings. Marie is medium height, with dark brown eyes and hair, a 34-inch bust, and an arse that won't quit. She also has a luscious pussy that she keeps shaved for me, and herself. I love to eat her out for hours on end. It excites me tremendously knowing that I can give her so much pleasure with my tongue. When she comes she comes forcefully and with lots of juice, sometimes pressing my face hard to her juicy cunt.

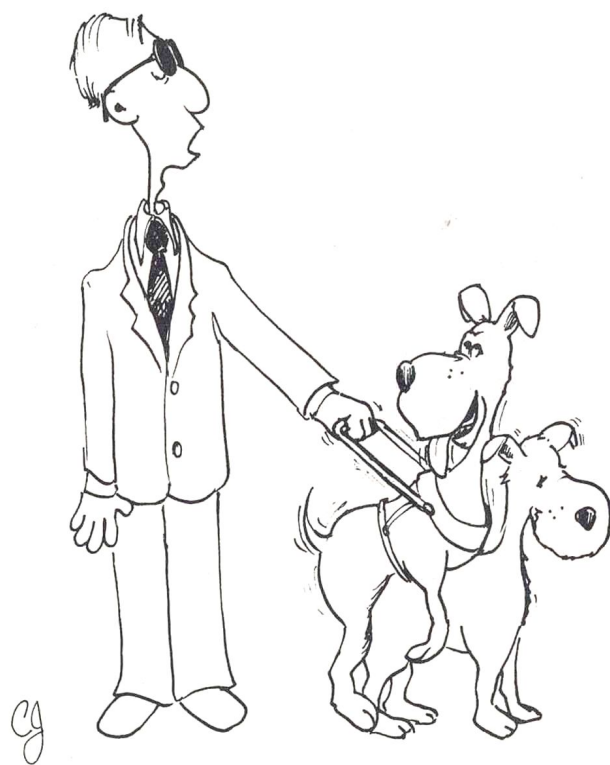
I'd like to tell you about a night we had three weeks ago on my birthday. Marie put on a black teddy with garters, fishnet stockings, black panties, red lipstick and heels. She was so sexy and beautiful I could barely keep my hands off her.

Marie can be a real vamp when she wants to be, and this was one of those nights. She teased me throughout the evening while we relaxed and watched a little television. A little later we headed for the bedroom. We have a full-length mirror at the foot of our bed, which makes for some interesting times.

Marie led me to the foot of the bed and then knelt down in front of me, kissing and caressing my body all the way down till she reached my pants. She then proceeded to open my pants and free my cock. I was already hard, but when Marie started to caress my cock and balls I started to swell even more. I knew what was ahead, as Marie gives a mean blowjob.

She started to move her face closer to my cock, her mouth opening and her tongue snaking out. When her tongue started to swipe across the head of my cock I thought I might lose my load right then, but I knew better things were to come. I looked toward the mirror and had a perfect profile shot of Marie as she started to engulf my cock with her hot mouth. She also looked toward the mirror, and our eyes met. The look in her eyes was pure lust, and you'd better believe these people who tell you that there's special power in certain women's eyes, because as she winked at me I could have died.

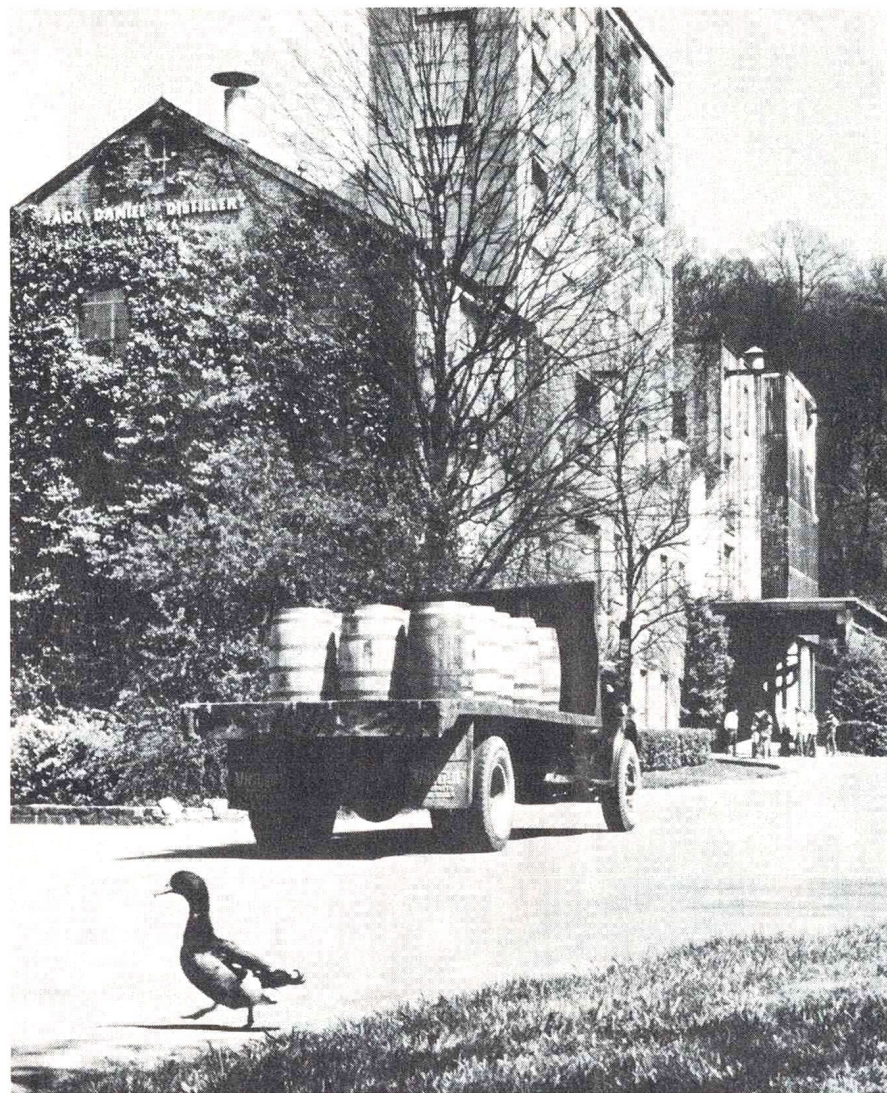
She went back to concentrate on my cock. I kicked my pants off from around my ankles so I could have a firmer stance, as I realised I was getting weak in the knees. Marie continued to bob up and down on my cock, swallowing me almost completely before going back up and licking all around the head. She was getting hot now, and I coaxed her to pleasure herself at the same time — since I love the feeling when she comes as she is sucking on



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me. Her hand started to snake into her panties to play with her pussy. She gets really juicy when she knows she is getting me excited, and the aroma from her pussy always gets me even hotter.

Marie was really starting to rub her vulva furiously now as she held my cock between her lips. The view I had in the mirror was so hot I was ready to come any moment. Marie started to come, and I could feel it in my cock through her lips and mouth. I was almost to the point of no return but she held me back. Then she went at me with more fervor than before. She had me right at the brink and then squeezed me to the point where I was sure I would shoot my load, whether she was ready for it or not. I was wrong. She managed to hold me off time and time again. Finally, she began to urge me on. She started to play with herself again as she urged me to fuck her mouth.

I usually let her do most of the work when she sucks me off, as I wouldn't want to gag her by thrusting more into her throat than she is ready to accept. This time I was starting to lose it. I started thrusting more and more, needing to come badly now. Marie kept sucking and slurping as I thrust my cock in and out of her mouth. She was starting to come again and I knew we would come together. She started to moan, and her mouth tightened around my burning cock. I was ready and stuttered, "I'm coming!" Marie was already in the throes of her orgasm when I started to explode. I don't exactly know if she swallowed my come or if she let it shoot through the air, since I was coming so hard. I do know she had come all over her lips and a lust-filled look in her eyes. I realised I was still standing and could barely understand how that could be possible. I then helped Marie from the floor to the bed. We were far from being through for the night.

Marie doesn't usually dress for bed, but when she does, it drives me crazy — especially when she wears stockings. I pulled her panties off and gazed at her soaked pussy framed by her stockinged thighs. I kissed and caressed her face and neck and then started on her nipples through the teddy. We were both still so hot we couldn't wait any longer. I plunged my cock into her pussy, and she wrapped her legs around me. She started to come, and I could feel her juices flow around my prick. I remembered a position from a porno movie that we had seen, and I decided to see if it felt as good as it looked.

I got up on my knees with my cock still buried in Marie's twat and straddled her right leg. I then brought her left leg up over my right shoulder, turning her on her side at the same time, so I could kiss and caress her calf and ankle. My cock felt bigger and harder than ever as I thrust back and forth from the hips. It was fantastic!

I started to thrust more and more, ready to come. Marie's pussy started to clamp tighter and tighter, sucking me in deeper than I thought possible. We were both ready now and didn't hold back any longer. We ground our crotches together and came with such force I was sure I would pass out. We lay in each other's arms and fell asleep soon afterward.

It was the best birthday I've ever had!
— Name and address withheld

Swinging lesson

Jack and I have been having a torrid love affair for over four years. I can't imagine how we could improve our love-making, but we wanted to try. So two months ago, we subscribed to a swingers' magazine and contacted a couple who lived in a nearby community. We made arrangements to meet Dave and Joan at a bar and then retire to a motel. Jack checked into the motel early, paid in advance, set out some booze and turned down the beds.

At the appointed time we went to the bar and immediately recognised our swingers by the clothes they told us they would be wearing. There were introductions all around and a couple of drinks, and on we went to the motel. After another drink and some exchange of small talk, we changed partners. Within 15 minutes I was vowing silently never to get into one of these situations again. The guy knew where to put his cock, but that was about all. Jack was having his problems too. He simply couldn't get turned on by the girl.

I called a break in the action (or lack of it) by going to the bathroom, and when I came back, Jack drifted back to my bed and Dave to Joan's.

I was so happy to have Jack back that I threw myself into his arms. Well, I guess all of us have some exhibitionism in us and I'm no exception. I could feel Dave and Joan watching as we kissed and fondled each other. I moved slowly down to take Jack's hardening cock into my mouth and made sure that they could see every move I made! I sucked it into my mouth, ran my tongue around it, dropped it out and licked slowly up the shaft the way he likes. I kissed his balls and took them one at a time into my mouth, sucking them gently. Then I went back to his cock, sucking and licking it, and back to his balls. I even took ice from my drink and got my mouth quite cold before resuming with Jack.

Jack was so near coming that he had to stop me. So he pulled me up for a kiss and said, "My turn." Down he went on me. I lay back to enjoy my favorite sport and again made sure that Dave and Joan could see everything. Jack gives marvellous head, so it wasn't long before I was ready to burst. At last I could stand it no longer, and I mounted him for the orgasm I wanted so badly. When it was over and we lay panting in each other's arms, I glanced over at our eager audience. They were still

just watching.

Well, we packed up and went home and had another four hours of delightful lovemaking. I think I'd enjoy having an audience any day. It sure adds a new dimension! — Name and address withheld

In the family

My wife is attractive, but her sister is beautiful. She definitely could have been a model, but opted for kids instead. Now in her late twenties, her body still looks terrific, not that I saw much more than a one-piece clad form until about 12 months ago.

Sissy had always been shyer than someone that attractive should be, and at the same time as she started having hassles with her husband I became the sole witness to her changing attitude. The first time was at a beach down south when both families were holidaying together. Our spouses and children had headed off up the deserted sand when Sissy rolled down her one-piece to reveal small but erotically firm breasts. She oiled them seductively while I watched over the rim of my book and behind mirror sunglasses.

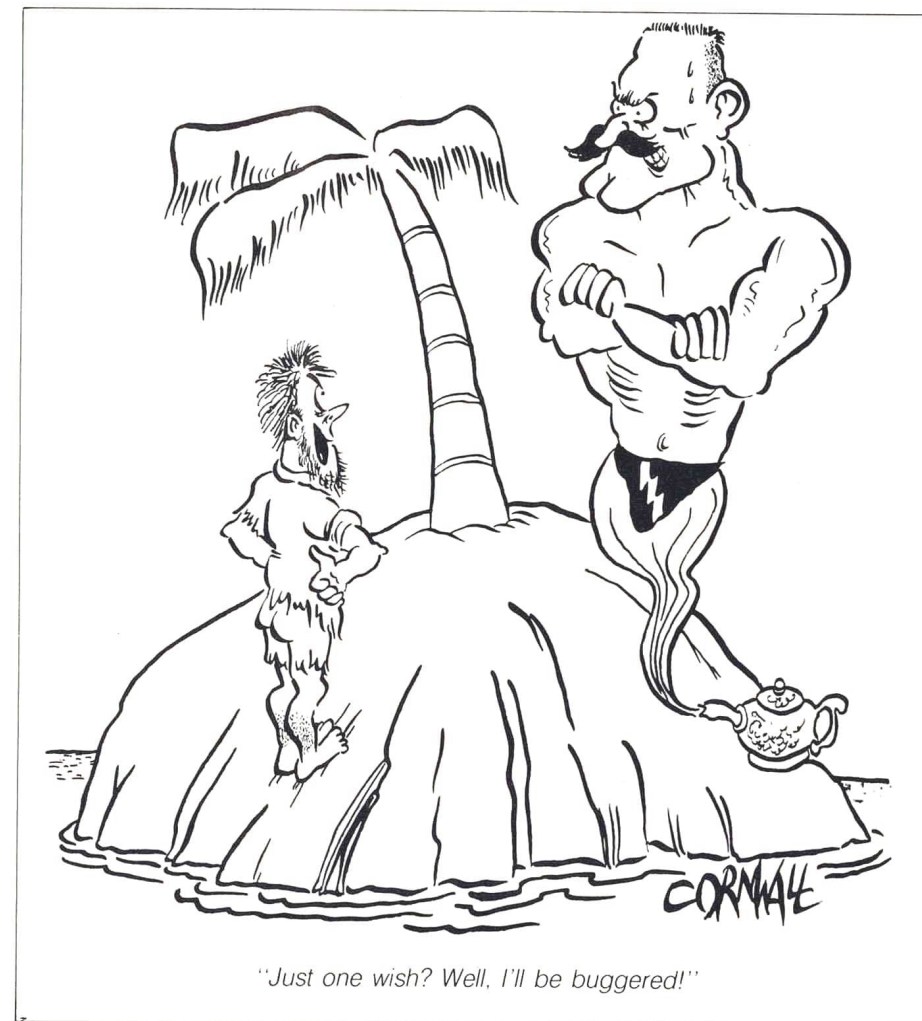
After a while she asked me to oil her back. I'd been sitting so that she couldn't see my swimmers being forced out by an erection and when I moved to her aid she glanced at it quickly before rolling over. The application of oil became more of a light massage as I stretched out the moments of running my hands over her back.

When I said I was all done she opened her legs a little, stuck her petite bottom in the air and reaching behind pulled her costume into a G-string. She turned her face, looking again at my impersonation of a tent pole and asked me to please do her legs.

As my hands slid up and down with the oil I stared at the thin strip of nylon between her legs, stopping my strokes just short of its hidden secrets. I was shaking inside, wondering what to do next, not wanting to overstep the tease she was putting up to me.

I still can't believe that I returned to my book, positioned myself directly behind her legs and perved for ages as she turned from back to front to back. Our families' return from the beach forced Sis to cover up again without comment, and my erection to fade rapidly.

Many months of titillation followed, always when we were unseen by others. The first time she hitched up her dress slowly to show me a sting on her stomach. Another time we were skylarking in a pool with all the kids when she swam up behind me underwater, gave my cock a soft squeeze, surfaced, and swam off with a smile. But the greatest turn-on was when she was watching TV with my wife while I played on the floor with the kids. From where I sat I could see her short dress and when she opened her legs I could catch a glimpse of her white pants. She went to



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the bathroom at one stage and when she returned to the same spot in front of me she gradually opened her legs. Ta-da, no pants! We were both the picture of discretion, carrying on as though the other didn't know what was happening. That she would simultaneously lift one leg every time my wife was out of the room — yet was all prim on her return — underlined to me her participation in my enjoyment. A pink slit amongst bushy black hair had my heart pumping and my cock straining.

Through all this my feelings for my wife stopped me from making any bold move; her jealousy knows no bounds and I wasn't about to risk all. Finally, however, the inevitable happened.

Sis came around visiting and on hearing from me that my wife was out for lunch she said that rather than go back to her "idiot husband" she'd try on some of the dresses she'd come over to borrow. Some minutes later she called me into the bedroom saying that she sought my opinion. I sighed with relief when I saw her dressed but it wasn't to last long. She did a couple of turns and told me to wait so that I could do a comparison with the next dress. Sure enough, off came that slinky silk number, the straps sliding slowly off the shoulders, over the bare white pouting breasts; she moved her hips seductively

from side to side, looking straight into my eyes, as the dress fell to the ground showing that her panties had been earlier removed. A large vee of black pubics became the focus of my attention.

She turned in what seemed like slow motion and placed the dress in the wardrobe. As she reached for another gown I felt my cock pushing my pants out as I luxuriated in the vision of her perfect legs and arse. Sis stepped into the gown and walked over to me, turning when only inches separated our chests, requesting that I zip her up. Instead I peeled the straps off her shoulders, and let it drop to the floor. She didn't move and seemed to stop breathing. I stepped up against her, gently easing my hard-on between the cheeks of her bum as I reached around and cupped a bosom in each hand. As I kissed her neck she twirled around, kissed me long and hard while reaching into my pants to unleash my cock.

Soon she was kneeling below me as I plunged in and out of her sucking mouth. Just before I came she sat back on the bed with her legs spread wide, rubbing her clit furiously as she stared at my angry cock waiting its turn. But first I joined her fingers, licking and slurping every bit of that salubrious twat. Soon she left me to it as she played with her breasts, moaning, groaning and eventually roaring with pleasure. Hungrily she pulled me on to and into her for a sweaty humping.

We talked afterwards, agreeing it had to be a one-off. We'd satisfied a physical urge to get at the other, and no harm had been done. We've agreed that if another 100 percent safe situation arises again then another romp is on, plus she promised to continue flashing to me if I'd start revealing myself to her. Could be very interesting! — *Name and address withheld*

The girls' room

I am a keen supporter of my university's football team. Last week the supporters squad went with the team to an away game. My friend, Rita, is a fan and we chose to share a hotel room. I know Rita well and looked forward to our weekend together. I had often seen her nude. She is petite and muscular with small but well-shaped breasts and prominent dark nipples. She has a slender waist, a nice arse and great legs. She has short dark hair and short, dark, well-trimmed pubic hair. Our boyfriends are both in the team.

We arrived at the hotel late the night before the game and the team had a 10 o'clock curfew. So we only had a few minutes to wish our boyfriends good luck before the game with a quickie. The boys were sharing a room so my boyfriend and I used the boys' room and Rita and her boyfriend used our room. When I got back to our room with a full load of hot come in my pussy, Rita was lying on the bed nude on her stomach with her pussy in the same

condition after her quickie.

Rita said she felt tight and hot, so I offered to rub her back to help her relax. I was still dressed, but since Rita was nude and I was going to use oil for her rub (and I usually sleep in the buff), I too undressed to feel more comfortable. I began massaging her shoulders and lower back. I then massaged her arse and thighs. In order to better massage her, I straddled her arse, which was already covered with oil.

As I continued, my pussy lips opened up, exposing my still-swollen clit. As I rubbed my clit against her arse, I could tell from her hip movements and moaning that she, too, was excited. I began to come and with each spasm of my twat the load of my boyfriend's come spurted out down Rita's crack. I felt down between my legs to her crack, past her velvet hole to her hot wet pussy and, as she opened her legs further, I felt her clit, which was as swollen as mine.

She rolled over and her tits were flushed with the nipples standing up. We looked into each other's eyes and knew what to do next. Rita was lying on her back now. I turned around and was face-to-face for the first time ever with a beautiful soft twat with a swollen clit and gaping lips. I couldn't resist sucking and licking the clit as Rita did the same thing to me. I could feel her fingers inside my snatch pulling my clit closer to her tongue. I was tasting the tartness of her hole and nibbling on her love lips and licking up to her clit. As I sucked Rita's love hole I felt her spasms and got a surprise mouthful of come that was left there shortly before by her boyfriend.

Rita and I had several more orgasms that night with our newfound game, and slept in each other's arms covered with oil, juice, and come. — *Name and address withheld*

Chinese takeaway

I am a 23-year-old male, married to a very wonderful woman, Suzy, who is 21. We read your magazine every month, and we enjoy it very much. We would like to share one of our experiences with your readers.

Suzy and I went out to dinner one evening at a Japanese restaurant, one where you're required to take your shoes off at the door and then sit on cushions on the floor to eat your meal. The restaurant was dimly lit and we were seated in a corner where there were few other people. I didn't think much about it but then I felt Suzy sliding her foot around my crotch. I kept telling her to quit because someone was going to see us but she wouldn't, so I slid my foot over to her and started to do the same. About five minutes later when we were both horny and ready to leave, the waiter appeared and wanted to take our order. We went ahead and ordered our meal, but while we were waiting we continued to rub our feet on each other.

It seemed like it took forever for them to bring us our meal, but finally it arrived and

we ate very fast, paid, and then left for our van. We quickly climbed in the back doors. Suzy didn't even take her dress off. She just pulled it up and then pulled her panties down. I took my pants off and started to fuck her wildly. I continued to fuck her full force and was ready to explode until Suzy pushed me off her and put my cock into her mouth. She then proceeded to give me the best head I've ever had, and in no time I shot my wad all over her and the back of our van. Suzy was now begging me to fuck her and make her come.

I put my cock into her wet pussy and started to pump it in and out slowly, but that wasn't good enough for her. She started saying, "Fuck me harder, give me everything you've got!" That's exactly what I did. A moment later she was screaming, "I'm coming, oh, I'm coming!" Soon after that we dressed and got out of the van through the back door. We didn't know that we had an audience, but as we were getting out of the van there were two couples clapping wildly. We were quite embarrassed, but we were too happy to really care, and then we left for home.

Our next adventure will be in a crowded parking lot, where we will have lots of passersby. — *Name and address withheld*

Fitting climax

I dropped in to buy a new pair of jeans and, not knowing my proper size, I selected a pair to try on for the fit. They were very

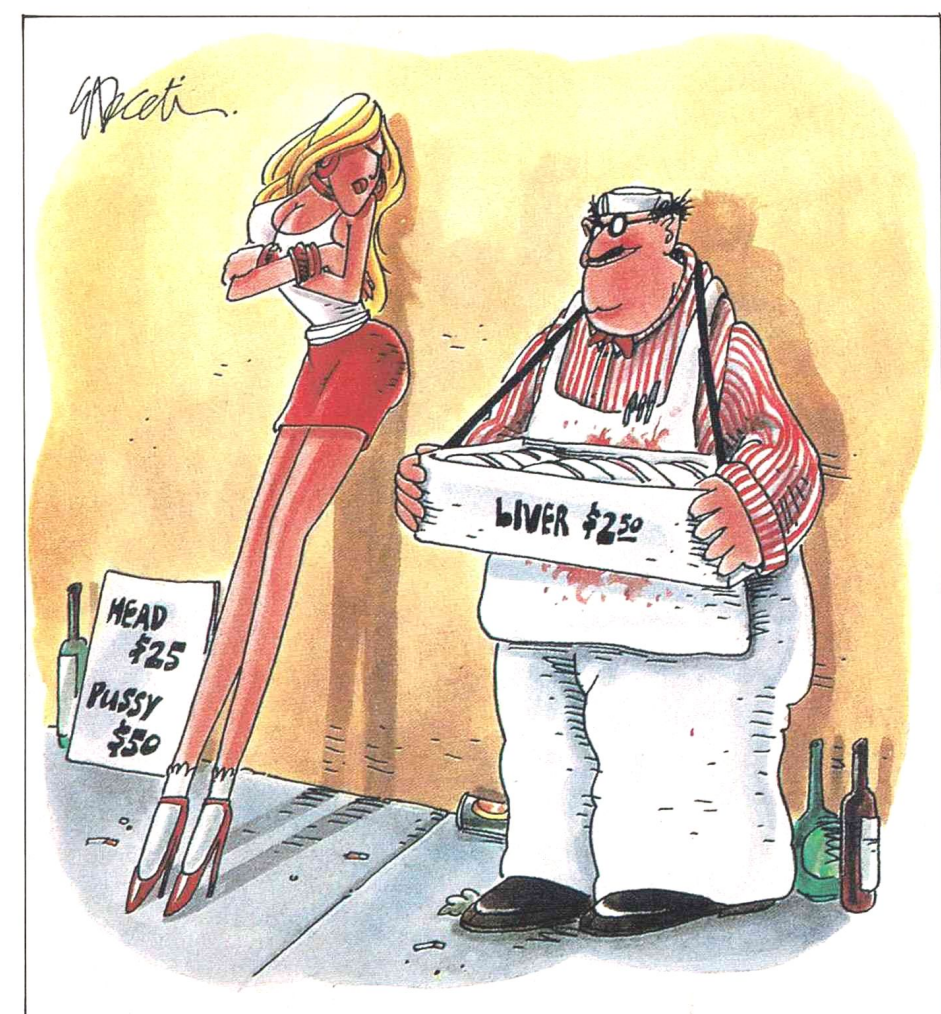
tight. I went out to find another pair and was just removing them from the table to try on when one of the salesgirls, a beautiful girl in her early twenties, came over to help. She suggested that I try a larger size and picked up a tape measure. I almost went wild when she measured the inseam. My dick became superhard as she placed the tape at my crotch and the back of her fingers lightly rubbed against my balls through the tight denim.

She then suggested that I might like to go upstairs to a private fitting room. I eagerly followed her up the stairs — and into her bedroom!

She told me that I should make myself comfortable and that she would be back in a moment. In a few minutes she returned with a man she said was her husband. She wanted me to watch them screw!

The husband began to suck on her nipples and worked his way down to the golden V of her blonde pussy. Then she rolled him over on his back, and she straddled his head. She reached over, took my hands and placed them on her full, taut breasts.

Then she pulled me farther on to the bed and indicated that she wanted me to stand up on it. This brought my aching cock directly in front of her face, and she quickly sucked it into her mouth. We all rode like that for what seemed like forever until I shot my rocks into her mouth and left them to it. — *Name and address withheld*



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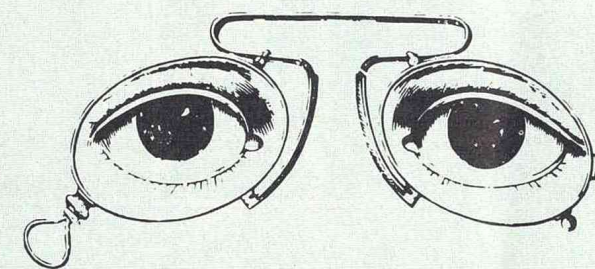
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

BY CHRIS WEST

Like a lot of kids raised on the hoof — I was born in Australia but grew up everywhere else — I didn't have a home so I had to invent one. I was 16, maybe 17, when this idea first occurred to me and I soon lost count of the lies I told about where I was born, where I grew up and even who my parents were.

I used to insist I was Italian. I had, and still have, blond hair, hazel eyes and a hard, stubborn jaw. Still, I would tell people that I was born in Trieste — or Bolzano or Milan, anywhere north enough to explain my complexion — and that I was the only child of an Italian mother and (depending on whom I was trying to kid) an American father who was either a film director or a CIA operative. I spoke Italian fluently, but in the wrong dialect.

Later, I pretended to be Irish, which, if nothing else, was a little closer to the truth. My paternal great-grandparents were both Irish, although for some reason I claimed to be from Kilkenny while they were originally from Galway. Irish blood became a youthful excuse for a bad temper and a quickness to use my fists, sometimes on a wild-eyed Roman girl I knew who would wrap her thighs around my hips and moan, "*Scopami, brutto Irlandese*" when, as we often did, we screwed lovelessly inside the cheap, one-room walk-up I rented soon after I moved out of my parents' house.

One could rightly say I was a mixed-up kid.

I haven't written about this before, nor have I wanted to, but an item — actually a bit of stale gossip tarted up as news to fill space — in a back issue of *The Bulletin* reminded me of those displaced years. Briefly, it was reported that Paul Getty Jnr, grandson and namesake of the late oil billionaire, was now an inmate of a mental institution; deaf and dumb, his mind dissolved by heroin abuse, he was unable to express himself except in an occasional anguished shriek.

I went to school with Paul Getty Jnr; that is, we both attended St George's English School in Rome at about the same time. I was a couple of grades ahead of him so I didn't really notice him much. He was neither bright nor particularly

likeable and his wealthy — and notoriously tight-fisted — family connections were nothing unusual by that school's slightly unreal standards. After all, Tekelou Selassie, grandson of Ethiopian emperor Hailie Selassie, was a classmate, as were the sons and daughters of a Ghanaian guerrilla leader, an exiled American *mafioso*, the bureau chief of the *London Times* and the fashion designer Emilio Pucci. Paul was a pretty lonely kid and he later relished the attention he got when he returned to school after having been kidnapped and held in rough captivity for a year. Even then, the interest in him was really just grisly curiosity — everyone wanted a glimpse of where his ear had been cut off (it had been sent to his grandfather to hasten the ransom payment).

I never saw him again after we both dropped out of high school but I read about him all the time. His hard times became grist for the gossip mill of Europe's sleazier tabloids. Paul was busted once or twice for drug possession. Then he was busted for having a drunken nocturnal screw with a dark-haired German beauty on the bandstand in London's Hyde Park. His father had long since disinherited him. A couple of years later, he overdosed — or got burned — on badly cut heroin and ended up worse than dead, incurably strung-out... an almost senseless vegetable. Which says something about life in the fast lane, if you

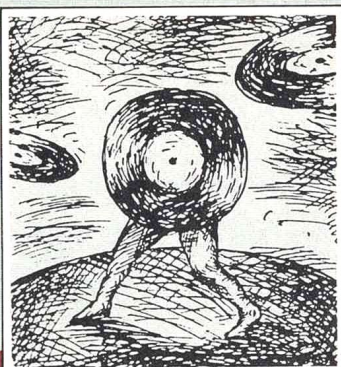
like. Or about the wicked recklessness of kids who are born into the sort of advantages for which most people work their whole lives and yet rarely manage to obtain. Or maybe it's just another pitiful reminder of how little being heir to fame and fortune has to do with happiness and a sense of place, of belonging.

If Paul — or any of the other kids I knew then — had had a choice, he probably would have preferred to have grown up in one place, somewhere he could call home, with people called Mum and Dad, instead of growing old in-flight between Rome and London and New York and hanging out with kids whose parents' names are on the letterheads of banks and governments, the title pages of books or lit in neon on cinema marquees.

I wish him... a little peace.



Illustration by Graham Rendoth



The Eurogliders' ascendancy to the slick, assured pop machine they have *Absolutely* (CBS) become is very much a reflection of Bernie Lynch's maturation as a songwriter. Mind you, astute management and their collective musical prowess haven't gone astray, either. Lynch has co-produced for the first time and has made sure his not-so-latent Philly soul leanings surface in the writing and arrangements. They have been touring with a big-top and back-up singers and brass to capture the supposed "raunch" of this

SOUNDS

ABSOLUTELY ASSURED



Above: GANGgajang. left: The Black Sorrows' latest

chugs on in solid style.

One of the most unaffected local discs of late is the self-titled debut from **GANGgajang** (True Tone). True to their name, acoustic guitar fattens the finger-snap funk and the ex-Angels rhythm section pushes proceedings along without any rhythmic pyrotechnics. The songs, all penned by singer Mark Callaghan, alone or in cahoots with drummer Buzz Bidstrup, feature Callaghan's dour, adenoidal vocals. He manages enough of the tune and all of the feel of the songs — simple statements about growing up in Australia and the inevitable *tristes d'amour*.

Callaghan sounds like someone with country sensibilities reduced to an urban sprawl, not manically uncoping but pining for "quiet evenings at home with the family" in a town of the canefields. One of the Go-Betweens' better tracks, "Cattle and Cane", contained lachrymose memories of a Queensland childhood and Callaghan seems of a similar background with his own matured aspirations and a fondness for the past. GANGgajang manage all this without a hint of gloom in simply great songs that don't promise you Hollywood — just a beer and a new washing machine.

Some of the best bands at their peak have a power that rumbles

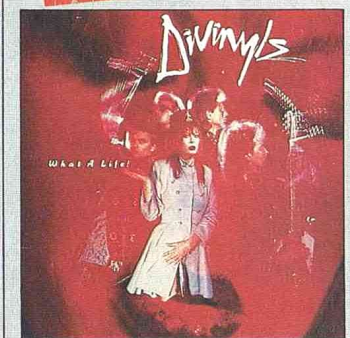
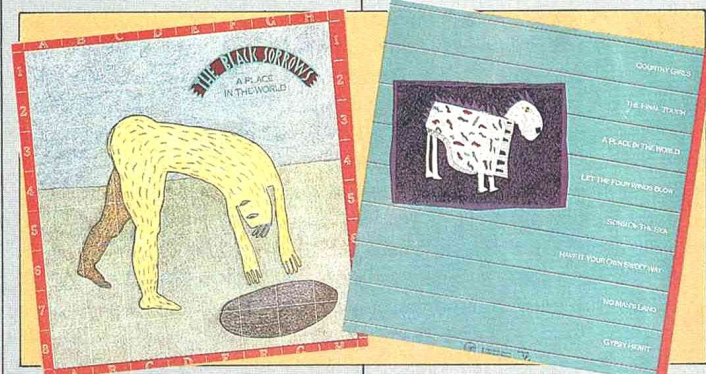
out of speakers — either off stage or record — that transcends mere repertoire. More than ever today we see small groups of songwriters huddled in dark corners, picking up other musicians when it's time to show their faces in public. **Simple Minds** is an animal that throbs with collective intensity on their latest self-penned epic *Once Upon A Time* (Virgin). Their first real radio success "Don't You Forget About Me", written for them by producer Keith Forsey, brought the band to a lot of new ears but you won't find it here. Singer Jim Kerr claims, "It's a good stylish pop song, but I think there's a bigger heartbeat to our songs." Kerr's full-throated tenor (with occasional forays into falsetto) is complemented by Robin Clark's gospel tones.

Melbourne prince of cool **Vince Jones** is *On The Brink Of It* (Suitable) for his second outing as a songwriter. He is master of the mellow jazz understatement in both his vocals and trumpeting. Aply assisted by traditional acoustic backers on percussion, double bass, sax, piano and guitar, he doesn't hearken back to the halcyon Fifties and Sixties for nostalgia reasons; he is a soul mate of that classic jazz age.

From the early Sixties comes a young **Aretha Franklin** en route to her soul hits from a heavy gospel background. *Aretha Sings The Blues* (CBS) has none of her more famous moments, but those tonsils could make bus timetables significant listening.

For a top disc dribbling with kulcha, who could pass *12 Inches Of Les — The Album* (Liberation), a live performance by **Sir Leslie Colin Patterson, KBE**. Les' alter ego Barry Humphries has claimed partial responsibility and critics hailed it as "comparatively nice."

Joe Camilleri and fellow **Black Sorrows** aim to make *A Place In The World* (Spirit/Virgin) with their third album — swaying Cajun country melodies for accordion, violin and guitar. — *Jeremy Cook*



material. The Eurogliders are as raunchy as a marshmallow soufflé — delicious but not threatening in a life or death sense.

The album consists mainly of smoothly tailored love sounds, with the observational "City Of Soul" — about some overzealous police work — and the token rock feel of "So Tough" the main changes in mood. Grace Knight still bounds around the stage like an excitable child but in the studio her singing has matured along with the material. Bernie Lynch also contributes some fine singing in the accomplished schmaltz of "What Kind Of

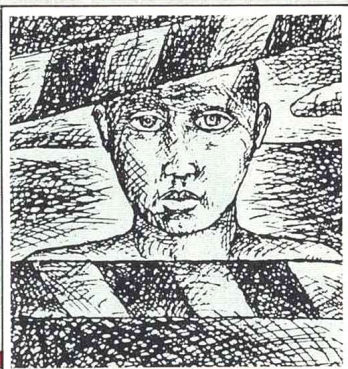
Fool" and the title track.

Clinging more resolutely to their outcrop of sequenced synth-pop are **Real Life**. *Flame* (RCA) is another batch of their cheery little techno nursery rhythms. Their first album only really came into its own when the singles were substantially remixed and rereleased. This time a lot more care and time has been taken in the studio to create textural gems. I'm just afraid that for me their style of song goes in one ear and out the other nostril.

One band who've cleaned up their sonic act but still go for the throat are the **Divinyls**. *What A Life* (Chrysalis) has taken them all of two years to realise. Chrissy Amphlett growls, whoops, screams and sings her way through this one, and, especially on "Old Radios", makes Nina Hagan sound like something out of *Young Talent Time*. The grunge of the band's live guitar attack is not lost, just toned down a mite, and balanced with some keyboard textures — while the rhythm section



Poussin à la Siegersdorf



FILM

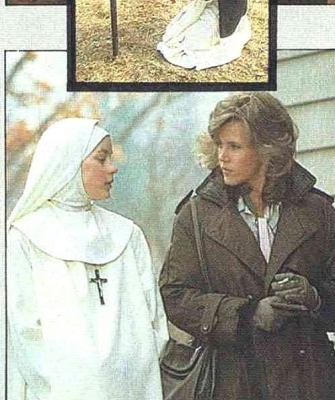
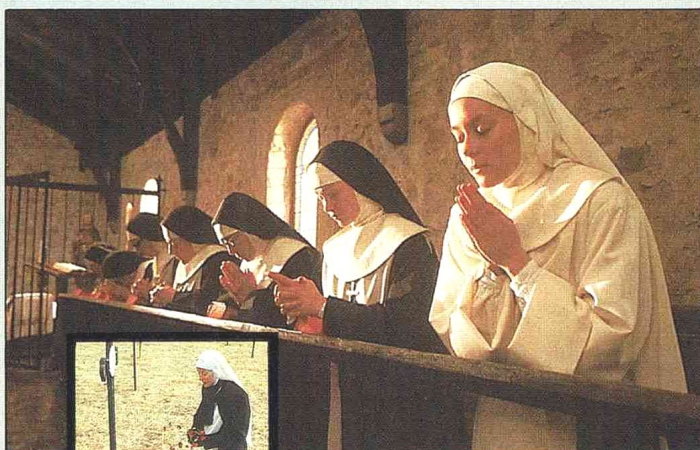
GET THEE TO A NUNNERY

The transformation of a successful play into a successful movie takes a rare knack. All too often the resulting movie is a claustrophobic wordfest short on the impact or intimacy of the original. On the other side of the coin some band of Hollywood jokers decide that the playwright's work lacks love interest or a subplot or three and set about "fixing" the play up for the consumption of you and me.

There have been successes, of course. Last year's smash hit *Amadeus* took a complex play by Peter Schaeffer and inflated it with the gorgeous spectacle of palaces and peruked and beauty-spotted extras in their thousands. Overlong and teetering in the realm of colossal failure, it came up trumps. The great moviegoing public flocked along, particularly after the blessing the film received from the gentlemen of the American film academy.

I only hope that Norman Jewison's production of John Pielmeier's hit play *Agnes Of God* enjoys comparable success. On stage, audiences in 14 countries saw a mystery play performed by three actresses with only a couple of chairs and an ashtray as props. Turning that sucker into a feature film that would maintain integrity but not smother viewers with words and walls was no mean task. But, using the playwright himself as screenwriter and employing the talents of an excellent cast and photographic director Sven Nykvist, Jewison has made a mighty film.

The mystery of *Agnes Of God* begins when a young nun gives birth in a Canadian convent. Minutes later the child is found strangled. Agnes, the childlike novice, faces possible murder charges, though she claims to remember nothing of the birth or the conception of her child. To unravel the puzzle, the Canadian court appoints Dr Martha Livingston, a forensic psychiatrist, to question Agnes and other nuns at

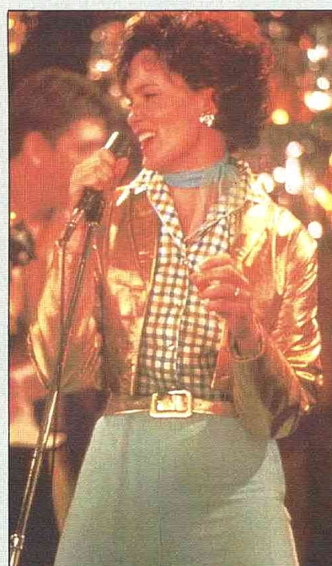


Agnes of God ... a fine conflict of faith and reason

the convent. Dr Livingston is hampered in her enquiries by the Mother Superior, who insists the young nun is innocent and suggests the birth was a modern miracle. The interaction between the three main characters becomes a matter of reason versus faith, with the edges of each becoming more blurred as each new facet of the mystery unfolds.

Jane Fonda takes the role of the hard-bitten, chain-smoking psychiatrist who walks into the timewarp of the convent. Ann Bancroft is the Mother Superior, a woman who came to the religious order after raising a family. Her worldly cynicism and strength are a match for the psychiatrist's and an enigma in the face of her belief in the miracle. Meg Tilley plays Agnes, the epitome of angelic pu-

Jessica Lange as Patsy Cline



and harsh atmosphere of scenes in Dr Livingston's "outside world." His contribution seals the effect of *Agnes Of God* — engrossing, thought-provoking and somehow cleansing and uplifting. Get thee to this nunnery.

Unless there's a big red circle around the Tamworth Country Music Festival on your calendar, the idea of scooting along to *Sweet Dreams*, a film about Patsy Cline, probably excites you as much as a chunk of cow manure sticking to your shoe. Patsy Who? is probably more like it, especially for young 'uns under 35. This sweet-voiced siren of sad country love songs had a string of hits in the late Fifties and early Sixties before buying it in a light plane crash. Thus she achieved the "legend" status that such an exit accords American musicians.

But the idea worked successfully with the Loretta Lynn story *Coalminer's Daughter*, and dang me if it don't work with *Sweet Dreams*, which has been produced by the same mob. Not that this one's on the same scale as *Coalminer's*, but what it lacks in that department it makes up for in its screenplay by Robert Getchell and the intensity of performances by Jessica Lange as Cline and Ed Harris as her husband Charlie Dick.

It's more of a tempestuous domestic love story than a profile of Cline's short career, and Lange overcomes the seeming improbability of being cast as the plain, bouffanted brunette with finesse. Ed Harris crackles carnally with Lange as they wallow in a relationship steeped in beer, violence and sexual reliance. Thankfully, Cline's original recordings are used, along with a fine selection of other hits from the period. Some jumpy editing is one of the film's few faults.

There won't be queues stretching round the block, but anyone who does mosey on down to *Sweet Dreams* won't be disappointed. — C.J. Mackay

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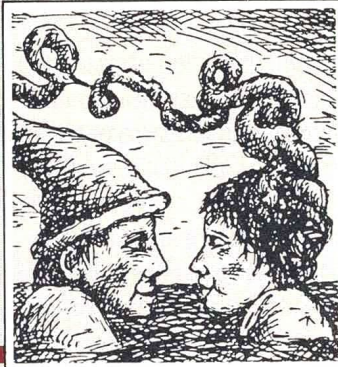


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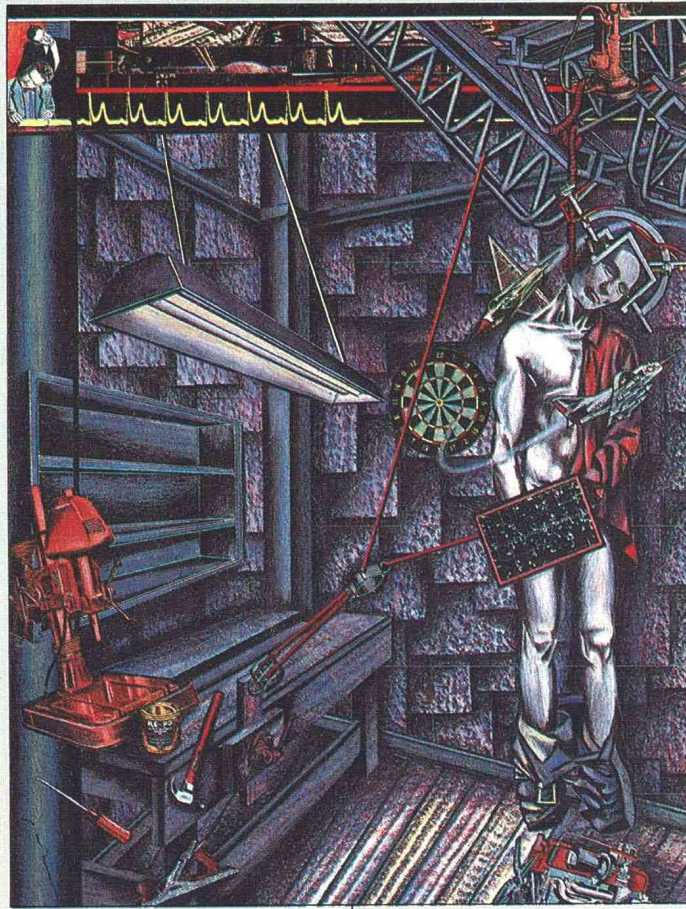
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SEX

DEADLY NECKING



R. Hazelwood, a behavioral scientist with the FBI in Virginia. Hazelwood has researched 132 autoerotic deaths (127 males, 5 females) and found that many of the victims had periodically used the technique to heighten orgasm during masturbation.

"The victims of autoerotic asphyxia are usually happy, well-adjusted young males who are found hanging by the neck, occasionally wearing women's clothing, apparently having died while masturbating," Hazelwood says, adding that the practice can be viewed as no more pathological than the thrill some people derive from driving a car at high speeds.

Dr Robert Litman, a Los Angeles psychiatrist, believes most of the

victims die by accident. "I am certain that once hooked on the technique the practitioners are unaware of how easy it is to lose consciousness. There is an extremely sensitive area of the carotid artery where an ounce of pressure at the wrong moment will render a person unconscious," Litman explains. "Do it a hundred times and nothing happens. Once more and it can be fatal."

A case involving a couple recently surfaced in Australia. In 1984 a doctor charged with murdering his Fijian-born wife admitted in a Hobart court that he'd injected both himself and his wife with the drug xylocaine, and while making love to her, sought her carotid arteries with his thumbs —

an accepted part of their sexual routine. Dr Geoffrey Tregarthen Boughey, 51, testified that he had applied pressure to his wife's arteries four or five times. "She suddenly vomited and went limp," he told the court.

The doctor said he had loved his 23-year-old wife deeply and had administered the drug in order to accentuate sexual perception. "We were talking, kissing, and making love... both rising in sexual ascendancy," Boughey stated. After his wife had passed out, he tried heart massage and mouth-to-mouth resuscitation but was unable to revive her. Dr Boughey said he had engaged in bondage and masochistic techniques since the age of 20 and had learnt from a physiotherapist lover how to increase sexual excitement by manipulation of the carotid arteries.

Autoerotic asphyxia has featured in a limited number of movies. Among them are *The Ruling Class*, which begins with the erotic hanging of the Earl of Gurney, and *In The Realm Of The Senses*, in which a woman regularly near-asphyxiates and ultimately strangles her husband during sex.

Dr Park Elliott Dietz, author of a recent book on the subject, says he has found evidence of the practice among Eskimo and Eastern couples, and among the ancient Mayans, depicted in stone statues dating back to 1000 AD. His book also reveals that erection and orgasm sometimes occur among men who die by hanging, a phenomenon which had long been attributed to abrupt loss of oxygen to the brain.

Dr Ann Burgess, a professor at the University of Pennsylvania, sounds a severe warning on autoerotic asphyxia: "It can become a sexual version of Russian roulette. Additionally, many parents imagine that their child wouldn't participate in such a practice, but it is too often the well adjusted, happy person who falls victim." — Graeme Orr

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SPORT

A GAME FOR ALL SEASONS

Traditionally, there has been no male preoccupation more inaccessible to the inquiring female mind than footy; no masculine obsession more baffling than our passion for touching, fondling, throwing and kicking the small brown objects of our desire. And because of that, the football itself — an innocent mass of inflated pigskin — became the most potent and evocative symbol of the confrontation between the sexes, in feminist circles an object of loathing and scorn. As the serpent's apple conjoined man and woman, the football tore them asunder.

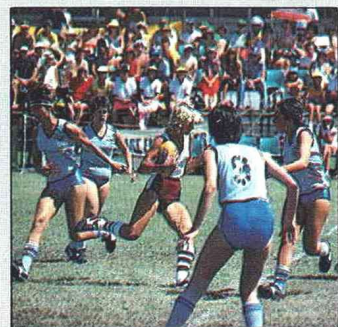
Until now, that is. With the recent massive involvement of women in touch football (now simply called "touch" to avoid the emotive connotation), the football is yielding up its humble secrets to thousands of females across the country. For so long doggedly excluded from the rites of passage, women are now discovering *en masse* the exquisite joy of throwing a reverse pass to send a teammate hurtling through a gap, the thrill of sidestep and swerve, the satisfaction of cover defence.

All this might lead to a hypothesis: that the emergence of women's and mixed touch could eventually do more to promote understanding between the sexes than a truckload of judgements handed down by the Equal Opportunity Tribunal.

Flippant, you say? Of course. When I rang Phil Smith, Executive Director of the NSW Touch Association, for a comment on this unlikely proposition, I expected derision. Instead, Smith said: "Yes, it's quite realistic to say that women's and mixed touch have broken down all barriers . . . It's the biggest thing that's happened on that front for ages. Until now football has been the one area that's completely excluded women. But touch has this great potential for a husband and wife or boyfriend and girlfriend to play a competitive team sport together. It's bringing

the sexes together for sure."

Of all the games that periodically lay claim to being the "boom sport of the Eighties", touch has the best credentials. In fact the social life of many large towns in Australia is now geared almost entirely around touch footy — especially since ladies are no longer *personae non gratae*. And, surprisingly,



From top: Mixed U16, Mixed Open and Women's Finals at the National Championships.

it's not only the rugby-oriented states that have embraced the game with gusto. There are more touch teams than Australian rules teams in Tasmania, and the trend is the same Australia-wide.

The first women's competition sprang up in the Port Hacking district of Sydney in 1976. The boom came in 1980 and women's touch now has a growth rate of 25 per cent each year, with 20,000 players in NSW alone and about 30,000 nationally. Mixed competitions began as an accidental aber-



ration but are now the biggest growth area in Australia's fastest growing sport. "Actually, mixed touch arose from a publicity gimmick of mine," Phil Smith recalls. "At the 1980 National Championships we held a game of mixed touch which featured the son of Johnny Raper and the daughter of Billy Smith [Raper and Smith are former rugby league stars]. The promotional slogan was: 'Who'd have thought these two would ever play footy together?' There was only meant to be the one game, but the idea caught on and in the past two years it's really gone berserk."

At the risk of sounding patronising, it should be noted that the majority of women players have already achieved a high level of competence and the elite players are *red hot* — as good, in fact, as the best male players in the country. It seems, though, that they're still battling to have their status as top-line footballers accepted throughout the touch fraternity.

The best woman player in Australia is 28-year-old Karen Smith,

captain of the NSW women's team, an automatic selection in the Australian women's representative team during the past eight years, and a nominee for the 1985 Daily Telegraph-Amatil Sportswoman of the Year Award — the first such honor accorded to any touch player. Like most of the top female players, she plays in both women's and mixed teams. "The mixed game is much faster than the women's game so it's more satisfying," Karen says. "The men don't expect a woman to step them, and when I've run down a guy he's copped heaps from the others. A lot of guys think they've only got to step around the women, but at the top level there are a lot of girls who are capable of competing on a par with the men."

Kathy Sharman is one such player who's now concentrating on mixed touch because "if you want to improve your game rapidly you have to play with men." Kathy estimates that around half the girls playing in Sydney now are just as good as the average male player: "They're generally keener than the men and play in both summer and winter competitions. Girls who've played a lot of netball have no trouble adjusting to the football and picking up the skills. I found it hard at first in the mixed teams because the guys tended to ignore me. Now they know I can put them through a gap as well as any man."

The social irony of the emerging female footballer is certainly not lost on Kathy. "When we go out with guys who don't play football, they've got to put up with us girls talking about the game; half the time they haven't got a clue what we're on about. I find it really funny. But the main thing is that women aren't left out any more — they can understand the intricacies of football because they're playing the game, and that's having an impact on family life for sure."

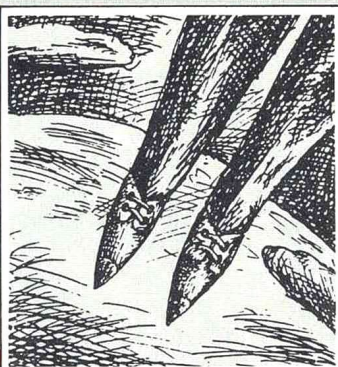
Ah, if only all the vexing problems of these troubled times could be so easily resolved. — Greg Hunter

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TRAVEL

HIGH ON ADVENTURE

Hi-tech holidays cost a lot. You're the one who's paying for all the elaborate technology, from giant jet aircraft to monstrous air-conditioning plants and million-dollar motor cruisers. And the cost of providing all this luxury is one reason why the price of holidays has moved faster than inflation over the last decade.

But why holiday in a hi-tech environment when most of us live in one year-round? A holiday is supposed to be an escape, and unless you're a creature of totally dauntless habit, you really ought to be looking for a change from crowds, noise, traffic and the myriad electronic pests of modern life.

It's one reason why low-tech holidays have caught on to such an extent. The travel industry prefer to call them "adventure holidays", and they make up the fastest-growing segment of the entire business. More and more people are fleeing the computerised ant heaps they live in and heading back to nature; it's quite obviously a response to a deep need somewhere in the back of minds ordinarily crowded with problems like fluctuations in the money supply and the next-door neighbor's enthusiasm for his Iron Maiden records.

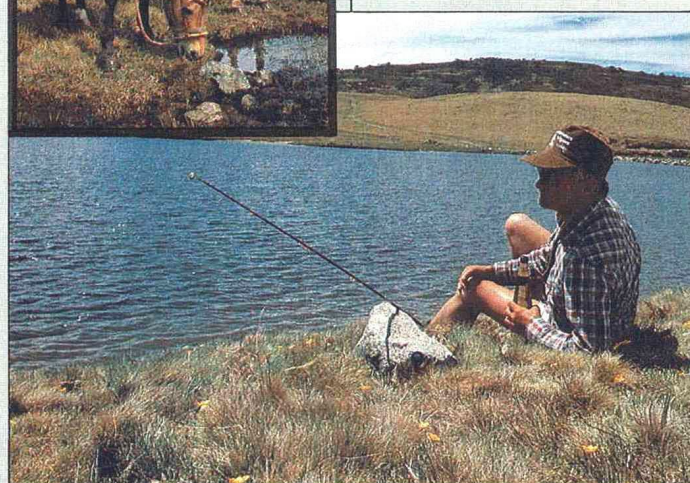
The essence of it is, simply, to do something completely different. And the one that has appealed to me most recently has been horse trekking in Victoria's Bogong High Plains.

It's going to be a struggle to get through this without a clutch of clichés straight out of *The Man From Snowy River*, but I promise to do my best. The high country stands well above the humid sink of the coastal crescent where the



majority of Australians, the most urbanised nation on earth, huddle for most of the year. The air has a funny smell to the nostrils of city slickers — it's fresh; it's not laden with the fumes of stinking contraptions like motor cars and diesel trucks; it hasn't been dried and recirculated several hundred times in the fusty entrails of an air treatment system. Smells there are, of course, and as your lungs are purged of urban reek, they become more subtle and fragrant: the indefinable, ever-changing scent of the bush, woodsmoke mixed with bacon at breakfast-

Horse-trekking takes you off the beaten track — and out of yourself



time, the honest tang of horses, and damp aromas from moss-encrusted rocks and river banks.

For the eyes, the change is just as radical. You're up high, so the horizon is wider and the air much clearer; the mists are fog and bush-haze, not the brown crud we squint through from the fortieth floor. Light is filtered through the forest canopy or reflected from flashing streams and waterfalls, or it streams down unrestricted from the biggest sky you've seen. When you have spent years focussing on nothing further away than the next

set of traffic lights or the fast-food joint over the road, it takes a day or two for your eyes to register it all. And the night sky, uncontaminated by city glare, is the spectacle of spectacles — a good long look will show you that stars are colored.

Ears long assailed by the roar of towns and cities will take time to adjust. People tend to talk a lot less up there because they're listening to the silence or picking out bird calls from the vastness of the bush.

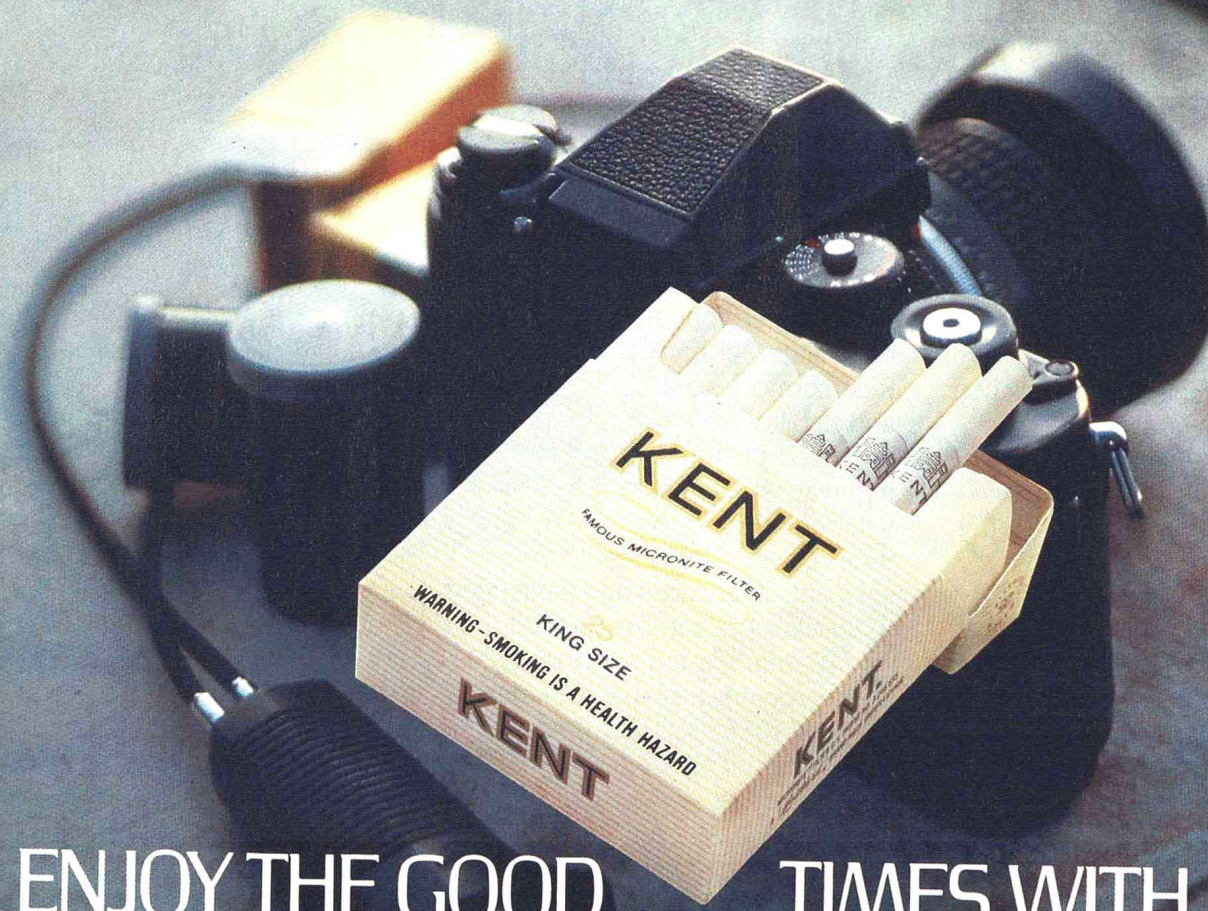
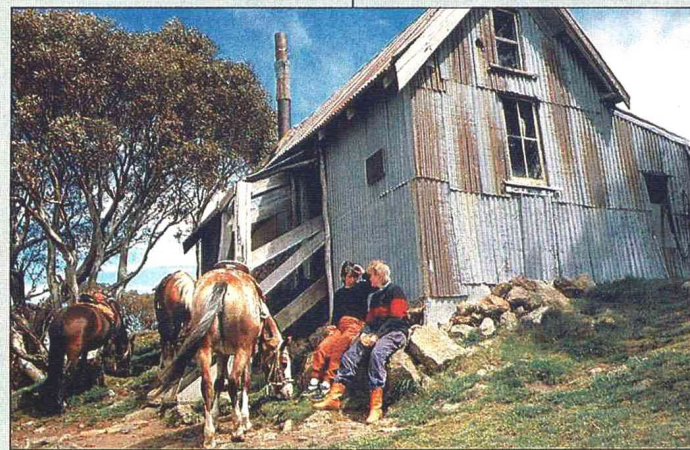
You'll see country that few people ever see. Much of it is inaccessible by road, and it would take far too long to walk in, even if you could carry all the stores you needed.

There's no need to be an accomplished rider. The horses are chosen for their calm and tolerant temperament, and guides are skilled and experienced horsemen. Of course you'll have a sore bum and bandy legs for a couple of days, but that gives rise to a new surprise; you'll find out just how adaptable you are. Some trekkers have never sat a horse before.

You probably won't miss having a shower after a couple of days. Hardy types can plunge into the frigid mountain streams, while the cringers can have a tub in a 44-gallon drum perched over a fire beside a river bank.

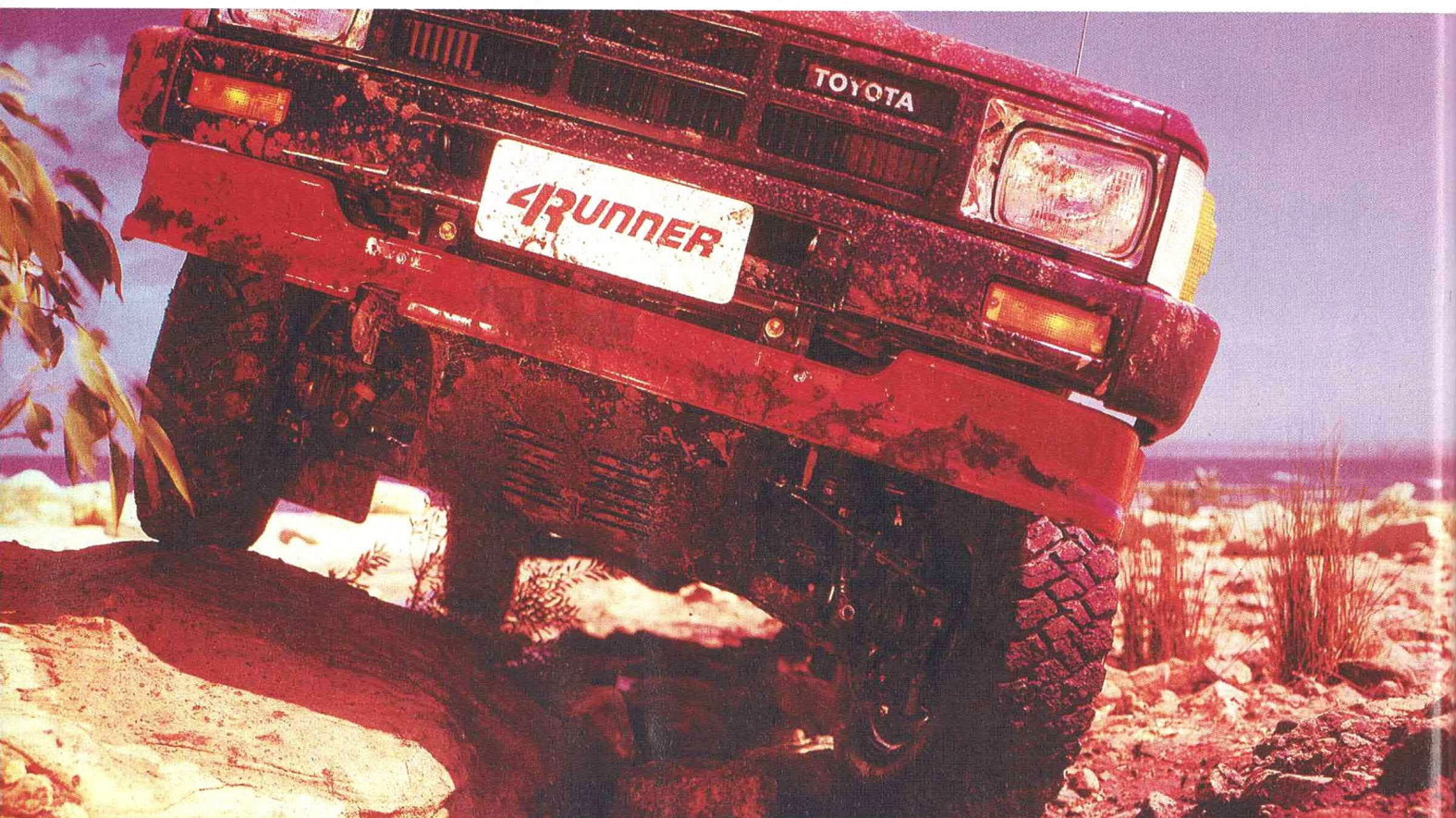
You'll notice that food tastes better than you thought it could, smokers find they don't need as many lung-busters each day, and the unfit will discover more of a spring to their step and a bit more sparkle in the eye. But the most important effect, and one which will take you some time to analyse, is the experience of being taken out of yourself for a while. The full impact won't hit you until you've been home a night or two.

Probably the best operator in the business is Bogong Jack; the Vic-tour office in your city can give you details of the astonishingly-low prices — all-inclusive at that. — *Fred Baker*



ENJOY THE GOOD TIMES WITH KENT
Available in Soft Pack 20s and Crush Proof 25s

4RUNNER CRAWLS AHEAD



MORE POWER AND A NEW FRONT END GIVE 4RUNNER EXTRA OFF ROAD AGILITY

Extra agility in tough off road situations is one advantage of the all-new independent front suspension introduced in the 1986 Toyota 4Runner.

By allowing each front wheel to act without affecting the other, tyre contact is maintained when traction is all important.



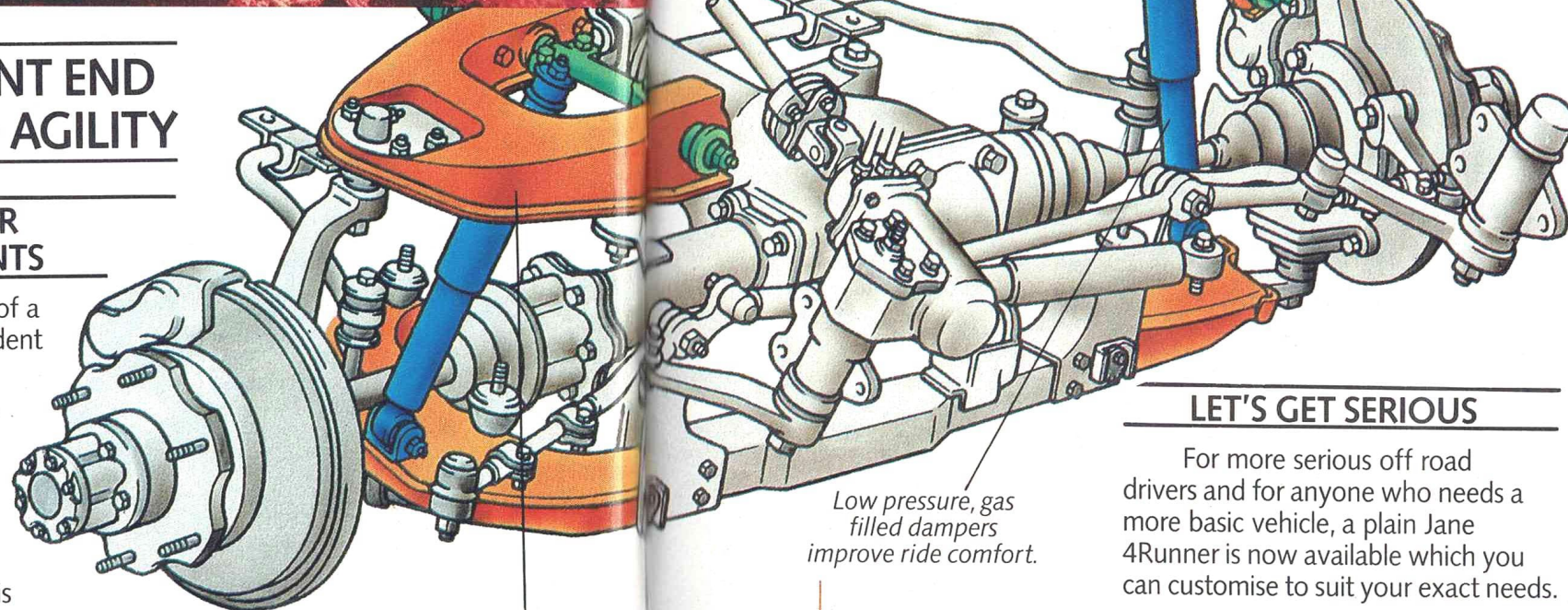
Since its release in mid '84, the 4Runner has been a huge success with serious and not-so-serious off roaders. The removable FRP canopy, huge loadspace, comfortable interior and undoubted off road ability have made 4Runner first choice for a variety of driving needs.

Now, with the release of the 1986 model, several important changes have been made. Apart from the new suspension there's an all-new engine and a new "no-frills" model.

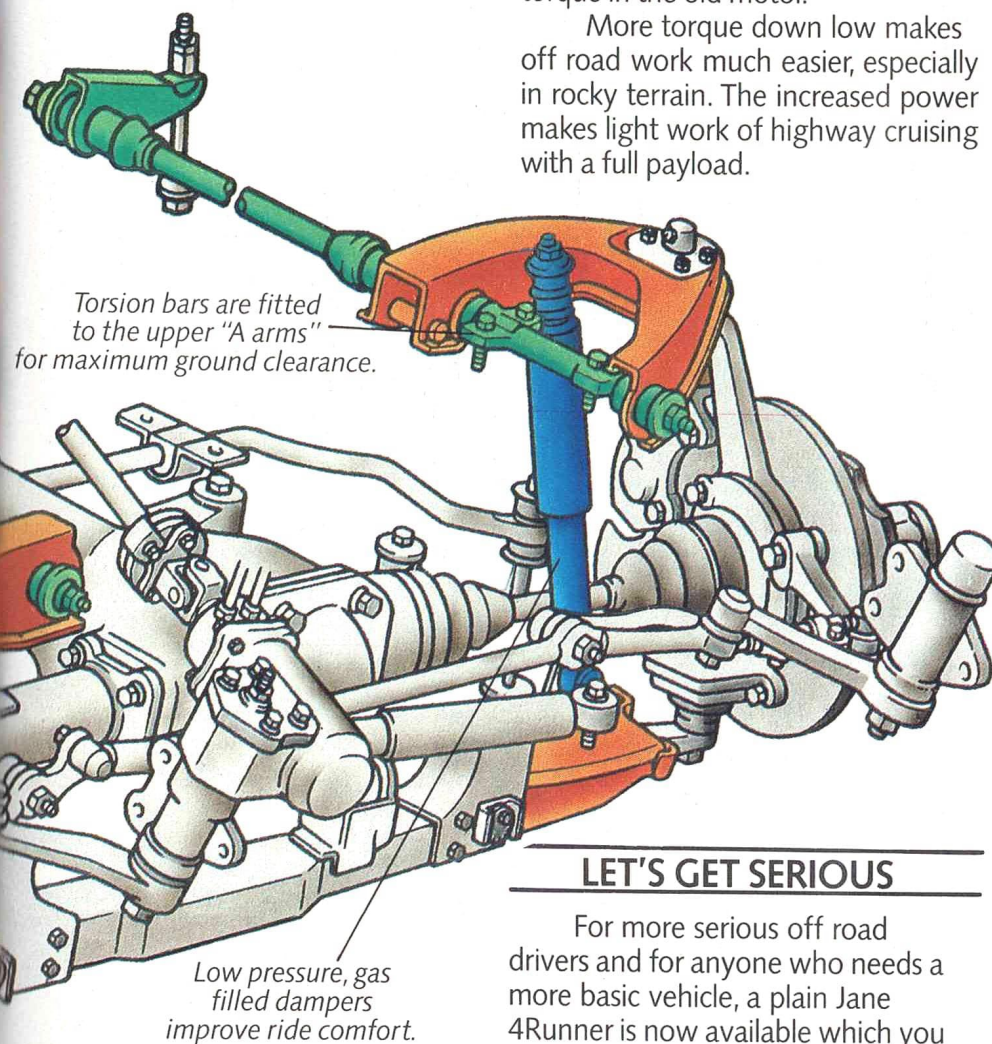
A VOTE FOR INDEPENDENTS

The advantages of a sophisticated independent front suspension are immediately apparent. Ride comfort, control and stability are much improved on the highway, where most vehicles spend more time. Driver fatigue is substantially reduced and passengers appreciate the car-like comfort.

Careful design and thorough testing has ensured that 4Runner's off road agility has not been impaired. In fact, rugged testing has shown that the increased power and torque available from the new 2.2 litre engine combine with the new suspension to actually improve off road performance.



Upper and lower "A arms" have maintenance free rubber bushes for improved ride comfort.



Low pressure, gas filled dampers improve ride comfort.

Torsion bars are fitted to the upper "A arms" for maximum ground clearance.

HOW IFS WORKS

Independent suspension gives each front wheel its own axle, allowing both to deflect independently. Which means when one wheel drops into a hole or runs over a rock, it doesn't force the other wheel up or down or throw the vehicle into an unstable attitude.

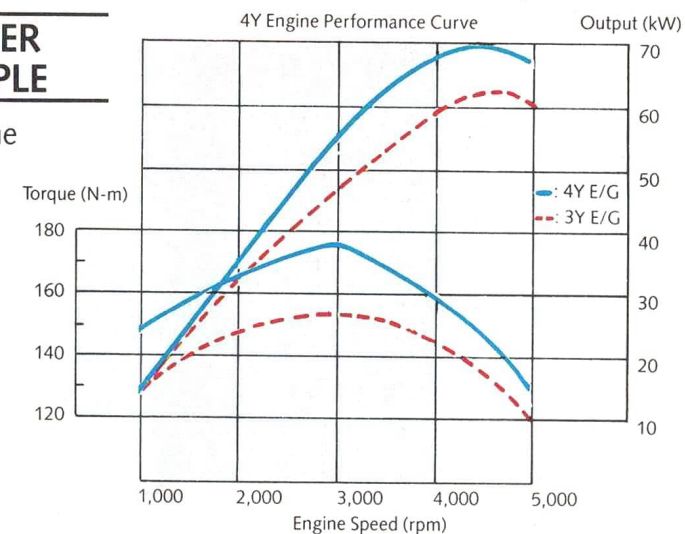
Unsprung mass is also reduced allowing better control of the wheels being steered.

Stress on the vehicle (and passengers) is also reduced which is especially important in recreational use.

MORE POWER TO THE PEOPLE

A quick look at the performance charts shows you just how much difference the all-new 4Y engine makes to the 1986 4Runner. Peak power is up 11% to 70kW and torque is up a whopping 16%. In fact, torque at only 1000rpm is about the same as maximum torque in the old motor.

More torque down low makes off road work much easier, especially in rocky terrain. The increased power makes light work of highway cruising with a full payload.



THE NEW 2.2 LITRE ENGINE

Although it's based on the proven 3Y engine, the new 4Y has many minor modifications to improve power, torque and efficiency.

The 5mm increase in bore brings displacement up 12%, from 1998cc to 2237cc, while the larger intake ports improve torque and breathing, for improved fuel efficiency. The 2L diesel engine is also available with a new superglow glow plug system which shortens pre-heat time and improves starting and cold running.

TEST CRAWL A 4RUNNER

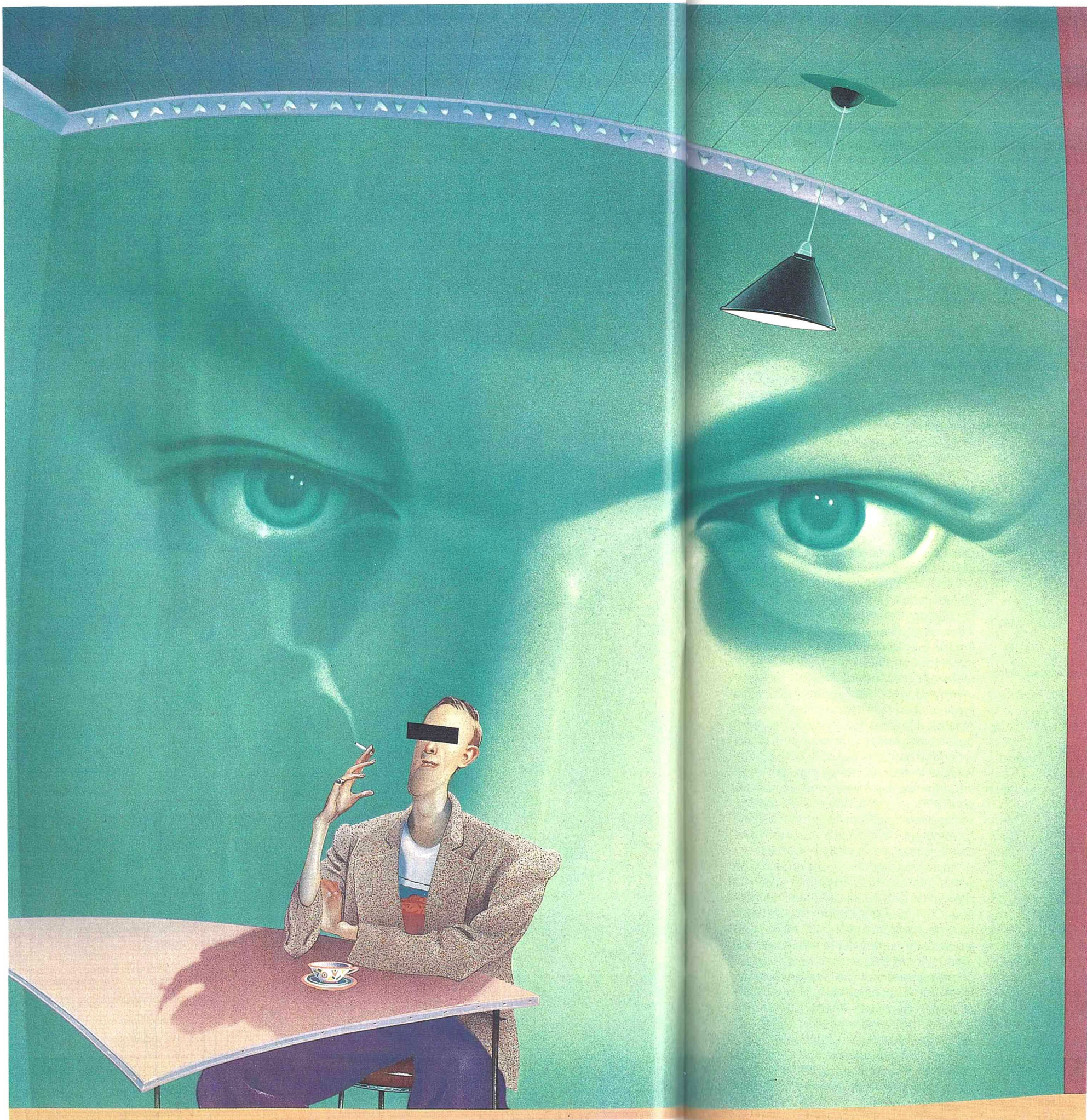
If you're looking for a genuine 4WD with lots of load space, plenty of comfort and real highway performance, go to your Toyota dealer and ask to test drive the new 4Runner. Just remember that the 4Runner's popularity means vehicles are always in short supply.

LET'S GET SERIOUS

For more serious off road drivers and for anyone who needs a more basic vehicle, a plain Jane 4Runner is now available which you can customise to suit your exact needs.

TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!





DIRTY TRICKS

When your business becomes their business, some members of Australia's private inquiry industry don't give a damn about privacy, civil rights or the law

BY CHARLES LATIMER

What would you do if, having fallen a little behind in payments on a hire purchase agreement, you encountered two gorillas on your doorstep demanding to repossess your property? How would you react if you found that, because of an error in a finance company's collection department records, you were prevented from borrowing money from anyone in the future? And what would you do if you were dragged out of bed in the dead of night by someone trying to serve a summons on you — or worse, someone they think is you?

Questions like this are seldom considered by average law-abiding people until the situation arises. When it does arise, they're usually in no position to do anything

This article has been written by a freelance writer and the views expressed in it are not those of the publisher. The publisher in no way endorses the course of action suggested in the article, nor should it be presumed that any assessment has been made by Penthouse of the legality of the course of action suggested.

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

TRICKS

but yield to an industry populated by unscrupulous operators who routinely ignore the rights of individuals, recklessly invade their privacy, often employ illegal methods and almost invariably charge exorbitant amounts for their services.

When you fall behind in loan repayments, or find yourself overcommitted financially, or are mistaken for someone who is, you will find yourself battling a system which neither cares about your rights nor respects the privacy of any aspect of your life. You will become aware of a gargantuan information network operating against you — Orwellian in its scope and power — the existence of which you may only be vaguely aware and the methodology of which you will find appalling.

I have written this article under a pseudonym because I am a private inquiry agent, actively involved in the business of tracking down individuals, eliciting information about them, and extracting money from them on behalf of creditors. I have witnessed the methods used by many companies to illegally extort money from people experiencing financial difficulty; I have seen how this industry adversely affects thousands of people, damaging their financial reputations and invading their privacy without conscience. I'm going to tell you how to deal with these people — but first

you have to learn how they deal with you.

Without needing any qualification or justification, a competent private inquiry agent can find out just about anything his client wants to know about you — either by using subterfuge or simply by paying a public servant to access confidential information.

All records held by the government can be viewed and copied by investigators with paid contacts in the right places. This is a commonplace method in the inquiry industry. Think for a moment what that means.

It means that all information relating to your taxation records, your driver's licence, your history of convictions, your receipt of social security benefits, is so accessible to an investigator with good contacts that it might as well be published in the daily press.

Every time you go to the doctor, your reasons are recorded with Medicare; every time you travel overseas the details are noted by the Immigration Department; every cheque you write, every credit card transaction you make, is likewise recorded.

That's only the beginning. A competent investigator can easily find out where you live, details of how regularly you pay your telephone, electricity and gas bills, how much you paid for your house, who it's mortgaged to, how much the rates cost and whether or not you pay them on time. He can obtain details of your residential lease, your rental bond — where it has

been transferred from and to — and minute details of your credit history, including which companies you've applied to for credit, whether or not the application was approved and if not, why not, and your complete payment history.

The point is this: there is a record somewhere of practically every action you take. It is therefore possible for an investigator, for whatever reason, to legally or illegally plot the course of your activities on a daily — even hourly — basis. Ordinary people are being investigated in this way by private individuals and companies every day.

What this means is that Orwell's vision in 1984 is getting closer and closer to the mark. But it's likely that this dangerous scenario will get worse in the near future. The Federal Government is currently trying to organise a national Identity Card — the "Australia Card" — in order to highlight instances of tax evasion. It could be that the Australia Card will precipitate the development of a "masterfile" in which every usable piece of data concerning you will be collated into a single easily accessible computer listing. The government strenuously denies that this will happen — but can we trust them?

Information stored on private individuals is supposed to be confidential. But government departments leak like sieves — especially to private investigators. How much easier will their task become when all the data on you is stored in one easily accessible computer?

There is a private organisation which is already moving in that direction. It's called the Credit Reference Association, and although you've probably never heard of it, CRA constitutes a potentially greater threat to your privacy than any number of malleable bureaucrats.

CRA lies at the heart of investigations into the financial affairs of private individuals in Australia. It's an enormous co-operative endeavor with 3000 member organisations, including all the major banks, all large financial institutions, real estate agents leasing property, car sales yards, mercantile agents, department stores, insurance investigators and insurance companies, and government departments such as Taxation, Telecom and municipal electricity suppliers . . . in other words, any organisation which provides credit to private citizens is likely to be a member, and most of them are. CRA proudly boasts that it holds records on four and a half million Australians and pumps out four million credit reports annually to its members, who access a massive and continually expanding database. (That database is also regularly accessed by private investigators in the guise of mercantile agents.)

The way it works is simple. A CRA file will be opened on you the moment you apply for credit — whether successfully or unsuccessfully — from any member organisation. Members of CRA will continually add to your file with details of their ex-

perience with you as a client: your history of slow payment, repossessions and "voluntary surrender" of goods, default judgements made against you by courts, bankruptcy orders and "clearouts" — that is, instances where you've changed address without notifying the creditor. The CRA computer contains details of your employment, your previous employment, your address, your previous addresses, and details of every credit account you've ever applied to a CRA member for. It will also hold details of every insurance claim made against you. (Bear that in mind when you apply for a no-claim bonus on your insurance policy — they will check.)

Unless you're a cave-dwelling hermit or you've been in a coma for the last five years, CRA almost certainly has a file on you — and if not, it soon will. The organisation recently distributed a newsletter in which it boasted of "considerable growth." CRA now has 7000 locations covering the whole of mainland Australia, "from as far apart as Cairns in North Queensland and Bunbury in Western Australia." Links have also been established with the CRA of New Zealand and Tasmanian collection services. Enquiry volume had increased by 57 percent in the past year, and "the number of 'skips' or 'clearouts' located by the bureau has more than doubled" in that time.

Under the heading "Developments in CRA's Services", the newsletter states: "We have just introduced a service which identifies people who have been directors of failed companies . . . This means that whenever you make an enquiry on an individual you will automatically be advised if that person has been a director of a company wound up by a court order."

If CRA's vigorous pursuit of potentially ruinous information doesn't worry you, then consider the Association's stated aim: direct communication with other databases. CRA is currently experimenting with a DIRECT-ACCESS system, so that members with their own data on consumers can share that information. When the set-up is fully operational, CRA plans to allow any "interested" party to share database information.

This means that the more your activities are recorded on private and government computer files, and the more these databases are able to communicate with each other, and the more individuals who have authorised or unauthorised access to this information, the less privacy you will have. Eventually, "interested parties" will have a complete dossier of your daily activities beginning from the time you cleaned your teeth in the morning.

It's not difficult to imagine how the information on your CRA file may be used against you. If, for instance, you miss a single payment to a finance company, you may be labelled a possible "defaulter", restricting your chances of finance in the future. I have been informed by real estate

agents that they would not rent a property to anyone with a default report on their CRA file.

Now, consider the situation where you've purchased something in a department store which you believe is faulty; hence you refuse to pay for it until it's repaired. The store lodges a default report with CRA and for the rest of your life you're prevented from renting a property from all real estate agents with the abovementioned policy. As absurd as this may seem, such cases are occurring on a more than daily basis.

Don't imagine that minor transgressions are of no interest to CRA and credit providers. In examining CRA files I have seen default amounts as low as \$63 recorded against individuals. Should a person's financial reputation be discredited because he hasn't paid a monthly department store account of \$63?

The CRA computer constantly inflicts

This information is supposed to be confidential. But government departments leak like sieves — especially to private investigators

needless damage on the financial affairs of ordinary Australians. But that's only one side of the coin. The system itself is defective in a number of ways, all of which can create serious consequences for consumers. For instance, because inquiry agents aren't allowed access to the files, some call themselves mercantile agents and thereby become CRA members, which gives them access. Now, in order to access a CRA file, a mercantile agent must have a debt owing by the subject of the inquiry. If an inquiry agent, in the guise of a mercantile agent, wants to know everything in your file, all he has to do is create a debt, since there's no check done on the information he supplies. Thus you end up with a damaging fictional debt, very difficult to erase, which will probably make it hard for you to rent a house, borrow money or even have a telephone connected in the future.

It sounds incredible; it happens *all the time*. A report of one such case was tabled in the NSW Parliament by the NSW Privacy Committee on November 14, 1985. It involved not a private investigator but the manager of the Sydney-based Hibernian

Credit Union, Mr Paul Day. The report stated that Day had deliberately falsified a mortgage application in order to gain access to the CRA file on a Mr Glenn Barry.

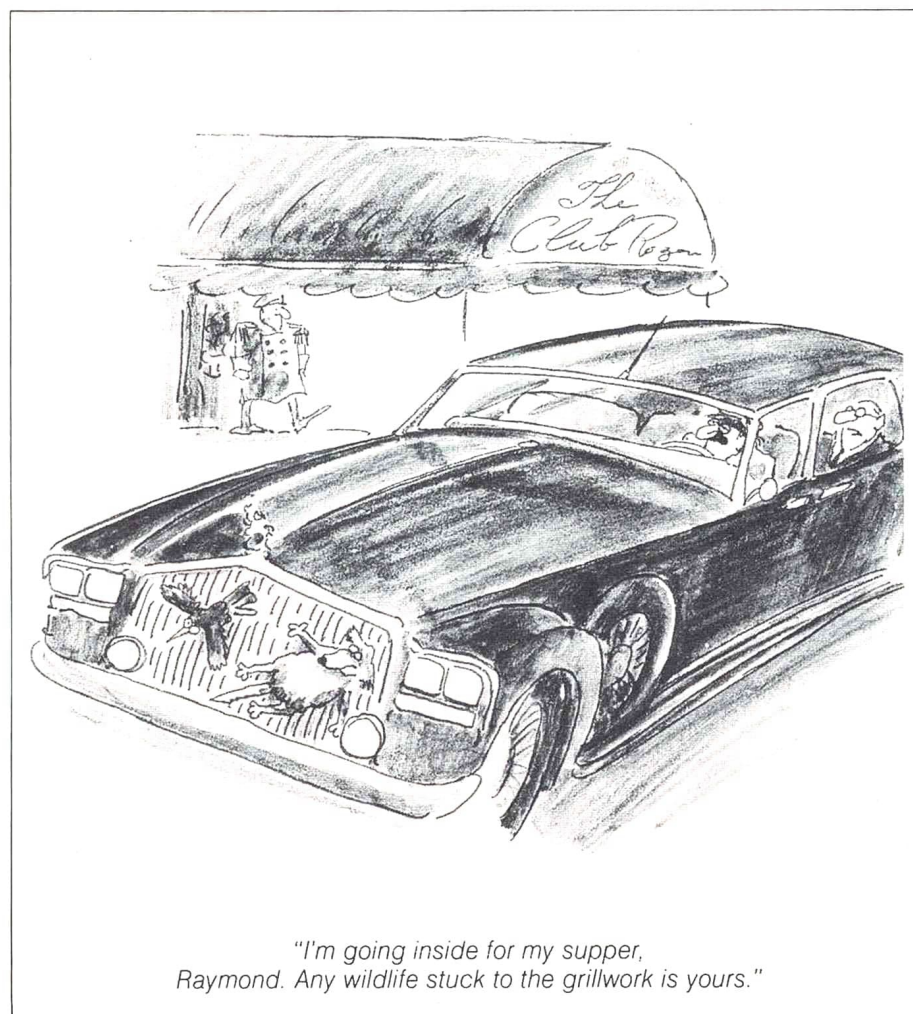
The information obtained by Day was used in a court case by the director of an organisation indirectly associated with the Hibernian Credit Union, who was suing Mr Barry. The Committee found that Day had falsely claimed that Barry had applied for a \$50,000 mortgage. Barry complained to the Committee when his credit history was presented in the court case.

The report highlighted the fact that Barry had never had any dealings with the credit union, and Day claimed he remembered nothing about the circumstances relating to the supposed mortgage. The Committee's finding was that Barry's privacy had been seriously violated by the false application, which had been made deliberately and without excuse. Its report emphasised the need for substantial penalties to be imposed on people who gained unauthorised access to such files.

Apart from deliberate violations, the enormity of the CRA operation lends itself to frequent errors in recording and disseminating information. One common error is caused by the speed with which computer operators enter information. Most mercantile agencies use a system where each separate file has its own file number; in some agencies this number contains five or six digits. When registering defaults with CRA, it's necessary to quote the file number along with the amount owing. I have seen, on various occasions involving different agencies, a five or six-digit file number accidentally entered as an amount owing, with the real amount owing in the reference column. Once a mistake like this has occurred, it can take months to sort out the problem; there will probably be several credit refusals before the victim even realises a problem exists.

There are numerous ways in which this insidious system can be abused. Consider the following case concerning Victor Summer (a pseudonym), a chartered accountant who specialised in tax relief schemes for doctors. A default by Summer was reported to CRA for an amount exceeding \$3 million. This was not actually a debt owed by Summer; it was the total amount due as a result of the tax scheme. The report was lodged because the solicitors acting against Summer wanted to know his financial background. When the incorrect default was lodged the agency acting for the solicitors obtained a copy of Summer's file — which happened to contain no other defaults or detrimental information of any sort. The result is that an incredibly large default has been unjustifiably lodged against a person who has yet to be found guilty of any fraud or impropriety.

This could be described as preliminary persecution of an individual with the aim of causing him problems prior to any finding in his case. The result is that Summer's



"I'm going inside for my supper,
Raymond. Any wildlife stuck to the grillwork is yours."

TRICKS

business has collapsed and he is heading for ruin, not entirely because of the incorrect CRA report, but as a result of the deliberate creation of an attitude of distrust toward him.

Admittedly, Summer's case was a dramatic one. More typical is the situation where a person unknowingly suffers the pillaging of his personal government records. That happened to John Jackson (a pseudonym) when a complete investigation was undertaken in order to locate him so that he could give evidence as a witness to a car accident. Jackson had few financial dealings and had changed address after the accident, so he was difficult to find.

The investigation included a search on his driver's licence, a check with Social Security and Medicare, and special inquiries with credit card companies. Jackson was finally located on the NSW Central Coast. He was lucky: nothing was recorded against him which might have a detrimental effect on his future dealings. Commonly, the trail an investigator leaves will do just that, either causing the subject financial problems or opening files in government departments (such as Taxation), leading to the instigation of further inquiries by that department.

A NEW IDENTITY

Simply grasping a name out of mid-air and using it for everyday activities is both legal and simple. You might, however, decide to take the process one step further and create a new identity — an effective way to overcome invasion of privacy and start afresh should your financial reputation be unfairly tarnished.

This requires a bit of time and effort. The key to your identification is in most cases your date of birth and driver's licence number. While you can't change the former you can alter the latter, which will suitably confuse all but the most accurately maintained records in databases.

The first step is to legally change your name by deed poll. When you take your current licence into a motor registry they'll record your new name on a new licence, but it will retain the old licence number — a convenient cross-reference in most databases. You now take the licence issued in your new name interstate. There you simply apply for an interstate licence (with a new number) to be issued in the new name. You can either use this licence as your new licence, or return to your home state and get a new home state licence, with the new licence number, in your new name.

You now have the beginnings of a new identity, and it's perfectly legal. (It would be possible, once you had the interstate

Private organisations are no more secure than government departments when it comes to supposedly "confidential" information. Try phoning your bank and asking for your account balance. Tell them you don't have your account number in front of you — just give them your name. When they give you the balance, ask them for the address on your file so you can check that it's correct. Try doing the same with your credit card company and your finance company. In 90 percent of cases, when I make these sorts of inquiries as an investigator, I get all the information I need.

The bottom line is this: there is almost nothing that cannot be found out about you unless you make a conscious and determined effort to safeguard your privacy. If this sounds to you like the sort of territory only traversed by criminals and paranoids, then consider your own rights for a moment. Just as you have the right to pay as little income tax as is legally possible, you have the equally important right to protect the privacy of your financial and personal activities. The way to do this is to understand how the various databases record information on you, and to operate in a way that will confuse and confound them.

Let's start with the government departments. Any file held on you is legally accessible to you under the federal *Freedom Of Information Act*. It will contain informa-

licence, to change back to your original name by deed poll, apply for a substitute licence — since the one you had used interstate would be stamped — and retain your original licence. You would then be *illegally* in possession of two completely different licences in your home state.)

Your next step is to formalise your new identity by opening a bank account, credit cards etc in the new name. (Most financial institutions will accept a driver's licence as proof of identity.) Thus you will be creating a new CRA file with your new name and licence number.

Most other organisations don't require any proof of identity. Telecom and municipal electricity departments will supply the service in whatever name you give them. It's possible to register a vehicle in any name, and Social Security will accept a motor vehicle registration form as proof of identity for the unemployment benefit.

The more you use your new identity, the more it will be recorded and subsequently accepted without question. If you go to extremes in entering your new identity on databases you will ultimately become, for all intents and purposes, a new person. If you want to stay on the right side of the law, however, you must not use the new identity for the purpose of deception or monetary gain. That would be classified as fraud.

tion you already know concerning the business you've transacted with the government. To prevent others from gaining access to that information, you need to adopt the tactic of supplying inconsistent information. Key information in most databases is *you* — that is, your full name, date of birth, driver's licence number, address and occupation, in that order of importance. By altering some or preferably all of these "keys", you will cause the logic of the computer to overlook your current entry and create a new file. This is the first step in safeguarding the security of your records, and while it is in some cases illegal, it may seem reasonable when government departments can't guarantee that security.

The next file to check is your CRA file — the absolute key to your financial reputation. You can demand to see it at any time (by lodging a request with CRA), and you should peruse its contents carefully. If there's an incorrect entry, report it to the Privacy Committee in your state.

When you get a copy of the CRA file you'll see how the information on it can be cross-referenced. The keys, again, are your name, date of birth, licence number, address and occupation. These details can easily be altered by applying to a member organisation for credit and supplying false particulars. This will suitably alter your records and is not illegal, as long as it isn't done to defraud the credit provider concerned. Obviously, CRA doesn't protect your privacy satisfactorily, so it's up to you to do so.

It can also be useful to use a variety of names to protect everyday dealings with service suppliers. It's perfectly legal to have the telephone connected in one name, the electricity connected in another, the lease or title on a residence recorded in another, and so on. The possibilities here are endless: motor vehicle registration, driver's licence (see box), Medicare details . . .

If this cloak-and-dagger approach seems a bit over the top, then ask yourself whether you consider illegal, unauthorised and frequent invasions of your privacy to be a fair consequence of having your affairs accurately recorded. Until governments and private database corporations can guarantee that your files will be confidential, I contend that it's your duty to protect your interests. In doing so, the important legal consideration is that you may not supply false information in order to obtain a benefit by fraudulent means.

It's equally important that you understand the law when the long executive arm of the system reaches for your jugular. Mercantile agents are, as a rule, among the sleaziest of operators. For example, they frequently demand money from individuals for their "costs" in collecting a debt or repossessing an item. These costs are usually calculated by estimating how much

Continued on page 144

JO'K's daughter wants to set you straight on her future

VICKY O'KEEFE CUTS LOOSE

“S he's apolitical, agnostic and practically amoral,” says Vicky O'Keefe's brother John. But despite the similarities in style, the daughter of Australia's original Wild One — Johnny O'Keefe — rejects accusations that she's cashing in on her father's name.

“Why the hell would I want to go through all of this just because I wanted to be like my father? I mean, it's just so frustrating to hear all those comments, to be always asked that question. I always knew, even through school, that all I wanted to do was to perform my own songs and record,” says Vicky.

For the last three years she's been doing just that.

Her new single, “I'm Gonna Set You Straight”, marks her return to the recording studio after one and a half years of slogging it out on the Australian rock circuit.

The new release's pacy production and aggressive lyrics also indicate a new direction for Vicky in her music — and her life. Like the new song, she's feisty and brash. But at the same time, that full-on approach to life is tempered by a degree of self-control which has stopped her from falling into the excesses which frequently mar the face of the rock and roll industry.

Seeing the results of those excesses firsthand as the daughter of Johnny O'Keefe may have helped to deter her. Or maybe, says Vicky, it's the Teutonic side of her genes taking over.

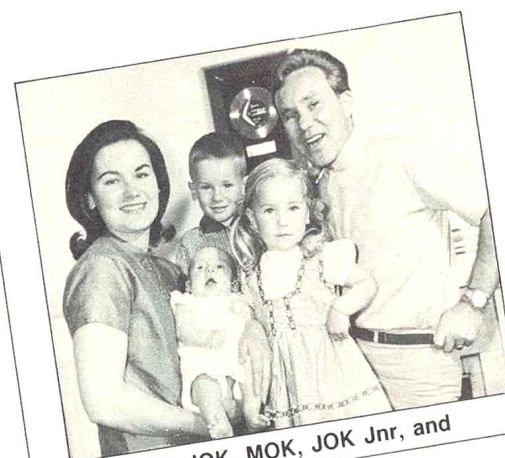


PHOTOS BY NICK BROKENSHA



**VICKY
O'KEEFE**

CUTS LOOSE



VOK, with JOK, MOK, JOK Jr., and
POK — 1965



HELICOPTER VIEW OF SYDNEY
German cover girl Marianna
Renata, the "discovery" of the
early Fifties, appeared on the
cover and in the pages of every
leading Australian magazine.

Back in 1953, a just-arrived German fashion model named Marianna Renata, who could barely speak English, was introduced to an Australian boy who was the hottest thing on the local entertainment scene. After that party, Marianna and Johnny O'Keefe saw a lot of each other but it wasn't until August 1958 that they married.

Victoria was born four years later, two years after the birth of John O'Keefe Jr., and her arrival into the world was featured on the *Bandstand* television show. After Victoria, Johnny and Marianna had one more son, Peter, who is now following a career as a concert pianist. John O'Keefe has chosen law as his profession.

However, the music that was such a dominant part of their lives as children has affected none so greatly as Vicky.

"We used to play records a lot — from a very early age — and we all started playing the piano at five," she recalls. "Both my mother and father encouraged that, so it wasn't as if it was just Dad who was keen to have us appreciate music, all kinds of music. I remember we used to go to concerts a lot — particularly Dad's. And we'd go to all the clubs, shows and nightclubs. Plus there were always people around the house like Little Pattie and the *Bandstand* crowd."

So it wasn't exactly your normal middle-class North Shore upbringing. How did the three children see the rock and roll aspect of their early days? "Well, that was all perfectly natural to us . . . going to gigs, the music. We just didn't think about it. I mean, I didn't notice anything different in the way we were brought up."

Some would imagine that life with a "rock 'n' roll animal" would be pretty crazy and wildly permissive. Not so, says Vicky. "Dad was very strict, although he could be amazingly lenient in some ways. He was

never over-protective but we always knew there were certain limits to what we could do, what we could get away with."

Yet in those early days of Vicky's childhood, Johnny O'Keefe's life was marred by the occupational hazards of the music industry. Alcohol had always been a problem in JOK's life and, after that near-fatal car accident in the late Fifties, Johnny had to also deal with drug dependency and a series of mental breakdowns.

"I've never remembered any of his breakdowns. All of that was in the early days. We coped really well — let's face it, we just did. It was just a fact of life. And that's how I feel about things now. That's probably what's given me my attitude — I'm just not shocked, I can cope with things like that. We went on; it was just a part of growing up."

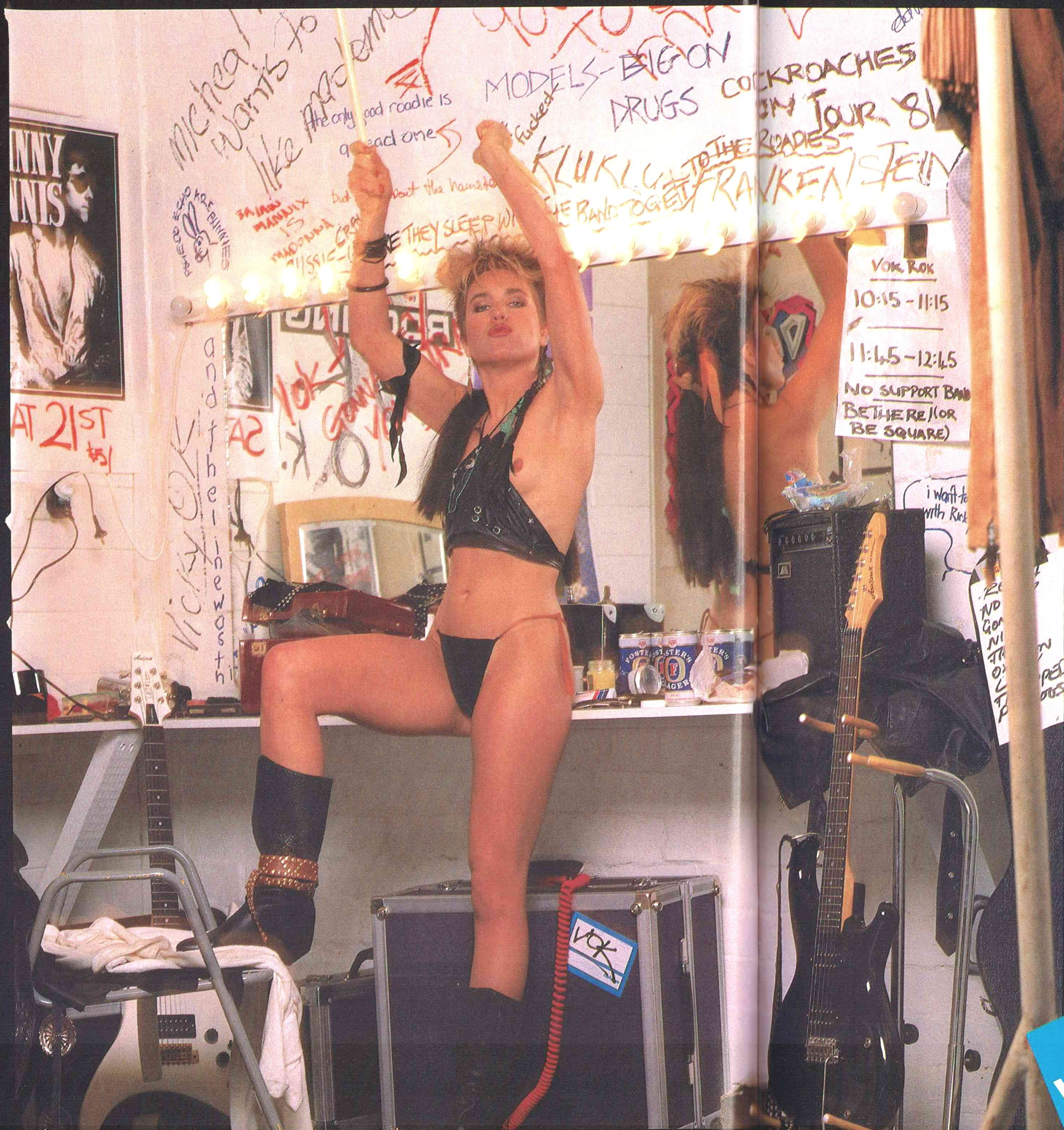
Finally, after eight years of marriage, Marianna could take her husband's lifestyle — the drinking, depressions and long absences — no longer, and they separated.

Johnny O'Keefe Jr. saw it as a "dramatic divorce. It was in all of the newspapers and, with divorce laws the way they were then, there was a lot of blame and sensationalism attached to it."

However, young Victoria had the protection of youth: "I don't remember the hows and whys of them splitting. I'm finding out more now but, basically, it's a very pressurised business and Dad had breakdowns and he had a drinking problem. It just got pretty hard to live with at times and — well, it was just the typical thing that happens."

Johnny O'Keefe still remained a strong part of the family's lives. "I suppose being in that family, having a famous father, I always felt proud going out with him. Everybody knew him, he was always recognised and he'd talk to them, sign autographs . . . I felt proud, really proud."

Hair styled by Tribe; Leather garments and belts supplied by Persuadable Leather Company; Boots by Joshua; Jewellery from Titbitz and Sportsgirl; Champagne courtesy of Bollinger; Musical instruments courtesy of Billy Hyde Drum Clinic; Stage equipment courtesy of Sound On Stage.



**VICKY
O'KEEFE**

CUTS LOOSE

By the time Vicky reached high school, Johnny O'Keefe had met and married Melbourne publicist Maureen Muric. "What I remember most about the wedding was the reception — it was at the Caprice Restaurant, down on the water, and I went around all the tables and drank everybody's champagne," Vicky recalls. "We all got on well with Maureen — she and Mum are still firm friends and we see plenty of her. In fact, I lived with her for a while after Dad died."

When Vicky was 16 Marianna decided it was time the children saw more of their European heritage and whisked them off to Germany to meet the Renata side of the family.

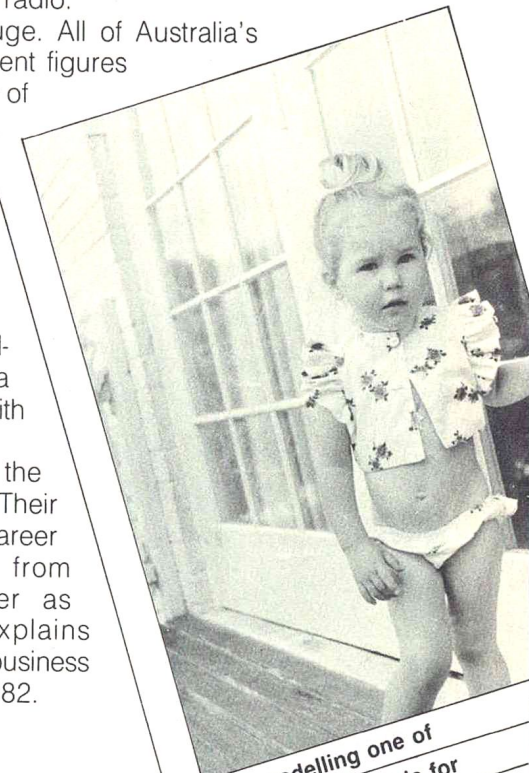
Returning to Sydney, Vicky settled in for her HSC year. Then, on October 6, 1978, the O'Keefe family took a bitter blow. "It was hard, very hard," is how Vicky quietly remembers the day her father died in Sydney of a massive heart attack. "I found out at school and that was the worst part of being Johnny O'Keefe's daughter. All the papers had it printed across them that morning, and nobody had told us!"

"I was in a lesson and we [the O'Keefe children] were all called into the office. I thought, oh no, trouble again; then they said your father's in hospital and your mother's coming to pick you up. That's when I knew it was serious. She was in tears. Everybody knew though, it was on the radio."

The funeral was huge. All of Australia's music and entertainment figures attended. It was a day of national mourning for The Wild One, the man who put Australian music on the map.

Now it was time for Vicky to launch her own career. She recorded two singles before a mutually agreed split with RCA Records.

"I wasn't happy with the way they saw Vicky. Their interpretation of her career was very different from mine. They saw her as 'daughter of'," explains John Preston, Vicky's business manager since late 1982.

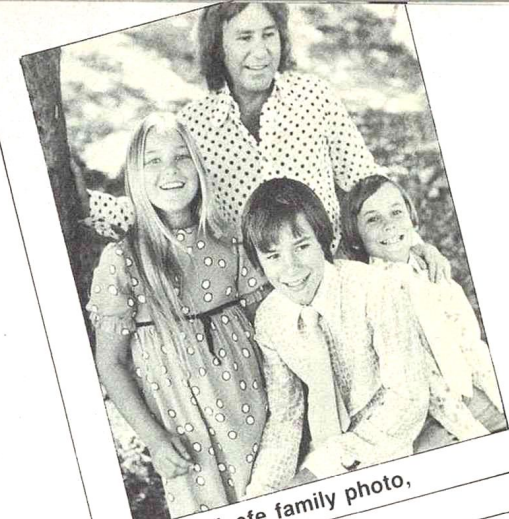


VOK modelling one of Marianna's originals for under-three-year-olds

VICKY
O'KEEFE

CUTS LOOSE

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6017



The O'Keefe family photo,
post-divorce, 1973

Preston took over management of Vicky O'Keefe when he moved into the driver's seat of her father's entertainment booking agency, JOK Entertainment.

Preston has the look of a man who takes nothing for granted. Into his twentieth year of involvement in the music industry, he himself was once on that side of the microphone, working around the world, including a stint in the Far East and Vietnam entertaining troops. On returning to Australia, John moved into booking. His first coup was to tour Australian mega-group Air Supply. In fact, he supplied the wherewithal for the band to buy their air tickets to the States by booking them through the circuit to raise funds — a step that took them straight into the international charts.

When Vicky was released from her contract Preston decided not to pursue her recording career at that stage, but to spend the next two years on the road gaining experience. Those years with "VOKROK" were both rewarding and enlightening for Vicky.

Lew Lewis, Vicky's bass player, recalls the early days of VOKROK. "Of course, there was a fair bit of travelling and times when tempers flared but we'd always try and sort out the problems. Vicky was the one who'd take a person aside and talk to them, see what could be done to solve the problem."

But naturally, at first, the majority of the audience was there to see Johnny O'Keefe's daughter. "We always had good reactions; there was always a lot of interest. Vicky was always a rocker at heart," explains Lew.

How, Lewis was asked, did VOKROK at the beginning compare with VOKROK at the end of those two hard-working years? "It was far more professional — 100 percent improved. Towards the end the direction changed; it became more pop, more contemporary and the crowds really came back..."

Ask anyone who's been through it and they'll tell you that life on the road can be either the pits or an experience that strengthens and solidifies a band's direction and commitment. It's late nights, hamburgers in road houses, life out of a suitcase and snatched sleep in the back of cars and buses. And for a woman on her own...?

C U T S

Vicky thinks hard for a moment before answering: "It can be rough if you make it rough. If you're going to stay up all night partying and you've got to get up the next day and travel at seven in the morning then, shit, it's rough. But if you're going to be sensible about it then you're okay."

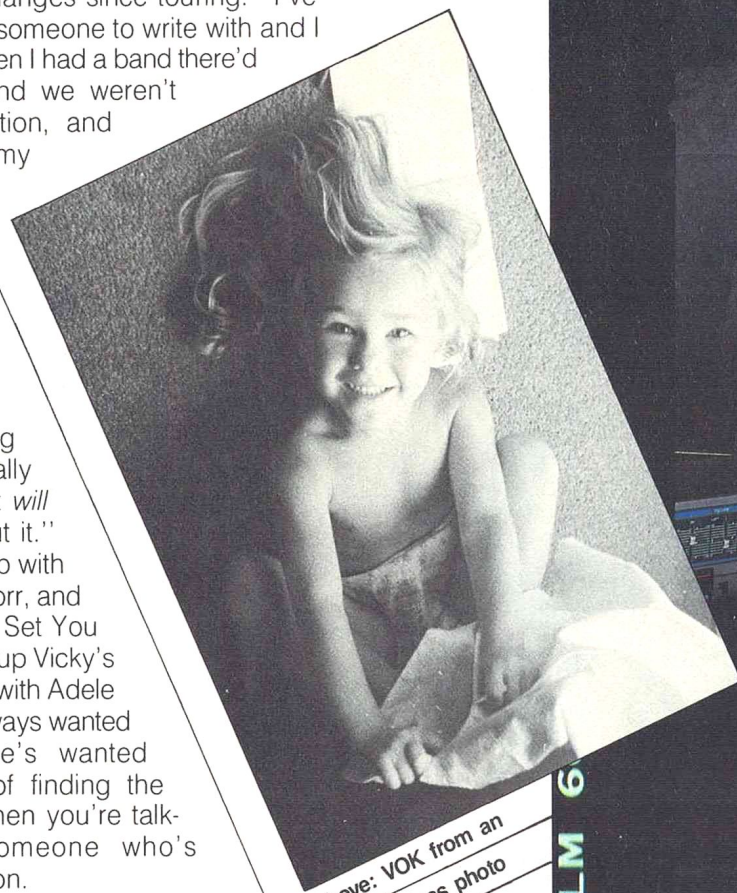
"I was no angel, of course, but the more you put your body through the harder it is to perform that night. Talk to any band and they'll tell you the same thing. That's why you find a lot of them don't go out raging around while they're on the road. The public's image of rock and roll is really crazy, isn't it?"

Did Vicky feel isolated at times, being the only woman with four musicians and an all-male road crew? "No. I felt good — wouldn't have it any other way... Well, not then, anyway. I couldn't cope with another woman in the band — but I'm not so sure now. I've got a different view of things now. I'm confident, I can cope with it, so that's another thing I've learnt. Call it insecurity in the past."

Vicky O'Keefe becomes enthusiastic and animated when asked to define the changes since touring. "I've found a direction, I've found someone to write with and I know what I'm doing now. When I had a band there'd be five different opinions and we weren't heading in the same direction, and what it boils down to is it's my career we're talking about!"

"Anyway, I've defined what I'm doing now, for myself, and that's not just in my music — it's in everything from the way I sound to the way I look. And it's been from trying other things, knowing they didn't work, then finally getting on to something that will work and feeling good about it."

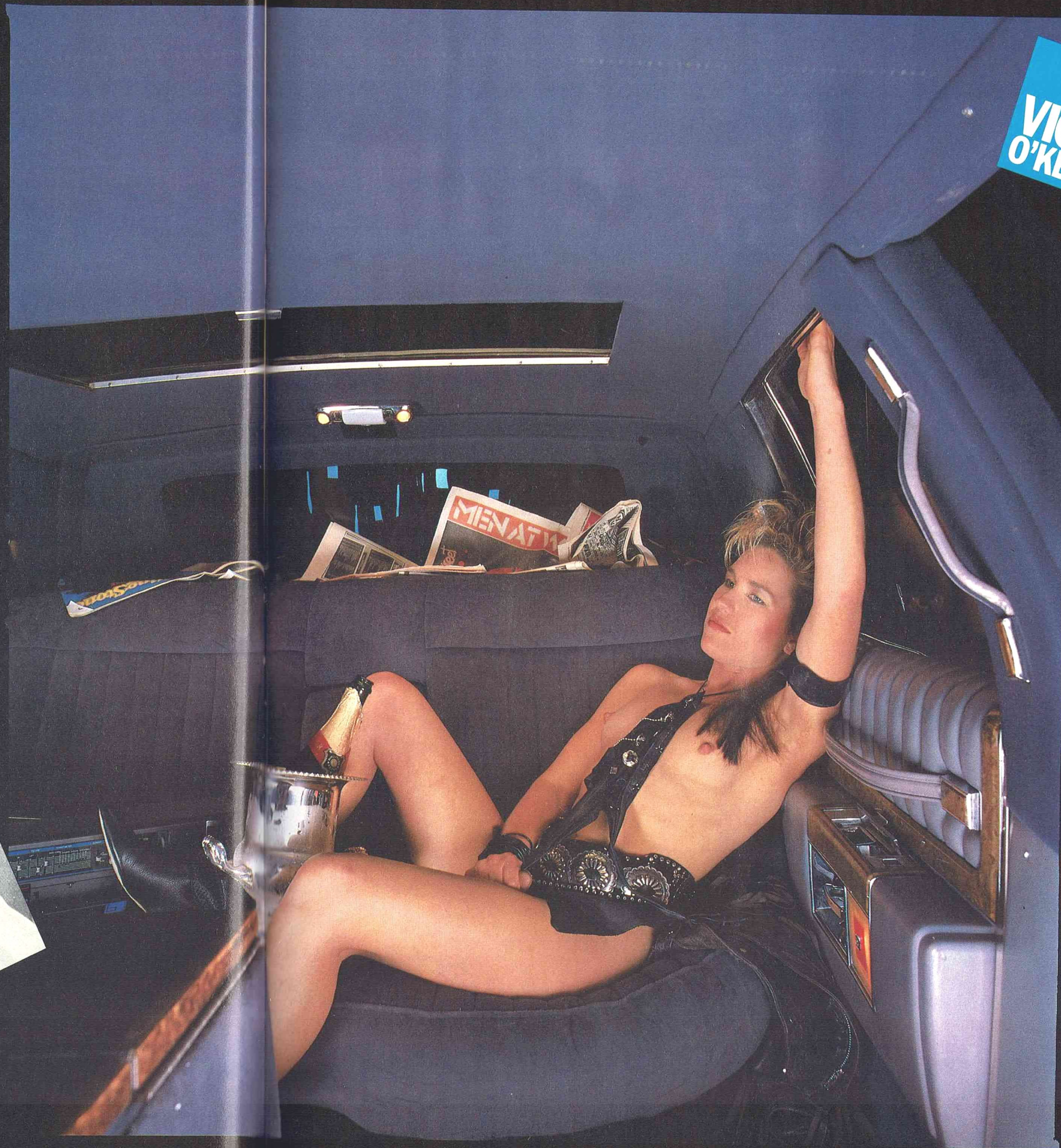
O'Keefe has just teamed up with Australian songwriter Adele Torr, and it's Torr's song, "I'm Gonna Set You Straight", that perfectly sums up Vicky's new attitude to life. "Working with Adele is great. It's something I've always wanted and something that Adele's wanted too. It was just a matter of finding the right people... It's hard when you're talking creativity, finding someone who's heading in the same direction."



Above: VOK from an early topless photo session.

KODAK SAFETY FILM 6017

SAFETY FILM 6



VICKY O'KEEFE

6

L O O S E

6A

6B

VICKY
O'KEEFE

CUTS LOOSE



Sherbet's Alan Sandow and VOK watch-on at
a celebrity rock and roll cricket match, 1976

“

t's great to be back in the studio! I'm very optimistic about the single. I've worked with one of the top producers in the country and in the best studio; it's just been great fun and I'd like to

do more now that I know what I'm looking for.

"My view of the Australian industry is that not enough people help each other. They prefer to knock someone than to help them and they're not prepared to take risks. It's a real shame — the record companies, radio stations, they've all got this thing that Australian isn't quite good enough. But it is. We should be competing with the world and not with ourselves."

Apart from music, Vicky has dabbled in acting (playing herself in a small role as part of the blockbuster mini-series *Shout!* which will appear this year as JOK's life story). The obvious question is: Why did she decide to appear in *Penthouse*?

"I suppose you could say I'm a bit of an exhibitionist. People may ask why I'm doing it and I've got one answer — because I want to do it. I like trying new things. I like being a bit adventurous and I'm not scared or inhibited in any way."

An interview with Vicky O'Keefe can be akin to wringing blood from a stone. She may be excitable and effervescent, sometimes loud and often boisterous, yet she remains a very private person.

Vicky admits that she can be tough, really tough, on the people who work with her. Most of that is Vicky testing them out. Cautious of people, she will surround herself only with those she trusts. And she's an excellent judge of character.

"I really believe in body language," she states, "and I don't mean just sexually. I take notice of the way people look, what they wear and why they wear it. Weak handshakes and idle chit-chat — I'm not interested. And that's why I don't surround myself with a lot of people. . . I'm just not into superficial friendships at all."

Along with her father's strong features, Vicky has obviously inherited Johnny O'Keefe's stubbornness, tenacity and drive. Now she wants the world to know that it's time to drop the "daughter of" tag from her introductions. ○—

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THE MINDERS

Call them parasites or call them protectors, Australian sports managers are on to a good thing and they're sticking to it

BY DAVID HICKIE

One of Australia's leading sports officials screwed up his lips and bitterly spat out, "Managers! They're nothing more than Arthur Daley clones!"

That statement may amuse fans of the television series *Minder*, but it's something that most of Australia's sports administrators don't find funny at all. Ask most Australian sports officials what they think of competitors' managers and you'll encounter a standard response along the lines that they're a new breed of parasitic power-brokers.

Of course, that's looking at things from an administrator's perspective. On the other side of the fence there are many athletes doing a whole lot better financially — since their trusty managers took over their schedules — than they ever did before.

Australians are going to hear an awful lot more about sports managers in the next few years. Overseas they exert great influence, but in Australia, at least until

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PULLMAN

MINDERS

recently, tournament promoters and club officials have been able to avoid dealing with them. That situation, however, has now changed. With the new order, the sporting world is buzzing with stories about the cunning tactics of the managers, with none too flattering descriptions of them as everything from "leeches sucking away the game's lifeblood" to "self-serving money-grabbers out to make a fast buck."

Why are managers so hated among the sporting establishments?

Some of the more celebrated sports incidents of 1985 offer significant clues as to the sort of attributed influence and/or involvement for which managers are criticised:

- When Kiwi international Mark Graham suddenly threatened not to play for the North Sydney rugby league team one weekend last season, his managers Richard Fisk and Ron Carroll played a prominent part in bringing his volatile contract dispute to its heated climax.

- When former Wallaby rugby union captain Mark Ella published a highly controversial article attacking the national team coach Alan Jones in his weekly newspaper column, it later emerged that it had been written in collaboration with his manager Richard Sleeman.

- Kim Hughes' headline grabbing de-

mand for \$30,000 to play Sheffield Shield cricket for Western Australia was actually submitted by his manager Rob Parry.

They are scenarios all too familiar to administrators of the international sports scene. For example, at the end of 1985 war broke out in the USA to determine who really does control men's tennis. Donald Dell and Mark McCormack, managing agents for most of the world's top players, took action against the game's governing body (the Men's International Professional Tennis Council) over rules dictating the number of tournaments which must be played and who should run them.

Similarly, in the UK cricketer Ian Botham sacked his agent in May 1985 and asked Tim Hudson, who'd made a small fortune in the USA in property and rock music, to be his manager. Specifically, Botham's brief was for Hudson to turn him into a celebrity and a millionaire.

So Hudson set out to "package" Botham. First he changed Botham's image by insisting he wear striped jackets and fedora hats; then he arrogantly offered Somerset a one-year contract for their star all-rounder and former captain's services.

Previously the English counties had been used to doing the offering. Hudson had changed the game, threatening to take Botham's skills elsewhere. The British cricket administrators were suitably appalled by Hudson's moves, and Hudson did not endear himself by dismissing them all as

"bureaucrats."

So who are the managers moving into Australian sport in a big way, which stars have they signed up, and how do they react to the often vitriolic criticism of their roles?

The world leader in sports management, American Mark McCormack's International Management Group, has its Australian head office in Market Street, Sydney. (McCormack started out through his friendship with golf superstar Jack Nicklaus, and now manages over 1000 top athletes worldwide.) The local operation, started here five years ago, is headed by managing director James Erskine and marketing director Graeme Hannan.

Their local stable includes tennis stars John Newcombe, Ken Rosewall, Paul McNamee, Peter McNamara, Simon Youll, Mark Kratzman and Brett Custer, golfers Greg Norman, David Graham and Jan Stephenson, runners Robert de Castella, Darren Clark and Paul Narracott, swimmer Lisa Currie and yachtsmen John Bertrand and Ben Lexcen.

Graeme Hannan sees the harsh criticism of managers as largely triggered by the inevitable trauma when the status quo is upset. "When people first started to be managed in tennis and golf," he says, "there were major problems with administrators who'd been used to dealing directly with the sportsmen. But 99 percent of athletes are terrible businessmen, and they

were just getting ripped off.

"Now it's the tournament organisers who often reckon they're being ripped off by the managers. Certainly IMG has a reputation for being a tough negotiator, but it's not necessarily true that the image of the merciless manager is always the reality, either. Sure, we're hard negotiators — in the interests of our clients."

Hannan says there are now many other new groups entering the sports managerial field in Australia. "There's scope for new managers in areas largely untouched at the moment — for example, if one man signed up a whole bag of leading VFL stars.

"But to run a large operation across many sports, you must have a lot of stars... all making one hell of a lot of money. Otherwise it would prove impossible to finance even the administration of an efficient office."

Hannan claims IMG wasn't interested in cricket or football. "We've been mainly interested in truly international sports," he says. "We tend to run a lean ship here, and don't take on too many lesser lights where we mightn't be able to do much for them. But over the last year or so we've moved into junior tennis more than in the past."

Hannan says one of IMG's few moves to sign someone not well-known overseas was when they signed swimming golden girl Lisa Currie following the 1982 Commonwealth Games. "But generally, it's so much easier to market them if they're internationally known."

While IMG is the biggest fish in the Australian pool, several other outfits are expanding significantly. Steve Frazer is managing director of the Australian office for Advantage International in South Melbourne. His stable of local stars includes golfers Ian Baker-Finch, Bob Shearer, Wayne Grady, Mike Clayton and Ossie Moore, tennis players John Fitzgerald, David MacPherson, Kim Warwick, John Frawley, John Alexander and Brad Drewett, cricketer Simon O'Donnell and Essendon VFL star Paul Salmon.

"I started in the business with the Wheatley Sport operation three years ago," Frazer recalls. "Glenn Wheatley and I were partners and after about a year we were approached by Advantage International and asked to become part of their presence in Australia."

Frazer has heard the harsh criticism of many managers all too often. "In some regards it's justified," he admits. "There are a lot of pseudo-managers entering the field who don't know what they're doing. They're only interested in screwing the club or organiser for the maximum number of dollars."

Frazer sees the role of a sports manager as "trying to ensure that a player maximises his potential while taking away the worries about his financial stability, so that he only has to think about what he has to do out on the playing field."

Most VFL players are still represented by

lawyers and accountants, so the signing up of Essendon's potential VFL superstar Paul Salmon is a particularly interesting move by the Advantage group. "With Salmon," Frazer explains cautiously, "part of our role is to see not only that he becomes one of the all-time greats, but also to see that he's still there at Essendon in ten years time. In other words, we're there not just to maximise his income, but also his career opportunities."

Frazer is less enthusiastic about a more prominent role in VFL generally.

"Sure we're looking at football and, even though there are quite a few earning over \$100,000 a year, basically it's not lucrative enough because it's so parochial in its appeal. It's the same with the Sydney rugby league stars."

Some of the smaller local management groups have moved into football in a big way, however. Former Sydney radio 2GB broadcaster Richard Fisk, with his partner

"Now is that me going out and banging with a stick, or have they been ripped off in what they were paid in the past?"

Ron Carroll, began Sports Career Management in 1984. During the last 18 months they have become very well known for their large-scale entry into the rugby league arena, where they manage more than 25 of the game's top players.

Fisk specialises in the league side of the business, including marketing for 1985 premiers Canterbury-Bankstown. Individual players in the SCM stable include Steve Mortimer, Wayne Pearce, Gary Jack, David Liddiard, Brad and Craig Izzard, Paul Dunn, Cliff Lyons, Mitchell Cox, Greg Alexander, Mal Cochrane, Geoff Gerard, Ron Gibbs, Mark Laurie, John McArthur, John Tobin, Steve Robinson and Rex Wright.

Asked how he felt about the sorts of derogatory comments many leagues club secretaries were making about football managers, Fisk simply replies: "Not too many say it to my face."

Fisk emphasises that, as far as he was concerned, the NSW Rugby League had set its own ground rules by going professional and taking tough decisions about the Third Grade/Under 23 competition. "For the player who used to spend ten years

with the same club, the loyalty days are gone," he explains. "Today, the club just cuts him from its list if he doesn't make the grade. Therefore, the player has to maximise his potential earnings in a short time."

Fisk denies that managers are simply ripping off the clubs. "Last year SCM negotiated 14 or more new League contracts, and half of those players gained an increase of more than 100 percent on what they were being paid the previous season. Now is that me going out and banging with a stick, or have they been ripped off in what they were being paid in the past?"

Fisk sums up the manager's role: "The major problem for sports stars is that no-one really knows their own worth. They need someone to guide them and show them the opportunities."

"For example, the majority of rugby league players have traditionally ended their careers with little to show for it. Our job is not just to guarantee them more money, it's also to help them avoid spending it all stupidly. Our major aim is to see that they finish with a house and that they're comfortably organised financially."

SCM's stable also includes former Australian cricketers Doug Walters and Norm O'Neill, Olympic golden girl Betty Cuthbert, dual NSW cricket and rugby league representative turned television commentator Graeme Hughes, former league referee turned radio broadcaster Greg Hartley and fellow commentators Peter Peters, Mike Stephenson and Bill Anderson, rugby union coaches Alan Jones and Peter Fenton, soccer star John Kosmina, race caller Des Hoysted, yachtsman Hugh Treharne, rugby league coaches Terry Fearnley and Roy Masters, former world champion ten-pin bowler Jeanette Baker and Australia's internationally rated modern pentathlete Alex Watson. In addition SCM arranges guest appearances and celebrity speaking engagements.

Fisk's partner Ron Carroll surmises: "We focus on areas we are most comfortable with, so rugby league is our strength. That's the secret in this business — don't leap into areas you know little about, but rather stick to the things you know well. Hence, we wouldn't get into golf or tennis because we don't have the necessary international links."

"We're there to look after the players, not only during their career, but afterwards. If someone had taken some of the greatest rugby league players in hand early in their careers, they wouldn't be now sitting around in retirement with the burns out of their pants." Carroll instances the numerous activities now involving one of their glamor clients, Steve Mortimer, including a newspaper column in the Sydney Daily Telegraph and a starring role in a television commercial.

Fisk acknowledges the constant criticism of managers and the seemingly rapid move of a small horde of slick talkers into the field. "The role of the manager in Aus-



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tralia is still evolving," he says, "and the free-loaders who are coming into the business will be sorted out quickly."

Not all the managers are in the major television sports. Peter Mansted manages a stable of ten of the world's leading surfers including twice world champ Tom Carroll, Gary Elkerton, Richard Cram, Martin Potter, Robbie Page, Stuart Bedford-Brown, Wayne Jaggard, Glen Winton, Simon Anderson and Mike Newling.

Mansted copped a lot of flack when he first brought a managerial approach to the world surfing scene. One close observer of the international surfing circuit explains: "The tournament organisers hated him at first. They were so used to the surfers just going along with things."

"Mansted is a gadfly, sure, but he's also very effective. He was probably a bit naive when he started out, displaying little tact and tending to go in boots and all. And because he was the first one on the scene, he tended to put a few noses out of joint. But there's no doubt he's also made a lot of money for his clients."

How did Mansted become involved in managing surfers?

"I was like most young guys," he recalls. "I did what my parents hoped I would, and started a four-year computer programming course in Canberra, but I quit that after one

year, then started another course briefly before beginning a job in computers.

"But I was ambitious. When I applied for Honeywell's marketing program, they told me I was too young and inexperienced and they didn't want to invest their resources in me. I became really discouraged.

"I grew up at Bondi and I'd been surfing since I was six years old. I realised that while everyone else was reading *Computer World* at lunchtime, I was reading *Tracks*. One night not long after that I was watching Wimbledon on TV and wondered who managed all the stars. I made it my business to find out.

"I realised that to make a go in sports management I needed to move into a totally fresh area. Surfing was the obvious one because it was what I was particularly interested in. I found out that most of the top surfers in the world didn't have managers, or were managed only on a part-time basis. So I joined up with Tom Carroll and started managing him in May 1982."

Mansted, as much as any manager, has had to deal with the "parasite" labels. He answers his critics matter-of-factly.

"I feel the promoters are just as parasitic as they claim managers are. The promoter is just wanting people to come along to his tournament so he can make money. It's a two-way straight. If a promoter complains about a surfer's manager, he's a hypocrite. A lot of

promoters use managers as whipping boys to cover the fact that they are making money out of the sport too.

"The world tour is so long now that none of the surfers gets a real break from competition. So if a promoter comes along and wants to get Tom Carroll away from a much-needed rest for a week, it's reasonable that he should pay appearance money."

Mansted makes no bones about his contempt for some of the fast money men in both promotion and sports management. "There are a lot of 'mullets' in the promotion business, and in management too," he says. "I remember the days of crawling. I remember how I had to beg to get people interested in stories about Tom Carroll before he became world champion. That's what management's all about — helping take your bloke to the top and earn him some money along the way.

"But a lot of the so-called sports managers only want to come in and take over as agents when the sportsman has become a star. They're not managers; they're bookkeepers."

Sydney journalist Richard Sleeman operates Richard Sleeman and Associates from an office in the seaside suburb of Coogee. On September 1, 1985, the Sydney *Sunday Telegraph* published a feature story promoting Olympic swimming gold medalist Jon Sieben. It was written by Richard Sleeman. It did not note that Sleeman was Sieben's manager, nor that at that very time he was busily ringing around the Australian corporate world attempting to line up possible sponsorship arrangements for Sieben.

Two weeks later, on September 16, 1985, it was announced that Sleeman had just clinched for Sieben a \$100,000-plus three-year contract with automobile dealer Fury Ford.

Sleeman's growing sports stable includes former Australian rugby union captain Mark Ella, his cousin and Parramatta rugby league star Steve Ella, Olympic swimming silver medalist Mark Stockwell, surfing ironmen Guy Leech and Dwayne Thuys, sprinter Clayton Kearney, cyclist Gary Sutton and triathlete Clayton Stevenson. He also handles one-off arrangements for some jockeys and Sydney footballers.

"The idea of managing sportsmen first appealed to me when I was at the World Cup athletics in Rome in 1979," Sleeman recalls. "I was sitting in the stadium with Robert de Castella, and we were discussing how the scene had gone crazy all over Europe and the USA, with so many people looking for talking sport heads to promote their products and so on.

"Finally at the end of 1982 I got my act together, and meanwhile sports management had taken off all over Australia. Look at the phenomenal success of campaigns like Grant Kenny for Nutri-Grain and Dennis Lillee for AAMI Insurance. And then there's Lisa Currie, who was recently

named the 'most believable' promoter on television.

"The sports stars have replaced the film stars and the politicians as the ones to push a campaign."

Sleeman explains the friction over the manager's role as an inevitable part of the job. "The clashes with administrators and officials come because I see my role as aiming to maximise an athlete's earning potential, while they are concerned with minimising their organisation's outlay. Therefore we're going to be at loggerheads over what the athlete earns. The rate varies around 20 to 25 percent."

Sleeman feels sports management is still in its "nursery stages" in Australia. "The presence of managers is changing the basic approach to Australian sports stars. People are now realising that the stars are entitled to be paid for their time. The ground rules have changed dramatically from ten years ago, when you'd just ring up a sportsman and ask him to appear at a function and give him 50 bucks or a new pair of shoes. Today the stars are being compensated for what their time is really worth."

Not all the top sports managers are males. Karen Scott is managing director of ProServe Australia's headquarters at Edgecliff, Sydney. The group, along with IMG and Advantage, is one of the "Big Three" international sports managers and has been in Australia about five years. In the

USA, ProServe operates a high profile in basketball, baseball and other sports of more limited following in Australia.

In Australia, ProServe is into tennis. Its international stable features Ivan Lendl, Jimmy Connors, Andres Gomez, Pam Shriver and Gabriella Sabatini, while locals on its books include Elizabeth Smylie, Janine Thompson, Tony Roche, Wally Masur and Mark Edmondson. Surfer Cheyne Horan has also been signed up.

"There is still big scope for sports management in Australia, with a lot of work especially to be done with commercial corporations," says Scott. "The really big opportunities are in packaging. For example, when Ivan Lendl was out here we put together a package for American Express, where he wore one of their advertising patches during his matches, filmed some commercials, appeared at functions and went to luncheons for them."

One of the big local money spinners is cricket, a sport not particularly attractive to the biggest international agencies, but fairly lucrative by local standards. The man who has many of the most marketable cricketers under contract is Austin Robertson, one of the founders of World Series Cricket. His group has acted for Allan Border, Geoff Lawson, Wayne Phillips, Craig McDermott, Terry Alderman and Dean Jones.

Not all managers are exclusively sports oriented. Harry M. Miller includes a small number of blue chip sports stars among

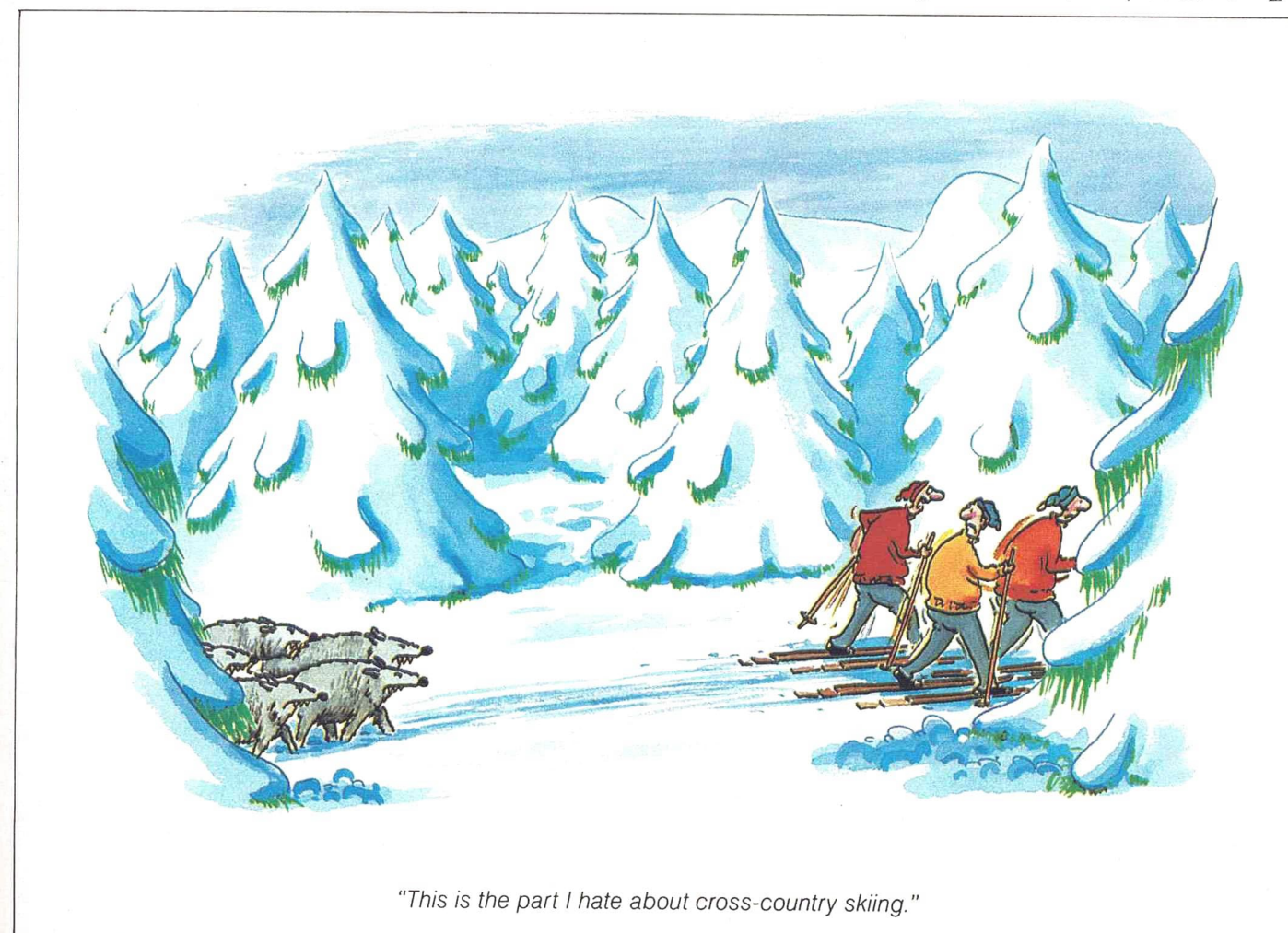
his clients — Greg Chappell, Rod Marsh, former world champion racing car driver Alan Jones, plus two of this summer's leading Indian cricket tourists, Mohammed Azharuddin and Sunil Gavaskar. Other managers include Brisbane radio announcer Wayne Roberts (for Australian rugby league captain Wally Lewis) and Perth accountant Rob Parry (for Kim Hughes).

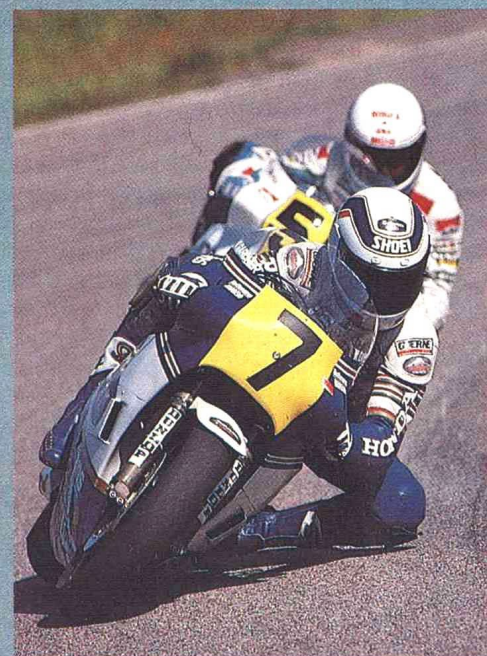
New movers are emerging all the time. Last May, for example, an adventurous young agent named Lloyd Rosenow suddenly appeared on the scene, offering international cricketers for hire. Rosenow offered top-line players to district and sub-district cricket teams around Australia for a season. Rosenow announced that he had managed to sign up most of the Sri Lankan team which toured Australia in early 1985, as well as West Indian batsman Gus Logie and India's Dilip Vengsarkar.

Rosenow, operating from the Victorian town of Echuca, said the going price for one of this stable was between \$9,000 and \$13,000, which included "return airfare, accommodation, a car and weekly retainer."

His ambitions don't end there. "I would like to expand into tennis and golf, but first I will have to cut my teeth on the sports I know really well," he says.

He's looking at something similar to his cricket venture in VFL. I have spoken to some top footballers and I think there is a big market there," he predicts. 





Wollongong's
Wayne
Gardner
is hell bent
on becoming
champion
of the world

KID EAGER

BY KEITH J. BUTTERICK

They could be scenes from a major new epic, an allegory depicting the folly of man's ambitions when confronted by capricious nature and the workings of fate. The star goes by the name of Wayne Gardner — a determined and individual 25-year-old motorcycle rider from Wollongong with the ambition of becoming 500cc Motorcycle World Champion.

Until August 1985, the plot had lulled us into a false sense of security; with two-thirds of his first full season in the World Championship completed, Gardner was third in the championship table. He had proved to everyone he had the ability to compete at the very highest level and had established himself as a serious future contender.

Everyone was anticipating that first Grand Prix victory — it seemed to be getting closer as the season went on. This is the resume as the climax approached.

Scene 1: The French Grand Prix, Le Mans. Gardner takes the lead from the legendary Freddie Spencer. He is riding well and feeling good. Even though Spencer is riding the more powerful V4 machine, the bumpy and uneven track minimises his advantage. This really looks like Gardner's first win until, incredibly, his rear tyre starts to break up and he is forced to retire from the race. Gardner is disappointed, but nonetheless heartened by his overall performance.

Scene 2: Ecstasy. The Suzuka Eight-hour Endurance Race in Japan — one of the most prestigious races in the world, held in front of 250,000 screaming Japanese fans. More importantly, it is an opportunity for the Honda brass to look at Gardner first-hand.

American ace Kenny Roberts — twice world champion — is the fans' hero.

PHOTOS BY MALCOLM BRYAN





KID EAGER

although Gardner is determined not to be beaten by another American. In the closing stages Gardner stays on the bike and, despite extreme physical distress, wins the race. A powerful and brave performance.

Honda announces that Gardner will be given the larger V4 bike to ride at Silverstone. At last he has the power to compete on equal terms with championship leader Freddie Spencer and second placed Eddie Lawson, the 1984 champion.

Scene 3: The British Grand Prix, Silverstone. With the new bike, much is expected of Gardner and the pressure is on him as the UK is thought of as his home territory. Many media pundits confidently tip him to win on this, the fastest circuit in the series. On the day of the race it rains torrentially, and to make it even worse there is a strong, gusting wind making riding difficult and dangerous. On the fifth lap Gardner's visor mists up on the inside. He recalls the experience: "It was like someone had thrown a blanket over my head. I ran off the track. It was terrifying." Fearing that he might be the cause of an accident if he continues, a bitterly disappointed Gardner pulls out of the race.

Scene 4: The Swedish Grand Prix, Anderstorp. A dull, featureless track. Showing all his fighting spirit and determination, Gardner is riding brilliantly and on the last lap is second, well ahead of Lawson. Only Spencer, riding his way into history, is

ahead. With the finishing line in sight an almost unbelievable disaster strikes — Gardner runs out of petrol. In the championship table he tumbles from third to sixth.

Scene 5: The Reprieve: The San Marino Grand Prix at Misano, Italy. August passes into September and Gardner has one last chance to redeem his season on this tight and twisting circuit. Freddie Spencer is out of the race due to injury, but Gardner knows the pressure is on and can't allow a sense of complacency to creep in. In the qualifying session he is second fastest behind Eddie Lawson and that is how the race itself finishes on the day — Gardner comes in a very good second. Still disappointed and frustrated with the events in the World Championship, he goes on to Japan and a series of races against the new 250cc and 500cc World Champion, Freddie Spencer. Full of determination and the need to prove himself, he beats Spencer brilliantly; the victories in Japan firmly establish him as one of the world's top riders.

To top off the year, Gardner returns to Australia to compete in the six-round Swann Insurance Series, which he convincingly wins despite some game competition from Tasmania's Malcolm Campbell and a spectacular 200 km/h crash in the final heat of the event. Gardner's rear tyre, overhauled by the fierce racing conditions, slips away from him only two laps from the end and he is hurled into a drainage ditch.

Epic stuff, and all true incidents in the racing life of Wayne Michael Gardner. Au-

Views of Wayne Gardner at work . . . He's come a long way — fast.

gust 1985 saw him dumped from the elation of the winner's rostrum of Suzuka to the post-race depression of Silverstone and Anderstorp. It was probably the most demanding period of his motorcycle racing career and one that would test anyone's confidence and self-belief. Says a reflective Gardner: "When I get beaten I begin to think that maybe I'm not as good as I thought I was. But you've really got to put that all behind you — there is always another race around the corner."

Gardner undoubtedly has the riding ability to become world champion. When asked what it is that makes him championship material Barry Symmons, the hard-headed Honda Britain team manager, states: "He's ambitious, and to get to the top he's prepared to work his balls off."

Ambition and ability are a powerful combination, but as Gardner ruefully acknowledges, there is another element in the equation that lies well beyond his control — luck. "I believe I can be champion," he says, "as long as I get the right chances and the right machinery. You have good and bad luck — one year it might be good luck for me, bad luck for someone else."

Wayne Gardner has come a long way very quickly. It is only a little over five years ago that he was a semi-professional street bike rider coming to the end of a fitting and turning apprenticeship. He was hoping to do more racing, but the pattern of his life seemed as inexorable as it was for countless other working class kids from Wollon-



gong. Fate intervened in his life in an unexpected way — he was made redundant. With his redundancy pay in hand, Gardner ventured to England on a six-week trip to take a first-hand look at the world of big-time motorcycle racing. He came away determined that that was what he wanted to do: "I knew that I was nowhere near their category as a rider, but with more experience I always believed I could do it."

He returned to Australia full of determination and by the end of the season had finished third in the Australian 350cc Championship and won the 750cc Castrol Six Hour. "Australian motorcycle racing has its own little scene," Wayne says. "The standard is very good and, for the amount of racing there actually is, it's very competitive."

"But in 1979, when I finished third in the championship, I thought, so what? What does it mean? If you're ambitious, if you're in the top six of Australian riders, you just have to leave to get more experience."

It was Gardner's parents and his girlfriend Donna who pushed him into making the decision to compete overseas. He puts it this way: "They've all been a very important part of my racing. They said to me, 'If you don't go, by the time you're 40 you'll always regret it. You'll be thinking, should I have gone when the opportunity turned up?'"

The parting was inevitably tearful and traumatic. Gardner was a 20-year-old with a dream and an ambition, going off to the other side of the world. At one point he actually tried to give his flight ticket away.

It had been his father who had introduced Gardner into the world of mechanics. He was a truck driver and Wayne was always helping him out, and generally playing around in the muck and grease. He made the kid a go-cart which Wayne and his friends recklessly drove around the streets, getting into trouble and being chased on occasions by the police.

One day Gardner and a friend came across a half-buried old motorcycle on some waste land and they each contributed \$2.50 to buy it. It was Wayne's first bike and from then on he was hooked, bitten by a bug that still holds. "I was never really interested in schoolwork — bikes were my great passion and love. As soon as school finished, I was straight on to the bike until it was too dark to see," he says.

After having raced his minibike, Gardner went to open dirt racing when he was 17, and road racing at 18. "I was racing for the hell of it, for the fun and good times," he says. "There was no thought in those early years that I was someday going to be a racing driver."

Gardner's first season of racing in the UK was greeted with less than enthusiasm by the so-called experts, even though he won his first race. He was advised that he would never make the grade as a top class rider. Undeterred he returned to prove them wrong. He recalls a moment in 1981 when the dream was turning into reality: "It was at Donnington Park and I was lined up on the grid right next to Kenny Roberts, Barry Sheene, Randy Mamola, Ellington, Crosby. That race was it; I just knew I was on my way."



By the end of 1981 Gardner had made the critics eat their words, winning high places in several British Championships and the Swann series in Australia. He was establishing a reputation amongst fellow competitors and fans alike as an aggressive rider with a highly individual style.

In 1982 Gardner joined the Honda Britain works team and maintained his successful record of the previous year in the British Championships. In 1983 he had his first ever ride in the 500cc World Championship at the Dutch Grand Prix, Assen. It was almost his last race.

He was placed sixth in the race when disaster struck. The 1982 world champion Franco Uncini, riding hard to keep the title, had an accident and Gardner, attempting to avoid him, sped off the track only to run into Uncini. "Sure, I knew it wasn't my fault," Gardner says, "but I kept blaming myself."

Afterwards, hearing that Uncini was out of his coma, Gardner and his close friend Roger Marshall went to visit. The scene that greeted him was one that he will never forget. "He was just lying there, twitching, with wires and probes all over him," he says. "It really shocked me and drove home what can happen in motorcycle racing. I thought I had killed him and I just bawled and bawled my eyes out. I said to Roger, if that's what motorcycle racing does, then I want no part of it. I'm quitting."

It was Marshall who talked to Gardner, stating that Gardner had responsibilities as "one day he would be world champion." Not surprisingly, Marshall and Gardner are still close friends and live within a few miles

KID EAGER

of each other in the UK.

After the accident people were hard on Gardner and he was hard on himself. They said he should have been on the other side of the road and blamed his inexperience. Emotionally it was the hardest time he'd ever been through. Two weeks later he had to face the future, his own plaster casts were off and he was contracted to race for Honda.

He responded in the best possible fashion, by winning the race. "That win... to come back like that was really important to me; it really eased my mind," he now says. By the end of the year, he had won 26 races in all competitions and won the British TT F1 Championship.

The sight of the injured Uncini taught Gardner that there are limits to which a driver can push himself, and that nothing is worth going beyond those limits. "Those two years were probably the most important of my racing career," he says. "I learned to control myself on the circuit, to ride within a limit and not to ride out of control. Occasionally, you can overstep the limit — sometimes you've got to do it, to push that little bit harder and ride that little bit faster. But too much, too often, and you'll get caught out and crash."

There have been occasions in the last two years when Gardner himself has for-

gotten that rule, becoming cocky in his riding. He's paid the consequences with numerous dings, although thankfully none of them serious.

"When I'm on the track, I try to ride as safely as possible and that's probably why in the first couple of laps of a Grand Prix I'm really too slow and I lose a lot of ground on the leaders," explains Gardner in regard to his race tactics. "I believe in getting everyone sorted out and then start to make my way through. I'm a great believer in the theory that if you're gonna win, you've gotta do it from behind — not from the front."

They are tactics which make for exciting races and demand maximum skill from the rider, particularly if his machine does not have the power of some others. A rider only has the short period of the qualifying laps and two one-hour sessions to decide what tyres are best suited to the track and how it's best to use the circuit.

Gardner believes that the correct setting up of the bike is the most important single factor in determining how the race is run; this was cruelly illustrated at Anderstorp when he ran out of petrol. "The calculation is always very critical," he says.

But he's also always been an individualistic and entertaining rider and he remains conscious of the fact that entertainment is what the ordinary spectator wants. "A lot of riders think of it as a race for themselves," he declares. "I al-

ways try to put on a good show if I'm not winning or close-dicing. I'll do wheelies. I never do anything that's dangerous and you've got to know when the time is right — like, if I know I can't win or if I've got an easy second or third I'll try and do something to entertain. I think if every rider took that approach, the sport would be even bigger than it is."

Gardner has had his luck, but he has most definitely used it in the right way to create his own future. Where others would not dare, he took a major gamble and committed himself to what he believed in. That the gamble is now paying off is a tribute to him and he deserves every success that comes his way. He subscribes to the belief that everyone is born with some talent for something, but finding out what that is and then using it properly is the difficult job. In his own case, there seem to have been few problems: "Whenever I've come to a fork in the road, I've always taken the right choice," he says.

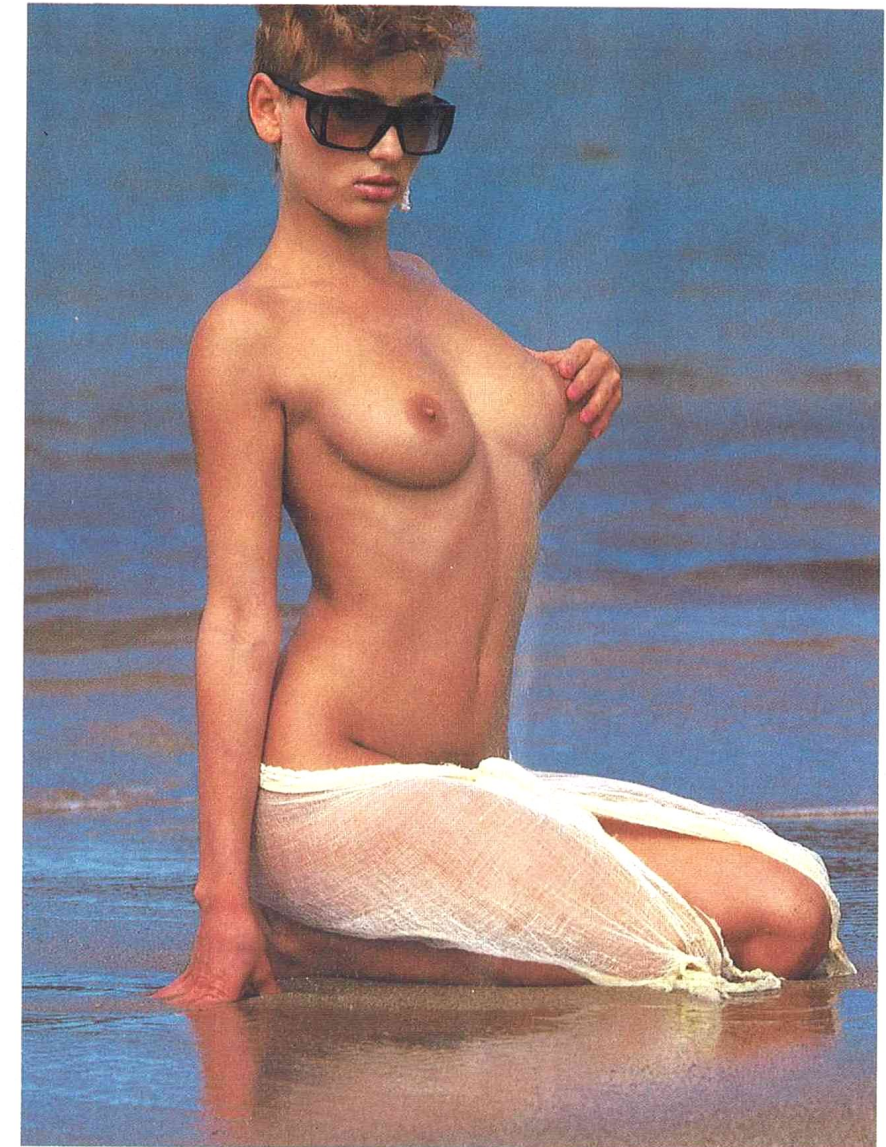
In 1984 Gardner totally dominated the UK racing scene, winning three British Championship titles and having an impressive eight wins in eight races in retaining the TT F1 Crown. His UK commitments restricted his World Championship appearances to five, but he still finished seventh overall and had a third at, ironically, the Swedish Grand Prix.

The arrival of Rothmans into motorcycle racing as major sponsors of both Honda Britain and the Honda Racing Corporation meant that, in 1985, Gardner would compete solely in the 500cc World Championship. It was an important opportunity which he readily recognised.

Gardner can look back with satisfaction on his first full season in Grand Prix racing. His joint fourth could have been higher but he did have the victories in Japan, proving that his racing success is no flash in the pan. He has established his reputation and built a firm foundation of solid experience from which to launch a serious title challenge. He knows that time is against him, as he does not intend to race after he is 30.

To prepare for the coming 1986 season, Gardner will have spent two hours a day, three to four days a week, working out in the gym. He will need every bit of it as from Easter until September he will be racing every weekend somewhere in the world and now that the novelty of travelling has worn off, leaping on and off planes can become a tedious grind.

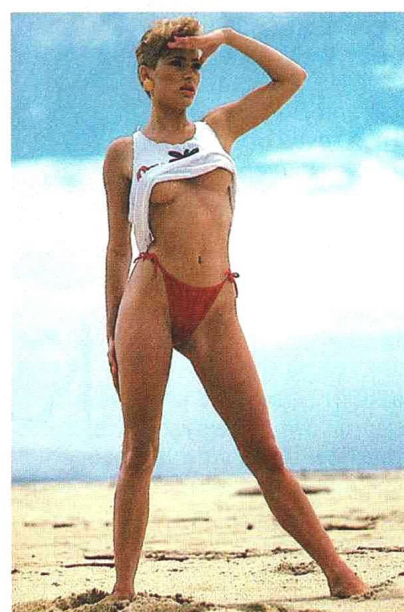
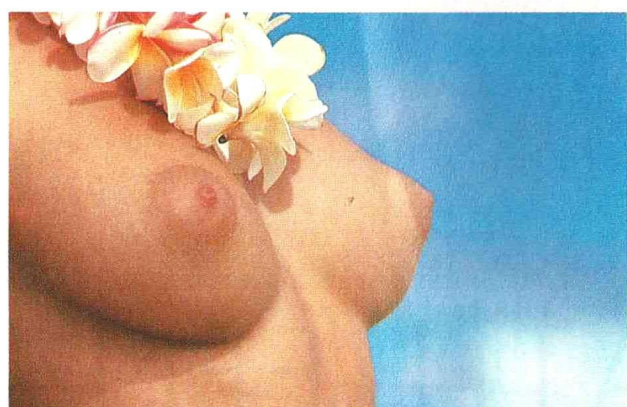
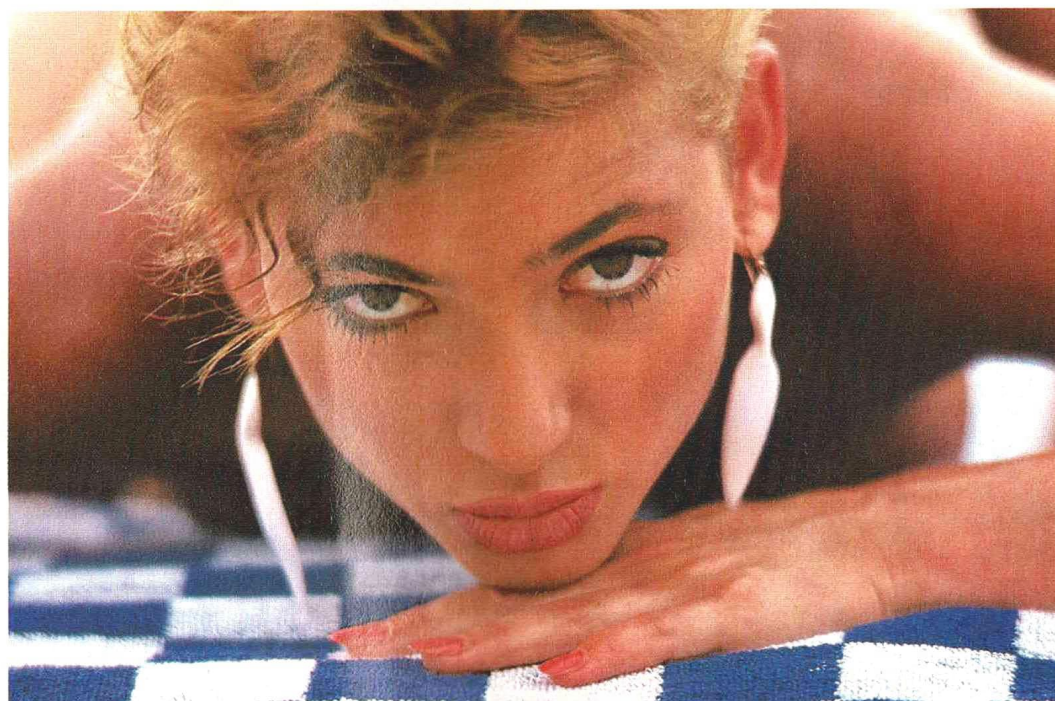
The lifestyle of a professional motorcycle rider demands a high degree of personal motivation, commitment and confidence. "Why do I do it?" Gardner laughs. "Because it's fun. It's a bug, a disease, and once you're bitten you can't get away from it. I actually enjoy it — so long as there are no accidents, of course. It's like a big bowl — you put in a bit of glamor, a bit of excitement and it all comes out as racing." 



KATHLEEN

PERSONAL BEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



The camera embraces exquisite Kathleen Azzopardi like a long-lost friend, lingering on every nuance of her expression, every glorious contour of that perfect body, highlighting her breathtaking bone structure. Clearly Kathleen and the camera were made for one another. This is the girl who aims to be the best nude model in Australia — the world! "I never take on anything unless I know I can be the best," says the sizzling 21-year-old. She has chosen her career wisely.





Kathleen recently made the decision to do nude work to the exclusion of other modelling assignments and her phone has since been running hot with calls from advertising agencies around the country. That gamine body and her exotic looks, courtesy of Maltese ancestry, combine to make Kathleen a most sought-after package deal.



While this petite Sydney-sider impresses as quietly spoken and level-headed upon first meeting, she warns that first impressions can be deceiving. "I change from day to day. You only have to look in my wardrobe to see that I'm not one, but many women all rolled together. Crazy, exhibitionist outfits hang alongside demure dresses and heavyduty outdoors wear. There's a lot more to me than meets the eye."





"I was kidnapped by a beautiful man when I was 16. He took me to a gorgeous secluded spot and we made love beneath the full moon. My taste for adventure hasn't looked back since." She also sails, canoes, body surfs and gets lost at every opportunity. "Sometimes taking a wrong turn can lead to the most exciting experiences," she says.





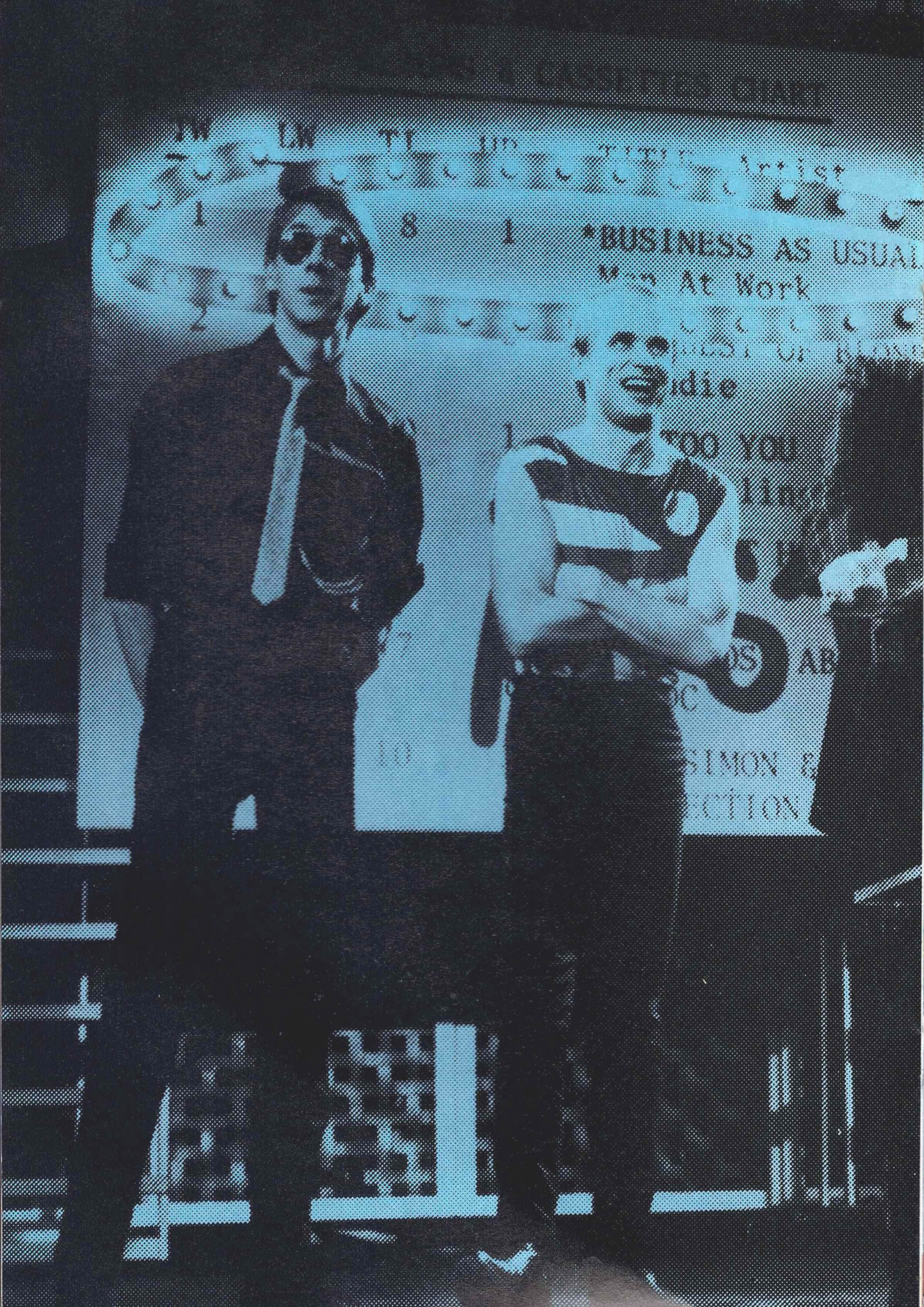
The camera and Kathleen have a relationship that stretches beyond her work as a model. She is an excellent photographer herself and has sold some of her work to Australian bands for reproduction on videos and album sleeves. "I haven't tried photographing nudes, but I will. I'd love to be a *Penthouse* photographer if you'd have me." Ask a silly question . . .





KATHLEEN AZZOPARDI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





The Men who put Down Under on top
have been left with Vegemite on their faces

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MEN AT WORK?

BY GLENN A. BAKER

The saga of Men At Work could have come directly out of Hollywood . . . Five scruffy Melbourne pub musicians become household names internationally with a flip-pant, irresistible style of Eighties pop. Then the pressures of megastardom mercilessly splinter the unit's once-impregnable camaraderie, driving one member after another from their ranks. Finally, the third album sells one-tenth as many copies as

the first and an infatuated world looks elsewhere for amusement, leaving the remnants of the band to grope in the dark for a new star that will lead them back along the path of righteousness, fame and international chartstoppers . . .

And, true to the Hollywood tradition, it happened on the grandest scale imaginable. Prior to their meteoric fall, Men At Work were the most important Australian enter-

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB KING



MEN AT WORK

tainment force since Dame Joan Sutherland — a potent pop package that became synonymous with kangaroos, Vegemite and *Australia II* in the eyes and ears of most of the English-speaking world. It was the sort of success phenomenon that strikes the world's rock industry perhaps once in a decade.

Early in 1983, not much more than three years after their formation, the Men were holding down the number one single and album spot in both Britain and the US — a Grand Slam only achieved in the past by the likes of Rod Stewart and Barbra Streisand. The band's first album, *Business As Usual*, became the longest-running number one debut LP in American chart history, displacing *The Monkees*. It remained at the summit for a staggering 15 weeks, shifting around eight million copies in all. The Men's first two American singles releases reached number one, as they had in Australia.

These achievements represented a victory not just for Men At Work but for Australian music in general. For almost three decades, the ultimate wet dream of Down Under musicians had been to develop a sound so irresistible, so unique that it would sweep the world and leave the titans and moguls goggle-eyed with disbelief.

The Bee Gees had come close in the Six-

ties, but Australia was just a stepping stone for the three English-born singers, so there was no real sense of national pride in their international exploits. The Easybeats, Sherbet, John Paul Young and Little River Band had all made their mark too, but each time it was short-lived and not quite cataclysmic. However, the Men At Work saga was truly breathtaking.

Their second album, *Cargo*, followed *Business As Usual* into the high reaches of the American charts and sold well over 4 million units. They won a Grammy, a wall-full of other awards and citations, and enormous radio popularity. At a time when the new British rock was sounding a little too left-of-centre and even Americans were finding their own mass-appeal AOR (Album-Orientated Radio) rock tame and predictable, Men At Work sailed into the void brandishing a bright, quirky and moderately inventive sound which struck a surprisingly responsive chord with both consumers and programmers.

Well then, what went wrong? How did the seemingly unstoppable juggernaut grind so suddenly to a halt? The spectacular fall of Men At Work can't be understood in a vacuum; it has to be looked at against the background of an equally spectacular rise — one which was founded on hard work and talent and insight, but not least on the vital ingredient: luck.

Being Australian was certainly no disadvantage for the Men. "Americans don't

know much about Australia, but they're fascinated by it," observed founding keyboards/reeds player Greg Ham after a North American tour. "There is a mystique — or at least a lack of knowledge — and they have this thing about Australia being the last frontier. I think a lot of Americans would like to feel that there is a last frontier around, because they haven't got one of their own any more.

"They'd seen our films and knew about certain sporting victories, but all of a sudden there was a rock band at number one with its first release, a real identifiable rock band. I mean, there'd been Little River Band but a lot of people didn't realise they were from Australia. Rick Springfield had his accent surgically removed, and Olivia alternates between being English and Australian whenever it suits her. But we came out of a Melbourne pub and sang about things that were obviously Australian, and that was enough for a lot of Americans to say: 'Hey, what's going on? How come this little country can turn out success like this?' People could identify our sound and remember it. It's a melodic, singalong sound. We always had luck on our side — I can't deny that. And our timing was perfect."

No humble ensemble of larrikin rockers from the bottom of the world could have known that the introduction of a revolutionary 24-hour-a-day television rock service in America called MTV would allow them to

implant the indelible image of the last frontier into the American psyche visually as well as musically. For what America saw, it liked. Just as the youthful, cheeky irreverence of the Beatles had proved irresistible in the dark post-JFK days of 1964, so the unconcerned self-effacement of another musical unit with equally compelling accents ensnared a new generation of bored youth in 1982 — a generation who had come to believe that Styx represented the outfield of mainstream rock charisma.

Newsweek saw them as "endearing loons", while *Rolling Stone* declared them to be "out to lunch." In reality, they were shellshocked and exhausted, trying desperately to survive a pace over which they had little control. "We didn't want to be a shooting star pop band," claims original bassist John Rees. "I could feel it was going so fast that it was almost like someone had to be thrown off with the momentum."

The irony of this American furore was that, as Colin Hay emphasises: "Americans were almost the last to be sold on us; they weren't quick off the mark at all."

By the end of 1981, the band had notched up number one singles in Holland and Germany, a number two in France, and had scored a platinum album in Canada, but were still being passed over by CBS America, the company which would eventually present them with a plaque for generating \$100 million worth of international record business.

"The A&R [Artist & Repertoire] guy in New York turned the first album down twice," Hay recalls wryly, "and the decision was overturned by the vice-president of the company. That was solely because Russell Deppler, our manager, used to sit in their offices from 8.30am to 6pm wanting money. They finally decided to release the LP just to get rid of him, and that's no joke! Even then, at a great cost to us, we hired an independent publicist to ring up the radio stations and sell them Men At Work. The first single was quirky and very different from what American radio played. The kids loved it — they thought it was a very cool sound — and it snowballed from there."

But as the snowball grew almost ludicrously huge in the Northern Hemisphere, all was not well down south. As soon as international success became apparent, the heavily ingrained "tall poppy syndrome" began to manifest itself at home. As scores of our sportsmen, politicians, artists and musicians have discovered, when fiercely egalitarian Australians sense their own becoming "too big for their boots", they set about cutting the tall poppies down to size.

"That's why people leave this country," snarls Hay. "That's why they can't stand to be here any more. They have to go somewhere to just do their work and be appreciated for that, and nothing else. Americans are more positive; they put a priority

on someone achieving what they can, which I find is a quality that sets them apart from the rest. In its cleanest, purest form, it's the essence of 'I can achieve my dreams.' If I went to see a band in a New York club and I stood on the end of the queue, people would think I was a bit dumb because Americans like their star system. If I was in Melbourne and I pushed my way to the front of the queue, the reaction would be: 'Who the fuck does this bastard think he is?'"

Air Supply had already become accustomed to being in the top three in the US and the lower 30s at home, but for Men At Work the rejection was a cruel blow. Following their first triumphal US tour they flew home to play Narara, the huge outdoor rock festival, alongside such concert champions as Split Enz, The Angels and Dragon. The punters sat back smugly and said: "Okay, big shots, show us your stuff." Tired and possibly intimidated, the Men turned in a lacklustre performance which generated derision and saw them widely dismissed as "wimps."

Many arbiters of public taste were unashamed in their dismissal of the recent heroes as fabricated "popstars", a venomous swear word in the vocabulary of the rock elite. "What did upset us," admitted Ham, "was other bands who shot their mouths off about how they deserved success more than we did. It was incredibly short-sighted, because what we did helped

every other Australian band trying to make it overseas."

By 1983 the roller coaster ride was beginning to lose its gloss for the five flippant but talented musicians who had been lucky to earn \$50 a show at the dank Cricketers' Arms pub in the working class Melbourne suburb of Richmond not much more than two years before, playing what Rees describes as "a cross between Emerson, Lake and Palmer on speed and hippie punk." Even the American media was up against it for new angles on the rags to riches story (or "dags to riches" as the band liked to refer to it).

Men At Work were simply running out of interest, and although the cracks were not yet showing, the once-inviolable unit was beginning to erode. By the end of an arduous 70-city tour, according to Hay, "The group became the Men Who Didn't Care If They Never Worked Again."

"One day in Nashville," recalls John Rees, "Colin called a meeting and almost pulled Jerry [Speiser, the drummer] to pieces. I was too scared to take notes that day. He was hassling Jerry because he felt he was attacking Russell on management matters. Colin liked a tight ship, like a captain. Jerry was surprised that no-one in the room stood up for him. Ron [Stryker, guitarist] almost got thrown out too, at one stage. Colin told him his guitar was out of tune and he didn't look interested on stage. But Greg could cheer Colin up instantly [at



MEN AT WORK

these times] because of his cool intelligence and quick wit."

Even so, Ham admits now, "It really felt like it was finished in a lot of ways, even before the end of the 1983 tour. There wasn't much being said about it but it was kind of obvious that it was irreconcilable at that point."

There was never any shadow of a doubt, from day one, as to who was the leader of Men At Work. Colin Hay wrote and sang the lion's share of the songs and delivered most of the deadpan stage lines, complete with a wandering right eyeball. Assuming the role of benevolent dictator, he scorned the concept of democracy within the ranks. In the recent song "Hard Luck Story", Hay characteristically offers: "Don't ask me to love my neighbor, 'cos I don't love the man. Don't ask me for my favor, I won't lend a hand."

"I've always been afraid of Colin, in awe of him," Rees reveals. "Every time I look at things in my house, I feel very grateful. I wouldn't have all these belongings if it wasn't for Colin's music. I can't repay the man except by loving him from a distance."

When Brian Epstein pulled off a management deal with The Beatles, he didn't deem it necessary to sign the contract. According to Rees, Russell Deppler didn't bother

with a contract either. "Until 1983 we didn't have a written agreement," he says. Drummer Speiser had felt uneasy about business matters for some time and so engaged his own attorney, to the undisguised fury of Hay. It was as if the pin had been pulled from a grenade. Speiser was not the only member who had become alarmed at the confusing corporate labyrinth which had descended upon the band as an inevitable consequence of mega-dollar success, but he was the only one prepared to manifest his concern, and to suffer accordingly.

"When the 1983 tour finished, for all intents and purposes it wasn't really a band," explains Hay. "We all just ran away. Basically, the original line-up did not have a common goal, and we were never a cohesive unit, socially, philosophically or musically. We'd played together for five years and it was just clear that the band had to reform if it was going to survive. When you've worked with people for that long it's like being married to five different people at the same time. There's bound to be a couple of divorces along the way."

Back in Australia at the beginning of what would become an 18-month respite, Hay set about reassembling his band with all the subtlety of a fart in an elevator. The five members and their manager were equal participants in the enterprise and when the friction (which would eventually lead to an attempt to secure a Supreme

Court injunction on a finances meeting) became too much for Hay to bear, a majority vote jettisoned John Rees and Jerry Speiser from Men At Work. Openly resenting the manner in which the dismissal was effected, Rees explains: "Jerry rang up and said, 'Have you got a letter yet?' I said no and he said, 'You'll get one any minute.' Sure enough, there was a knock on the door and I got a four-page letter. As friends, they could have told me personally. It was: 'Sorry, see you later.' It still hurts. But I could see the frustration in the band... Colin's frustration. I could see it happening around me and I thought, 'This is going to explode.'"

Just days beforehand Rees had done a radio interview with Greg Ham, both talking optimistically about the future of Men At Work. His loyalty was without question and there is an element of pathos when he insists: "I really didn't want to leave the band. We had another ten albums in us; we'd just started. Two albums is nothing in a band's career. Men At Work was five individuals with tons of potential, which has now been smashed... I still love them."

Before and after the lawsuits were being settled, the remaining members pursued diversionary interests. Hay married, honeymooned in the south of France and produced a solid album for Melbourne band Le Club Foote. Ron Strykert, becoming more shadowy than ever, drifted off to Greece, while Greg Ham goofed about

with his girlfriend's band Relax With Max. "After a while, Greg, Ron and I began drifting back together and we started playing each other's tunes," says Hay. "It was then that we realised we should really keep going as Men At Work. We tossed around the idea of changing the name but then we thought that'd be really stupid because for the next two years everybody would be asking us why we changed the name. Members of bands change all the time."

The break gave Hay the precious opportunity to slowly craft an album: "We recorded the first album in three weeks. I had just one and a half days to do my guitar bits. We didn't have a clue how things were done. Looking back, that LP has a charm for me. *Cargo* had only three songs that I liked." American producer Peter McLean, despite his magnificent success, was dispensed with. Rhett Davies said no to a trip to Australia, so Jimmy Iovine was flown in for a week. "We needed somebody to pull a bit of soul from us. Jimmy just didn't work. You couldn't just say it was that we had no common ground. It was more a case of two different planets going *whoosh, whoosh*, completely missing each other."

Agreed on the perilous path of self-production, Hay and Ham, with undetermined input from the seemingly disinterested Strykert, set about recording the *Two Hearts* album, their third in Australia. "There were no artistic restrictions," says Hay. "Greg would produce my vocals and I'd produce his sax. It was very exciting to work like that."

Unfortunately, the excitement did not rub off on the buying public. At a glittering Sydney launch party, CBS executives read a cable from head office enthusing over the album and predicting another mega-million sales performance. However, when it hit the shops in America, purchasers stayed away in droves. The album lurched to number 50 on *Billboard* and then faded away gracelessly.

Hay's reaction to this debacle differed according to his mood. To one interviewer he snapped: "*Cargo* was supposed to have flopped because it only got to number three in America! And with this one, people say, 'Ooh, it's a stiff, isn't it?' And I say, 'Yeah, I guess it is. It's only sold 750,000 copies.' Any other band that sells that much would be over the moon."

But in a less defensive mood Hay conceded: "It was disappointing, though. I went into a deep and lasting depression about that. I take it to heart, I make no bones about that. I hate it. I want it one more time, thank you very much. That will happen. If not today, it will happen tomorrow. I'm not in any hurry. But when a two-month American tour gets pulled out from under you, you feel distress. We could have done that American tour but we couldn't do it on the level we planned on... I think it's the best album. I don't feel it deserves to be forgotten."

Ron Strykert had handed in his notice as soon as the first, ill-chosen single "Everything I Need" almost failed to break into the US Top Forty. Greg Ham cooled his heels a little and at least waited until "Maria" and "Hard Luck Story" had been given a chance. Inevitably, he too shuffled off into the sunset, muttering something about working on film and television scores. Both musicians, with exceptionally healthy bank balances, no doubt viewed with some distaste the prospect of hauling their carcasses around the world once more, trying to rekindle a flame that had all but died.

Hay would have none of it. His own inner furnace was far from extinguished. He railed against headlines proclaiming "Men At Work Split" following the announcement of Ham's departure, screaming loudly to all who would listen that Men At Work was very much alive and kicking.

"We are not going away," he warned one reporter. "There are a lot of people

"I could see the frustration in the band. I could see it happening around me and I thought: this is going to explode"

who want to kill the band off. They say, 'We've had the knife into these guys for a while now — let's twist it.' A lot of people felt our success wasn't warranted. They didn't realise how much work we put into it and how many things we did right. It offended people who had been trying for so long and doing things wrong for so long."

To another writer the resilient Scotsman (who admits to warming slowly to strangers) thundered: "Listen, I don't care... I don't give a fuck what people say about my band. It's no concern to me. I'm only concerned with creating quality and that's what I've done. I've got no problems with that."

The fighting words continued until the critics backed off, and then Hay came back warring with real ammunition. He hand-picked a new Men At Work — drummer Chad Wackerman (ex-Frank Zappa), guitarist Colin Bayley (ex-Mi-Sex), bassist Jeremy Alsop, guitarist James Black (ex-Mondo Rock) and sax player Paul Williamson. When "Sail To You", the fourth single from the *Two Hearts* album was issued, it arrogantly sported a jacket photo of the

new (and then unrecorded) line-up.

Toward the end of 1985, the new Men hit the brutal Australian pub rock circuit, where no excuses are ever accepted. All superstar trappings were eschewed as the band rocked on in the manner of hopeful rookies without a recording contract. Hay called the tour "Back To Business", declared that it would include Japan, Malaysia and New Zealand, and, having told the critics to go and get stuffed, basked in their praise. The shows were mostly sell-outs and the punters' verdict unanimously affirmative.

"We'd always seemed to play Australia at the end of a world tour, when we'd be really tired," said Hay, as if apologising for the Men's previous live reputation. "This time it's different, and the audiences have been great. Now it's more relaxed and more musical. It's not as crazy as it was."

Hay's battle to re-establish Men At Work has been a purgative. All the lethargy which prompted the year-and-a-half suspension of normal duties has been washed away. "I don't have anything to prove," he insists. "I'm a lot clearer about what I want to do. I want to make Gaelic soul; that's my roots. I want the rhythm section to be more flexible, the style more mellow, but dense. "Fronting a band like this is a release for me. All of a sudden I feel as if I've hardly scratched my capabilities. In the old days maybe my own paranoia about sudden success was that I wouldn't be able to stretch myself. Now I've got that energy I always had, but lost over the last few years. I'm so proud of this band; I want to record with them. I want to play clubs and build up a live following from scratch. I mean, we draw some of the biggest black audiences in America and no-one can explain why. There are people who want to play on the next Men At Work album who I would be so honored to work with."

Behind the optimistic over-confidence, even Hay must realise the truth behind Greg Ham's pronouncement at the end of the 1983 tour. "I don't think we'll ever be allowed to be that big again," he claimed. "Such an amazing amount of our music was being played that it really was an overkill situation."

What the new Men At Work can offer in terms of slick professionalism and experience is tempered by a loss of innocence and spontaneity. The wide-eyed amazement of five young ockers steadfastly refusing to take hero-worship at all seriously ("We were always seen as a fairly daggy bunch of guys who you could actually go up and have a chat to," says Ham) is gone forever. As journalist Peter Wilmoth of the Melbourne Age observed: "It may never again be possible to watch them acting quirky and eccentric and believe that is how they really feel." 

Glenn A. Baker gratefully acknowledges the assistance of Peter Wilmoth of The Age and Christie Eliezer of Juke in the preparation of this article.



"Better the devil you know, darling."



During their ten-month voyage to the treacherous Muro Ami fishing grounds, hundreds of Filipino boys risk their lives among the deadly coral reefs

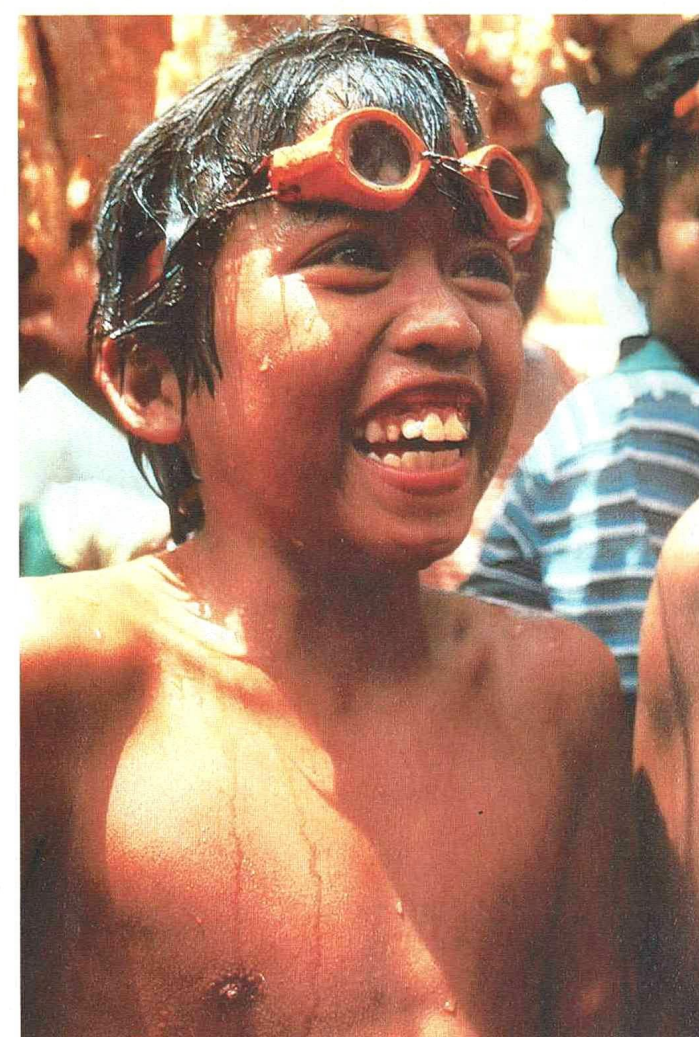
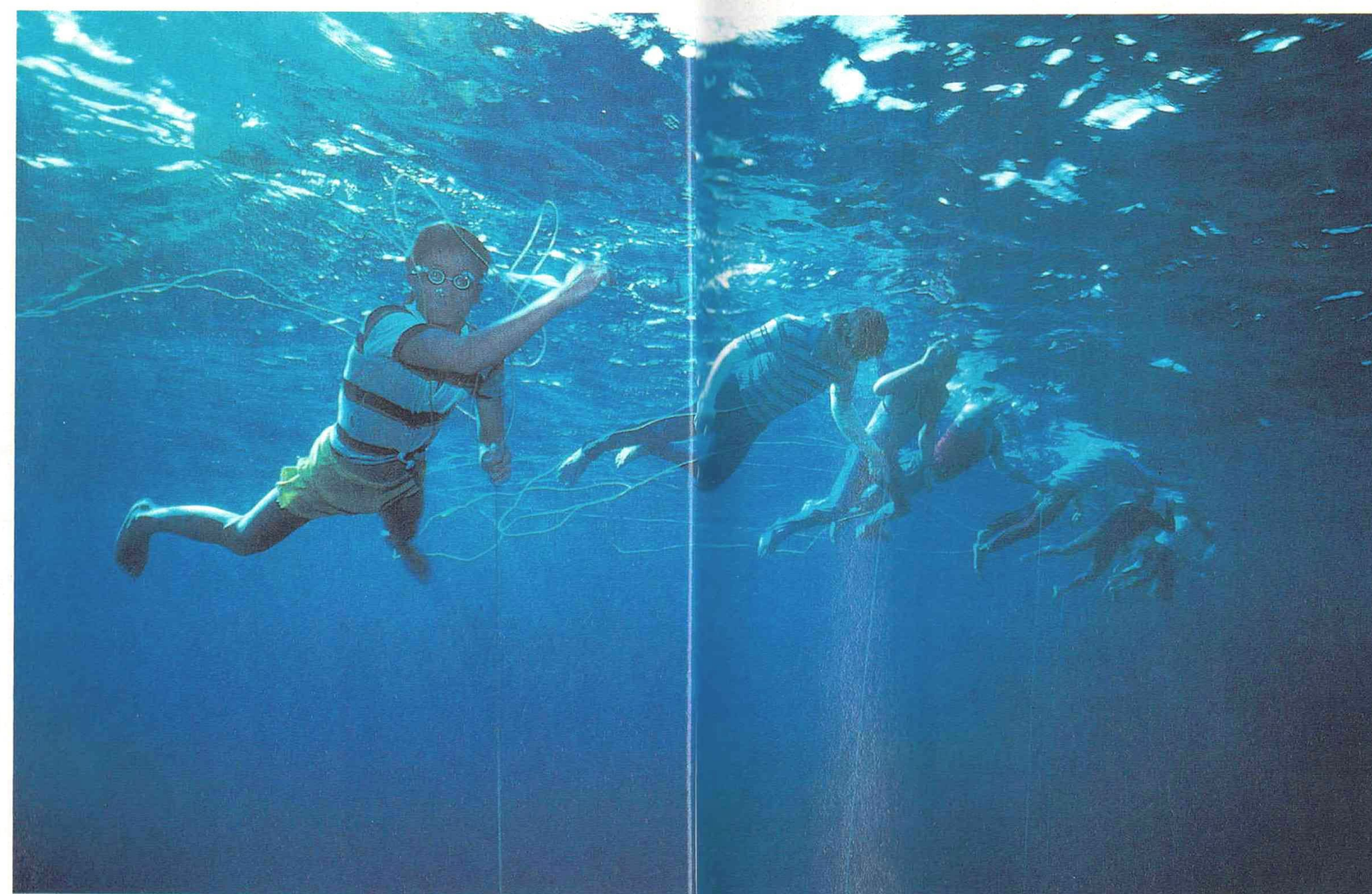
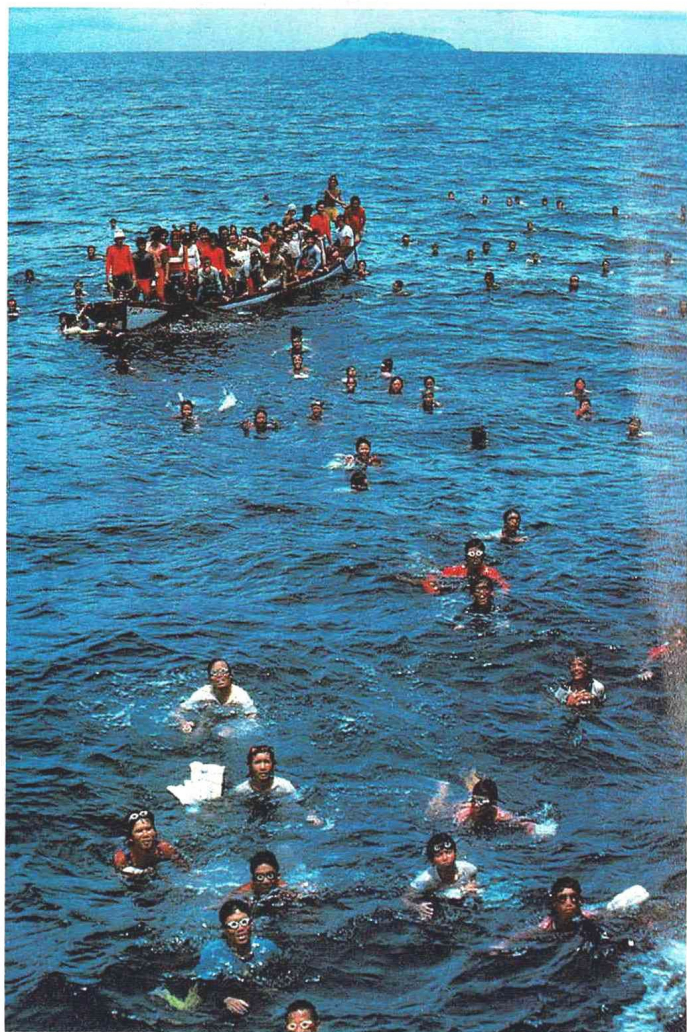
SEA URCHINS

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD HALL

During much of the night we follow a radar blip southward, Captain Chris Shaffer piloting our sailing vessel, *Sol*, through a maze of reefs and shoals. But it isn't until the golden light of dawn spills over the Philippine island of Palawan that we spot the *Don Antonio*, the fishing boat we have been looking

for. Completely rusted, this 50-metre bastion of antiquity houses more than 500 men and boys. Covering the deck, and clinging to every possible perch on the *Don Antonio* superstructure, are the divers, ready to begin the day's first of several dives.

(I had been asked to come to the



(Top left) The Don Antonio is home for more than 500 men and boys. (Middle and bottom left) Assembling with scare lines. (Above) Trailing the scare lines. (Right) Man-child affords a laugh after a successful dive.

Philippines to film a documentary about local fishing techniques and the environmental destruction they cause. Filipino biologists told me that the fishing practice known as "Muro Ami" (a Japanese term referring to the type of net used) devastates coral reefs. During a Muro Ami dive, hundreds of swimmers trail "scare lines", ropes weighted with rocks. The vibration caused by the rocks knocking against coral reefs scares thousands of fish into the waiting nets.

Biologists contend that the heavy rocks pulverise the reefs, leaving nothing but rubble in their wake. Additionally, this method of fishing indiscriminately pillages the reefs of all fish species. With this in mind, we set out to "expose" the environmental hazards — but what we discovered astonished and unnerved us more than the reef destruction.

Although the Muro Ami crew has been given specific instructions by Sol Abinas — head of the company that operates the Muro Ami fishery — to deny us access to the boat, we are granted permission to board. Abinas is concerned that we will photograph the fishermen, and once aboard we understand why.

The crew consists of 400 boys between the ages of seven and 15. This is a violation of Philippine labor

laws, which prohibit the employment of children under the age of 15 when it separates them from family and school.

The extreme congestion, poor sanitation, and Spartan living quarters horrify me. This seems to be an industry that exploits and endangers children — and also annihilates coral reefs. But I readily question my first impression. A Muro Ami swimmer makes about \$240 (approximately seven cents per dive) for his year of service — an average adult annual wage in the Philippines. He returns home far better off financially than thousands of Manila's urban poor. What's more, although we'd been told of disease and vitamin deficiencies, the boys appear healthy and happy.

The Filipinos are ready to start their dive, and our film crew takes to the water. At one end of a reef, 25 metres deep, the fishermen set the large net. This cone-shaped net lies on the bottom with its open end facing the gentle current. Tied to both sides of the cone are large net panels, about 15 metres long, used to guide the fish.

Half a mile away, at the other end of the reef, hundreds of boys are leaping from the Muro Ami boat into the open sea. Each swimmer wears the clothes that he lives in 24 hours a day and a pair of goggles made by hand from hardwood, plate glass, and a rubber

band. Additionally, each boy carries a 40-metre scare line, with its rock gong at one end and a buoy at the other and white nylon flags tied every metre along its length. Once in the ocean, the swimmers form a huge semi-circle along the perimeter of the reef. The boys drop the weighted ends of their scare lines to the bottom and swim shoulder-to-shoulder toward the cone-like net, bouncing the rocks against the coral.

From underwater, the wall of advancing scare lines looks like a white kelp forest marching across the bottom. The reef fish swarm in front of it as the striking rocks sound a muted song similar to that of distant wind chimes.

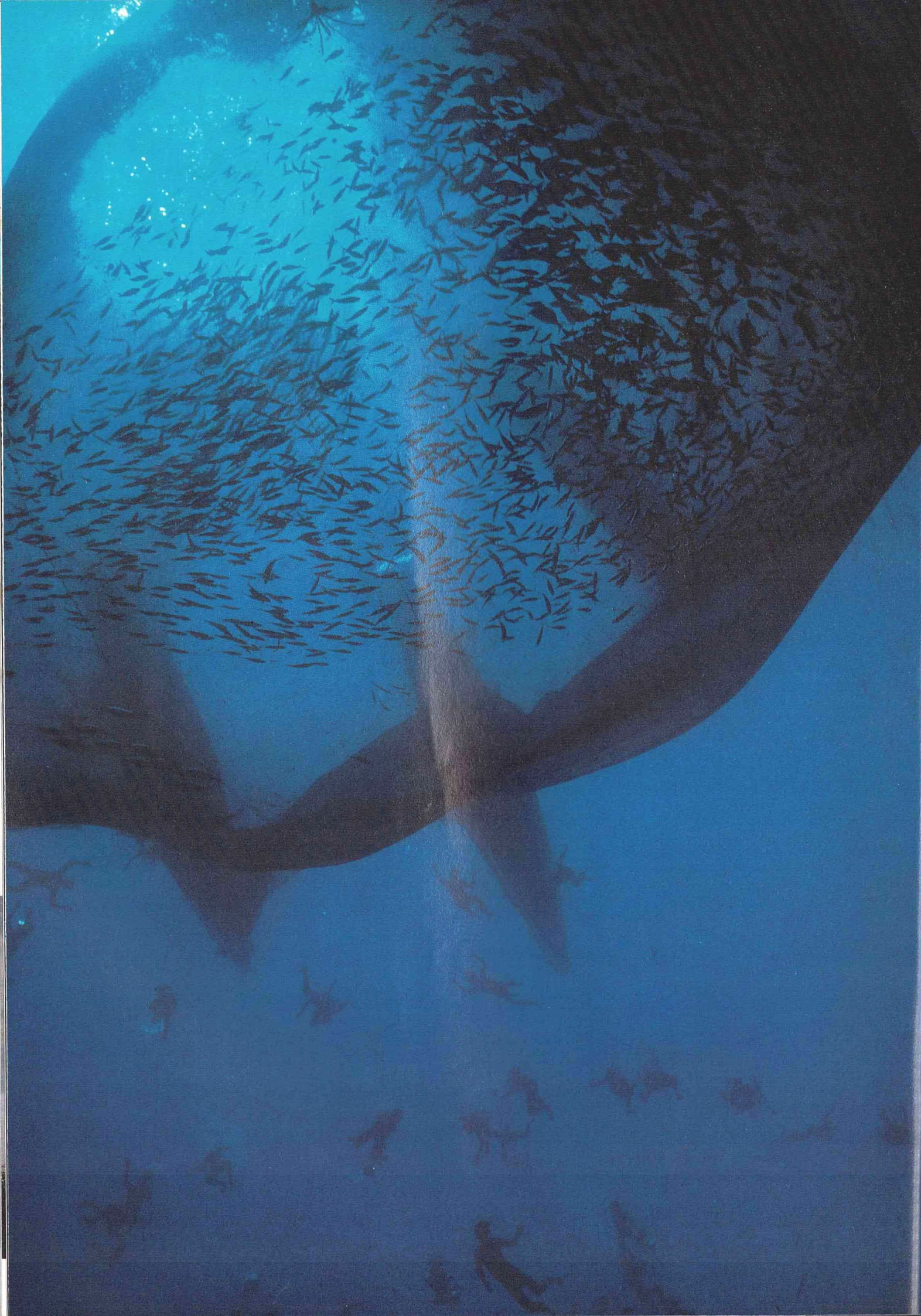
Once inside the net, the fish must be pulled up quickly. But first, the side panels must be untied and the net untangled from the coral. I position myself at the corner of the net near a side panel. As the sound of wind chimes grows louder, I see hundreds of silhouettes above. Strangely, I see little evidence of reef destruction. In fact, the swimmers are careful not to strike the coral more than necessary, because in the event a rock becomes lodged in the reef, they must dive to the bottom to retrieve it. If the scare line is lost, they must pay for the replacement materials.

It is, however, impossible to assess the long-term impact on the fish

population; the operation sweeps up virtually all fish in its path as the terrified schools race headlong into the net.

Now the swimmers prove their worth. Fascinated, I watch a tiny shadow of a boy on the surface start his descent. Swimming slowly, producing maximum glide with each stroke of his arms, he reaches the bottom in 40 seconds. He pulls himself across the coral to the side panels of the net, which is tied with heavy ropes. I can see his goggles are partially filled with water. But this doesn't seem to bother him — nor do the heavy rocks pounding the coral all around him. At this depth, in any case, he could not afford the time or energy it would take to remedy these situations. Grabbing one of the ropes, he pulls but it does not budge. If he fails in his task, the schools of fish will rush back out of the net. He braces his feet on the rope and tries again with greater effort. The rope is freed. Pulling himself along the bottom to the second rope, he repeats the process. My depth gauge reads 25 metres. After freeing the second rope, the diver swims upwards.

Before he surfaces, a dozen more divers begin their descent. Upon reaching the bottom, they form a line in front of the net and begin lifting it off the coral, while other swimmers pull from above. As the net lifts, the divers swim beneath it, disentangling the mesh



from the reef. The last snare is freed, and the divers head for the surface.

But a few divers are too far under the net to escape quickly. One pushes himself off the bottom and into the centre of the net. The mesh wraps around him like a spider's web. Frantically he pulls at the nylon mesh, in what seems a desperate effort to tear a hole in it. I swim toward him — maybe I can put my regulator in his mouth and force air into his lungs. But I know that at 25 metres a free diver's lungs are entirely collapsed by the water pressure, and inhaling is extremely difficult.

Swimming closer, I see his efforts have a purpose. Instead of swimming out from under the net, he takes a dangerous but timesaving shortcut right through the centre. Opening a hole in the mesh, he swims through and is followed by other divers who have been patiently waiting.

All the swimmers are on the surface now, and the net, laden with nearly the entire fish population of the reef below, is loaded into the skiffs. Once back on board, the fishermen load the contents into metal tubs, each of which holds 50 kilos of fish. This dive has yielded 40 tubs, each containing an amazing variety of reef species. Nothing is wasted. The Muro Ami fishermen keep everything from baby sharks to the smallest butterfly fish. The fish are later sorted by species and size; the most valuable are stored on ice while the rest are sun-dried. Occasionally a young boy grabs a writhing fish from the living mass and gulps it down.

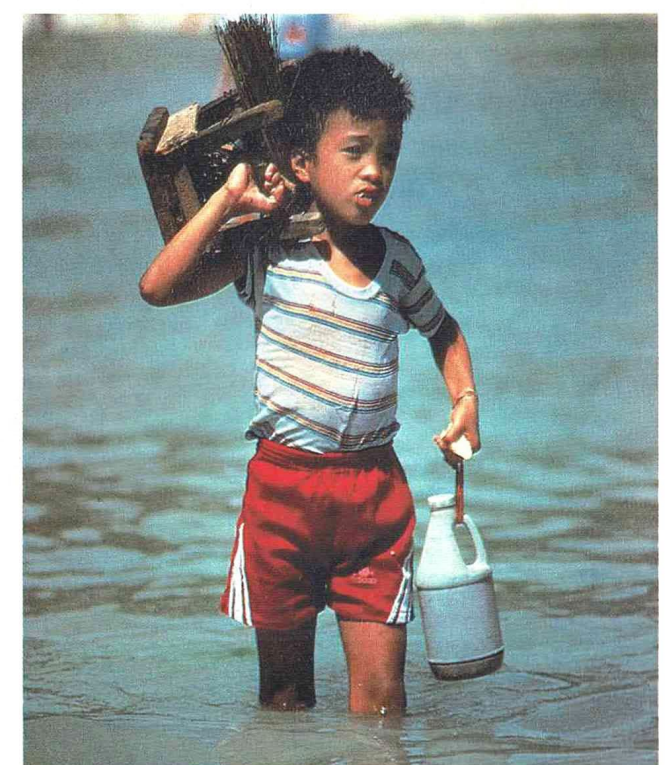
I can't stop wondering how many times these divers repeat such difficult and dangerous dives before a knot fails to come untied, or a rock hits someone on the head, or someone can't find his way out, or a shark mistakes a thrashing pair of legs for a disabled fish. I ask the boys if there are ever shark attacks. Attacks happen, they say, but not very often. Needle fish are just as dangerous. When I ask if there is a doctor aboard, or if injured divers are taken to Manila for treatment, they look at me as if I have a loose screw. One boy shrugs and answers, "No, we don't have a doctor and we don't go to Manila. We just die."

Inside the wheelhouse, I lay my camera bag down on the chart table and begin searching for fresh film. I notice a radio message lying on top of the charts. Each day, the 15 Muro Ami boats call in to report their positions. At the bottom of the list is the notation: "*Lolita 1*: Returning to station to drop off body for burial."

I ask the captain, "What happened?" He shrugs, squinting into the afternoon sun, and simply says, "A boy drowned." ☐



(Left) divers prepare to hoist the net. (Above) The catch is meticulously sorted into categories each day; the fish that bring big dollars are fast-frozen, the rest are sun-dried. (Right) Packing up to go home.





GREAT LOVERS

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

Roll over Casanova, history is crowded
with famous fornicators

Question: Who was the greatest lover of all time?
Probably the first name you thought of was either Casanova or Don Juan. But history records a number of other worthy contenders whose exploits aren't as well known. In fact, if we were to judge amorous exploits on numbers alone, then women leave the men for dead (sometimes literally).
But first, let's take an up-front look at the guys . . .

Queensberry Rules, OK

The little known 19th Century Italian poet and dramatist Gabrielle d'Annunzio boasted that he was hated by more than a thousand husbands. There are a number of Family Court judges who could perhaps say the same thing, but Gabrielle had other ways in which he displayed his prowess. In fact Gabby laid it on with a trowel. He had a pillow stuffed with locks of human hair, each reputedly taken from one of his fair conquests. He carried his condoms around

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY CONDON

LOVERS

in a snuffbox that had once belonged to the Emperor Napoleon, and once went hunting on horseback with a naked girl at the front of his saddle. At dinner parties he served the wine from a human skull, which he claimed belonged to a virgin who had committed suicide because of him. (Now there was a girl with an unusual way of giving head.)

But such lusty exploits aren't the exclusive domain of hot-blooded Latins. For sheer stamina alone it would be unjust not to give an honorary mention to the redoubtable William Douglas, the third Earl of March and fourth Duke of Queensberry.

He wasn't smooth, but he was dedicated. His approach was to leer at girls passing by his home in Piccadilly and send his groom out to drag in any he fancied. During his old age he hired a private physician to keep him alive and arrange private orgies for him. When he finally died — at age 86 — 70 unopened love letters were found in his bed.

Attila the Hun is largely remembered by history for inventing the war crime, but it is little known that he was also a great sexual athlete, and that he actually died during intercourse.

It's also little known that Attila was actually a dwarf, so it is interesting to speculate on the manner in which he might have

died. He might have got lost, for example.

Another famous man, Louis de Bourbon, the French politician, rivalled even d'Annunzio for being one to kiss and tell. He took on a certain Madame Deschamps 12 times in one night, and was so pleased with himself that he felt he had to let the whole world know about it. He went out and bought 12 guns and 12 swords; his tailor embroidered all his buttons and shirts with the number 12; he had 12 courses at each dinner; and he took 1200 francs with him everywhere he went.

The greatest lover of them all, however, remains — perhaps fittingly — anonymous. The Kinsey Report of 1948 cited the case of a man who managed 33.1 sexual acts per week over a 30-year period. That is, five times a day between the ages of 30 and 60.

Where did he find the time? Possibly he was a public servant, although it's more probable that he was an advertising accounts executive doing research.

Never Mind The Quality...

It's widely accepted these days that it's not the size of the thing, but what you do with it, that counts. There still remains, however, a certain mystique around those of us who are hung like elephants. A case of never mind the quality, feel the width.

Take Count Grigori Rasputin, for example. Rasputin wasn't his real name — it was a nickname, and in Russian it means "liber-

time." The Russian mystic spent most of his life trying to do justice to the appellation. He seduced literally hundreds of women, from peasant girls to aristocrats, and along the way he gained a sort of notoriety because of the size of his penis. So much so that when he was murdered in 1916 by Prince Yussopov and his cohorts, one of his jealous assassins mutilated his body, and threw the severed penis across the room.

This grisly — and gristly — memento was later recovered by Count Yussopov's maid, who treasured her souvenir in a polished wooden box on her bedroom bureau. It was last sighted in Paris in 1968, and was described as looking like "a blackened, over-ripe banana, about a foot long, and resting on a velvet cloth."

Rasputin, great as he was, might have been out-gunned by General Chang Chung Ch'ang, a Chinese warlord known as "the general with the three long legs" by the Shanghai prostitutes of the time. He reportedly took on whole brothels at once. He was later dubbed "Seventy-two Cannon Chang" because his penis supposedly equalled 72 stacked silver dollars in length and circumference.

Another famous owner of a weighty appendage was the diminutive French painter, Toulouse Lautrec. Apart from being a dwarf, he also suffered from hypertrophy, a disease that causes excessive enlargement of certain organs of the body. In this case, Toulouse found himself the possessor of a very long dong. Because the rest of him was so short, the girls in the house where he lived (he resided in a brothel) nicknamed him "teapot" . . . It's not recorded how many of them he got up the spout.

Unfortunately nothing remains of the legendary length of El Muftah, an Abyssinian of the 19th Century who was reported to sport a 20-cm penis, wrist thick and capable of striking a person unconscious. It is said that when he was killed in the defence of Khartoum, dozens of Sudanese women immediately committed suicide.

Of course carrying around weapons like this can be dangerous. King Carol II of Rumania had to have operations performed on the vaginas of several dozen women so they could take him. This humanitarian act was forced on him when he started killing off his personal concubines by rupturing their perineae. He was forced into exile in 1925 and from then on the people of Rumania could live securely in the knowledge that such enormous organs would not be forced on — or up — them any longer.

A Load Of Bull

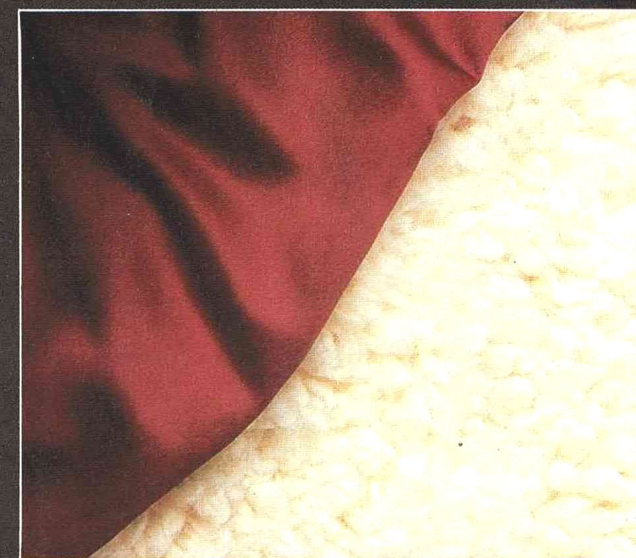
Despite the impressive welter of facts and figures, the feats of men pale into insignificance when compared with some of the great female lovers of history. One Mademoiselle Dubois, an 18th Century French actress, kept a log book of her paramours over a 20-year period. The bot-

After action...satisfaction

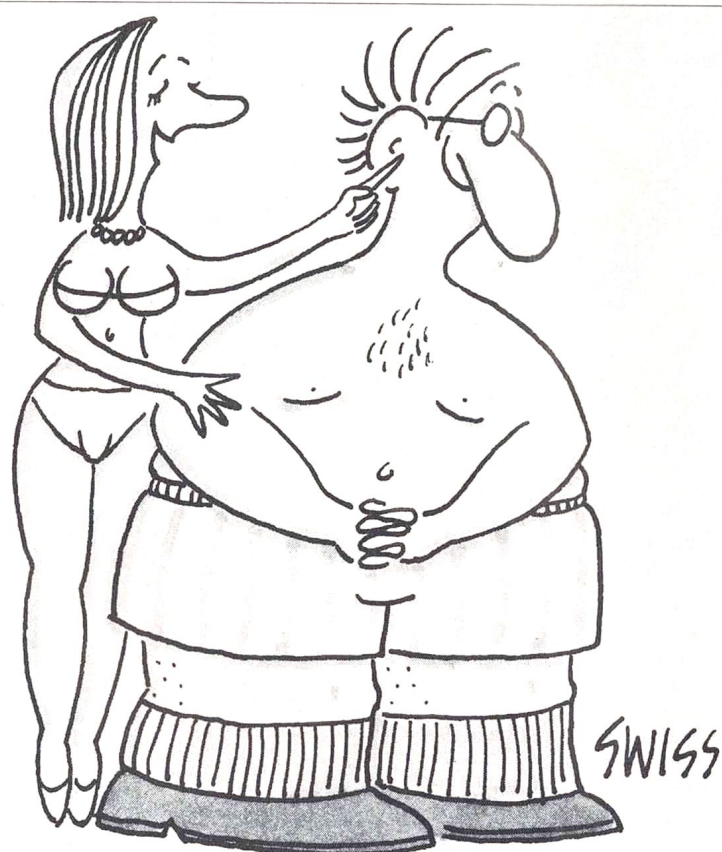
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"Senator, the preceding blowjob was made possible by a grant from the Texxon Corporation. . . ."

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LOVERS

tom line amounted to 16,527 men — which works out at roughly three a day.

At that time Mademoiselle Dubois' greatest competition came from Catherine the Great. The Empress of Russia boasted that she had 21 official lovers and claimed to have sex six times a day.

When she finally died in 1796 the rumor was circulated that she had been killed by a stud bull, which had fallen on her after being suspended by ropes from the ceiling above her bed. It was said that she was trying to couple with it at the time.

Another famous queen, Cleopatra, kept a private harem of young male lovers who were fed drugs to increase their lust. She was evidently capable of taking on a hundred men in one night. It is therefore significant that she finally fell in love with Anthony, a centurion.

Angola's Queen Zingua arranged battles to the death between her warriors and would then go to bed with the winner. She would make love with him all night, and then have him killed in the morning. Interestingly, she was converted to Catholicism by a missionary at the age of 77.

Less gruesome, but no less insatiable, was the great Chinese Empress Shan-Yin. She had a special bed made for her so that 30 men could lie on it while she enjoyed them all.

While it seems that power is indeed a great aphrodisiac, as Dr Henry Kissinger reported, women have used their sexual prowess as a stepping stone to power.

In the early 19th Century a peasant girl called Tz'u Hsi found that her beauty attracted the attention of Hsien Fong, Emperor of China, and she soon became a member of his harem. The emperor, however, while still in his early twenties, was afflicted with impotence. Deciding that her peers in the harem must have been rubbing the Celestial Ruler the wrong way, Tz'u Hsi determined that she had the answer to his affliction. She procured some forbidden books, and from these she gathered a few ideas on how to awaken the emperor's interest.

From the time she entered the emperor's bedroom, it was fully three days before the doors opened once more, and then only to allow the entry of physicians to treat the Son of Heaven for exhaustion. Soon after this, the young peasant girl charmed her emperor into offering her marriage. It was a move that caused a ripple of shock through the land, for an emperor had never before married one of his concubines.

The hedonistic prince died soon after — it's not clear of what, although we can guess — and the wily Tz'u Hsi became Empress of China. She ruled from 1835 to 1908, having discovered the advantages of holding an election.

Another woman who used her charms to open many doors was the infamous Lola

Montez, the Irish dancer and adventurer. She was one of the original groupies, counting Liszt and Dumas *pere* among her lovers. She later became mistress to the King of Bavaria who made her a baroness for "performing miracles with the muscles of her private parts."

After Lola gave the king ten orgasms within the space of 24 hours, the good people of Bavaria revolted — whether they resented the influence the girl had over their monarch or were simply jealous is not clear. Whatever the reason, she was responsible for bringing down the royal house of Bavaria. Obviously Koo Stark just isn't in the same league.

Pay As You enter

So far we have dealt only with the amateur enthusiasts. But there have also been some very notable professionals.

One enterprising young lady overcame the handicap of being born Emma Crouch

Lola later became mistress to the King of Bavaria, who made her a baroness for "performing miracles with the muscles of her private parts"

to re-emerge as Cora Peal and become one of the most celebrated courtesans in history.

She was escorted by such notables as Napoleon and the Prince of Orange, and was said to have once bathed before her dinner guests in a silver bathtub filled with champagne. Her average nightly fee was 5000 francs, a healthy sum compared with the wages of a skilled craftsman who made perhaps three or four francs a day.

If you think that's good money, consider the case of Cardinal Richelieu, the French statesman, who coughed up 50,000 crowns for a night with the beautiful Ninon de Lenclos. Perversely she took the money and sent along a friend in her place, thus becoming one of the first sub-contractors in history. Nice work, if you can get it.

Even more astonishingly, in 1850 Prince Jung Bahadur, the Nepalese Prime Minister, paid a quarter of a million pounds for a night with Laura Bell, London's leading prostitute. The lady found herself literally sitting on a fortune.

Thou Shalt Not, But I Shall

There are a number of individuals who

deserve a mention in this survey of great lovers, for the perverse reason that they really should not be here at all.

For instance, in the year 965 Pope Leo VIII died while committing adultery. The previous incumbent of the office, Pope John XII, had been accused of raping pilgrims in St Peter's Basilica. He met his end when found *flagrante delicto* by an enraged husband. He was badly beaten, and died three days later without confession or sacrament.

The most notorious of the errant popes was Alexander VI, who bought the papacy in 1492 and then proceeded to father seven children by various mistresses. He once hired 50 nude prostitutes to service a number of priests at a banquet, offering prizes to the most virile of the contestants. He was also the father of Cesare and Lucretia Borgia.

Before I get placed on the Index, I'd better point out that the Rock Choppers don't have a monopoly on deviation from the straight and narrow. The black religious leader Father Divine (who is recorded in police files as George Baker, aka God) ordered his thousands of converts to remain celibate even if they were married.

Divine then went on to seduce a large number of his female followers with the great line: "I am bringing your desire to the surface so that we can eliminate it."

Another 20th Century Bible-basher who had a fondness for thrashing away at other things beside the pulpit was Billy James Hargis, founder of the Christian Crusade in the United States.

Hargis claimed that the communists invented rock and roll and campaigned zealously for moral reform. However, his true spiritual commitment came to light when two students from his Christian College in Tulsa, Oklahoma divulged to each other that they had had sex with Hargis. In 1976 *Time* magazine published these allegations and some other interesting facts. Hargis dismissed the accusations with a glib: "It's all just genes and chromosomes."

Great Virgins Of History

In concluding this Hall of Fame, there are a few wooden spoons to be distributed.

Some very famous men are believed to have died virgins. Most recently the finger has been pointed at Adolf Hitler, who really did, as the song says, only have one ball. Despite his marriage to Eva Braun, Hitler is thought to have preferred pornographic books and films to the real thing.

Havelock Ellis, the famous English sexologist, remained a virgin until the age of 32, and even feared he might contract a social disease from wet dreams. He finally married an avowed lesbian.

Other lifetime virgins included Immanuel Kant — we hope he took it philosophically — and Isaac Newton. It is indeed ironic that the man who discovered gravity finished his life without ever getting it up. ☐

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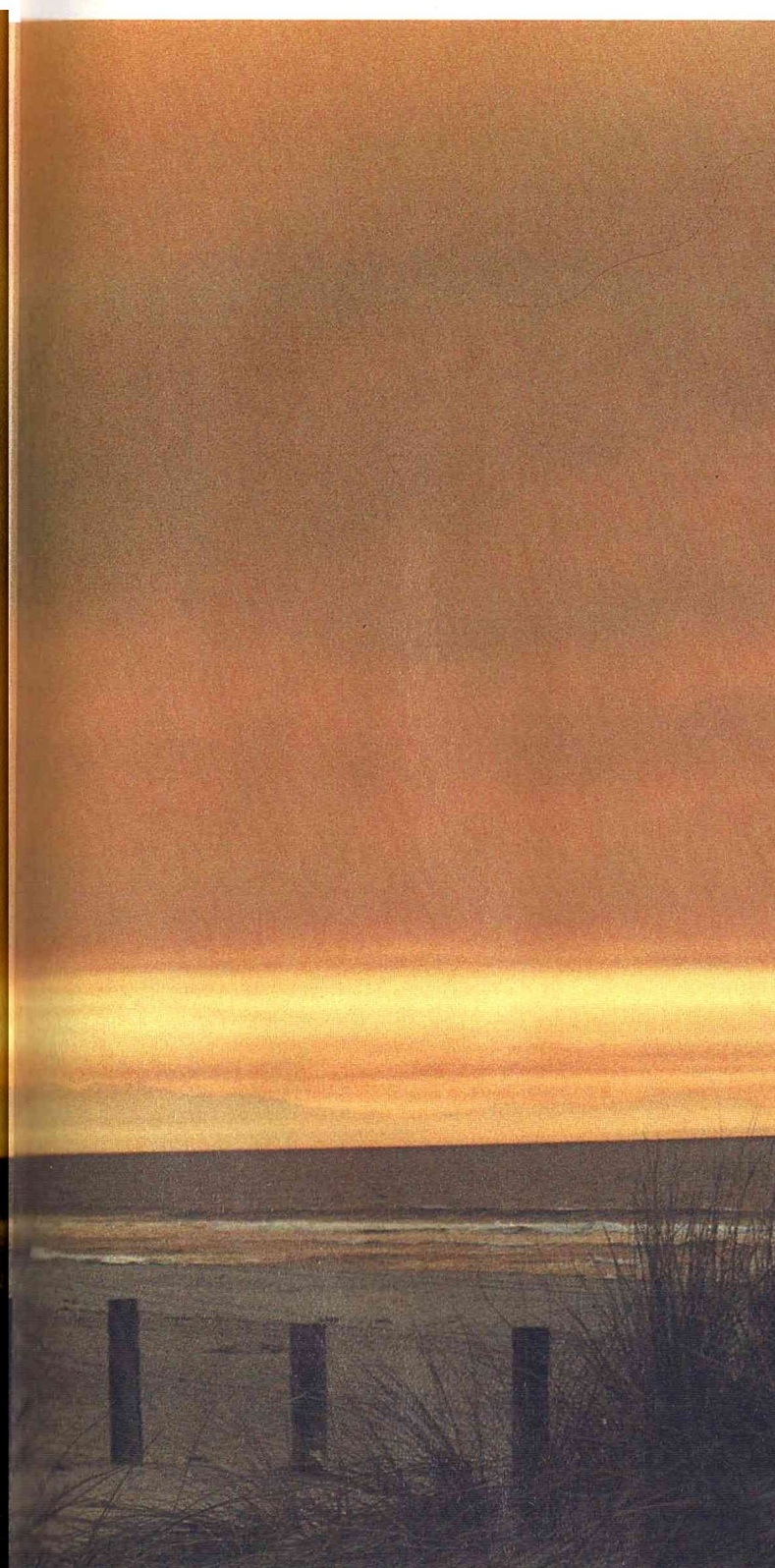


THE GRADUATE

These visions of sultry Susan Napoli are enough to drive any red-blooded man out of his mind, but this is a reaction to confirm our sanity, she reports — and she ought to know. Susan is a graduate in psychology and specialises in the education of men. (Hmm, a Freudian slip there?)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER





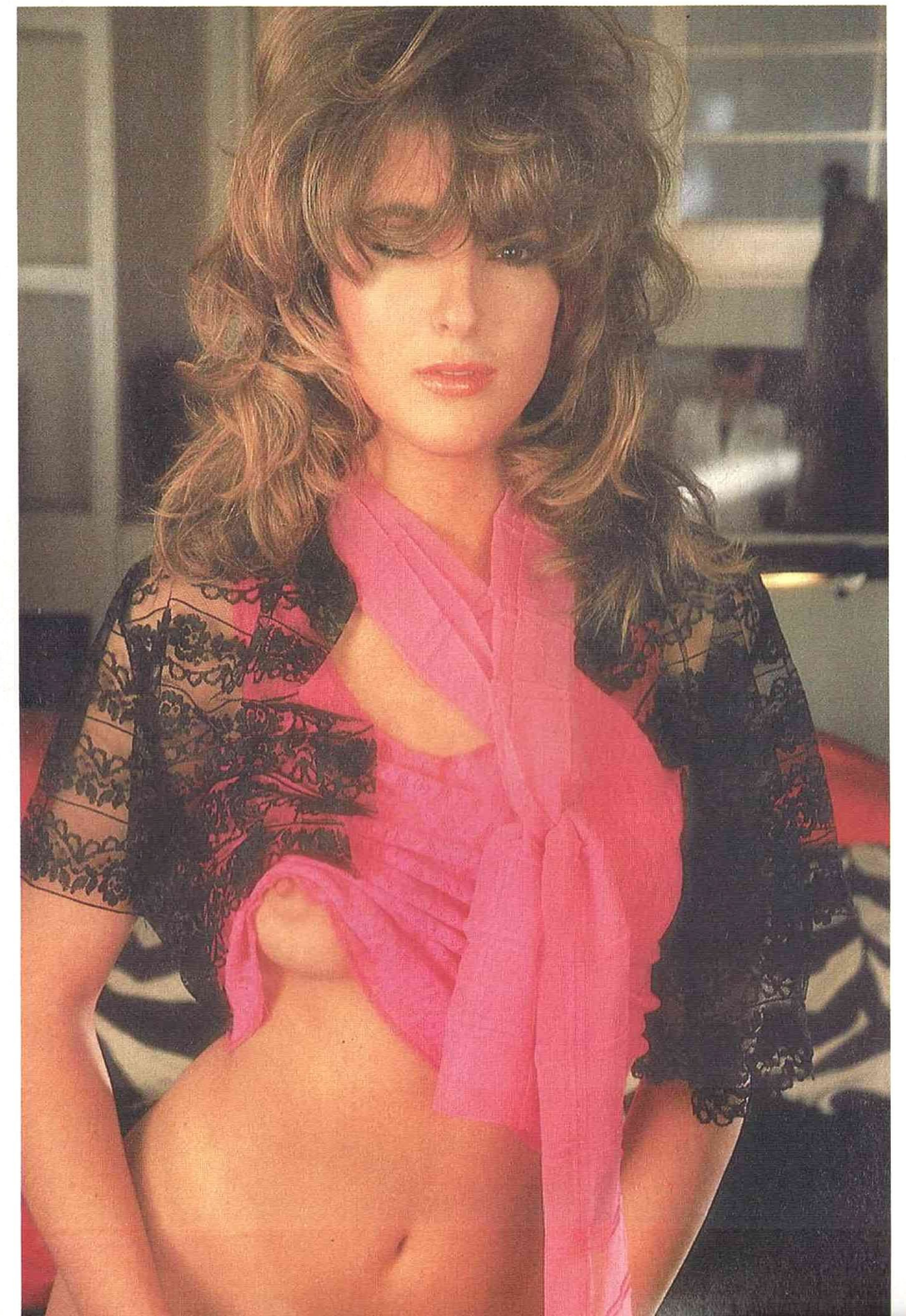
Consequently, she's the analytical type, though particularly of herself. "To be chosen for *Penthouse* is a personal accomplishment that I take very seriously," she says. "When I was young I was the victim of quite a bit of criticism about my appearance: short, flat-chested, braces and glasses . . ."



Susan admits her mind is not always occupied with pure thoughts: "I love to party and cut loose. I especially enjoy doing things that are only slowly becoming socially acceptable."



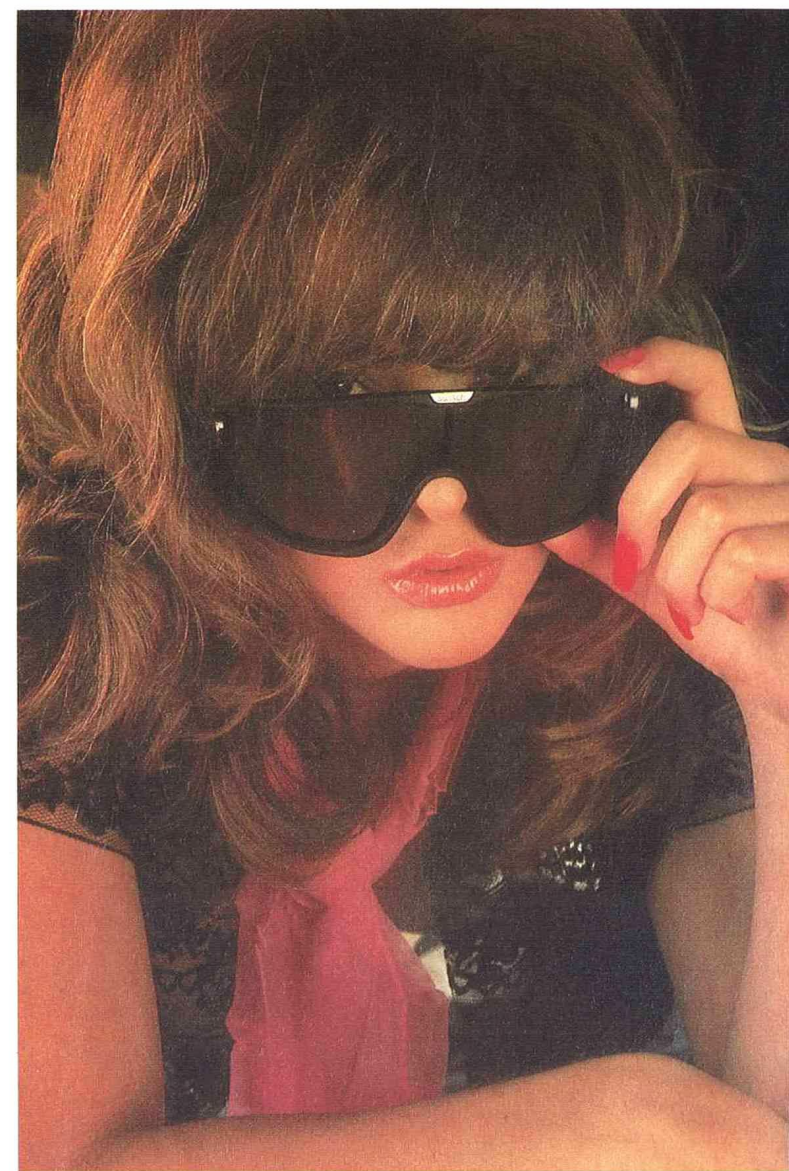
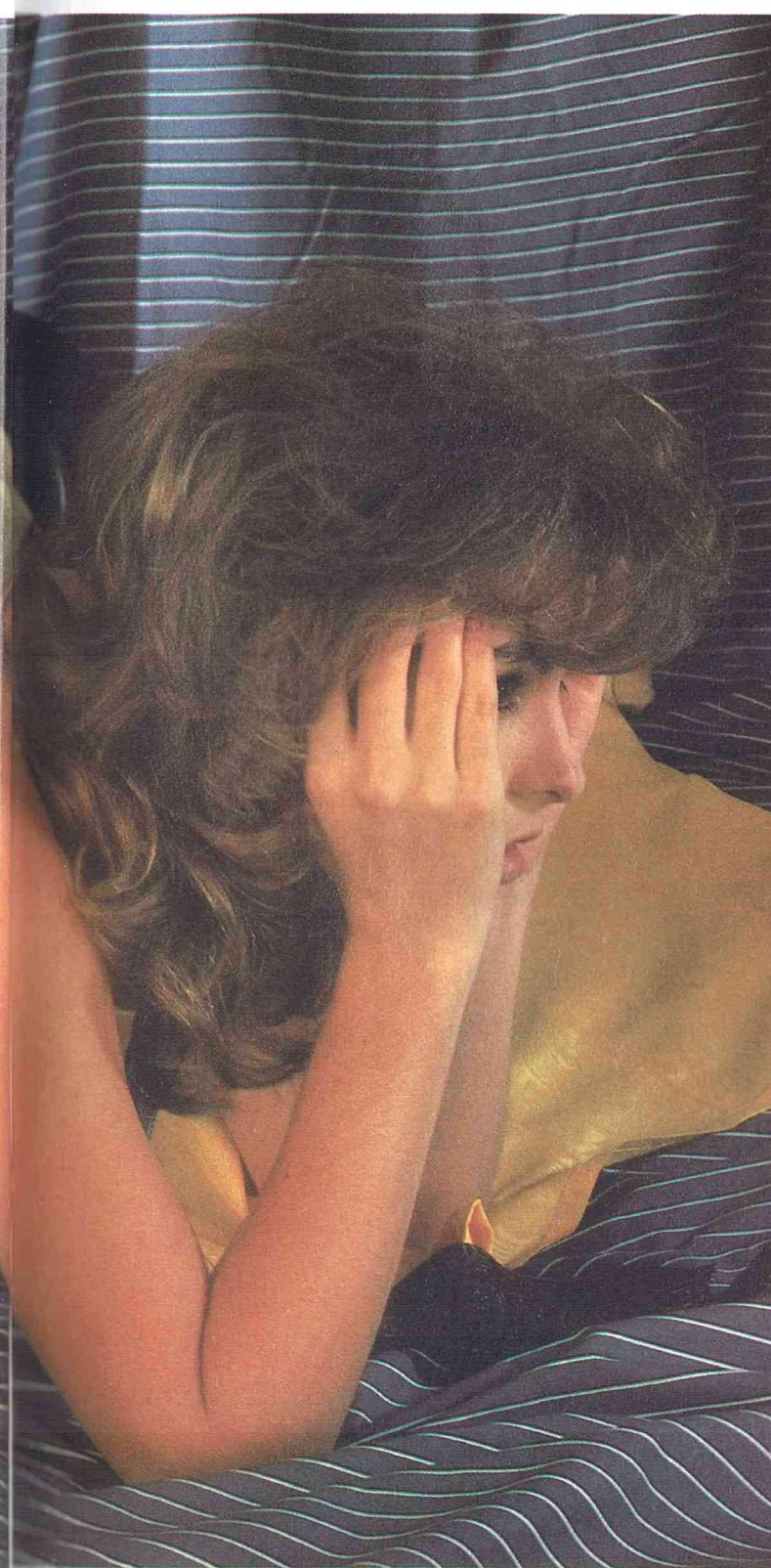
She also loves to flirt with strange, unsuspecting men by turning them on with that piercing gaze of her eyes. "I love to see men squirm," she says.



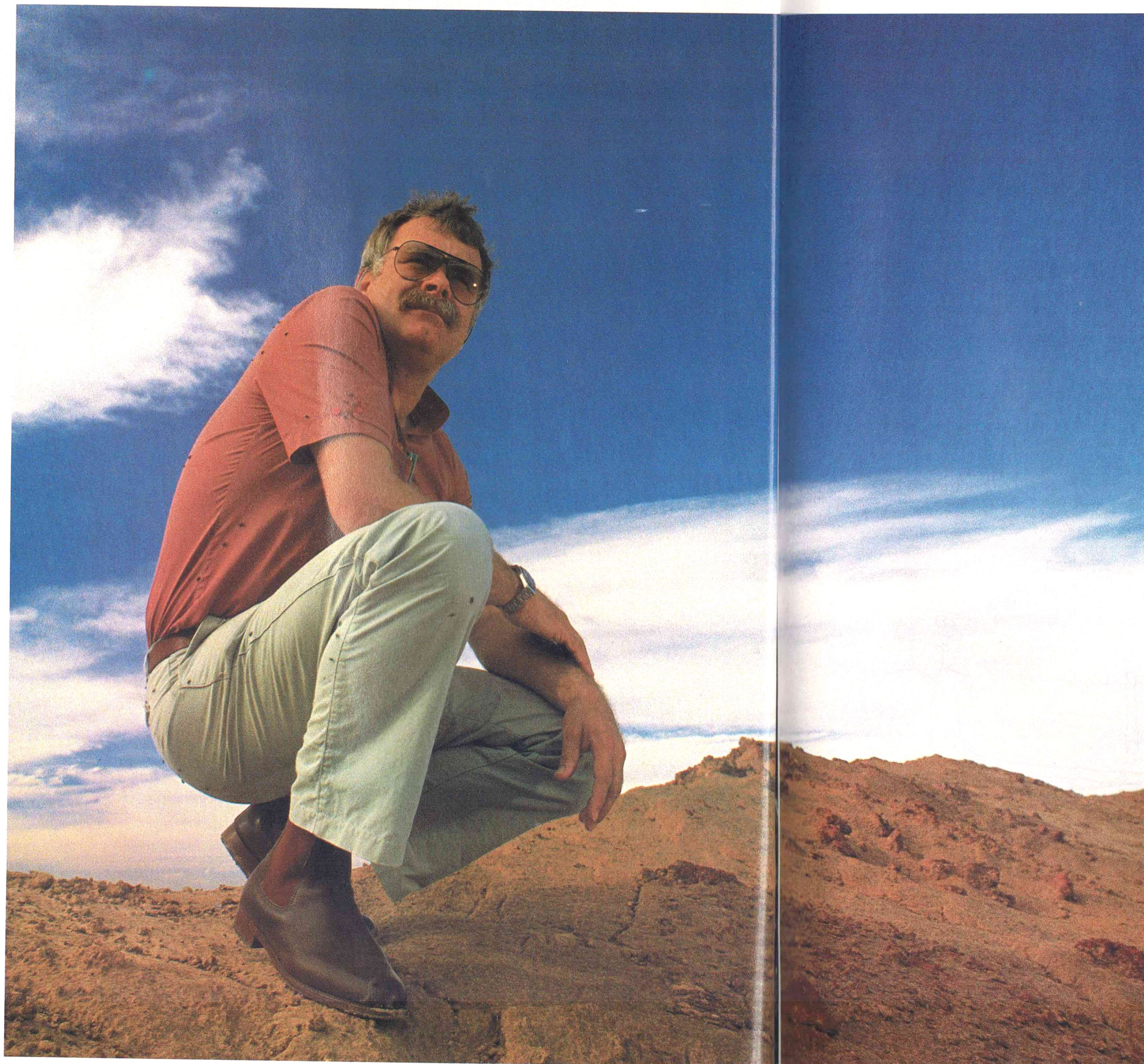


There is no special man in her life right now, but she says: "I am looking for a guy who will smother me with affection, but not to the point where he relinquishes control of his own direction in life."





Though it goes without saying, Susan's enjoyment of her photographic session is something she wanted to make a point of, and that's a point she hopes will rub off on her admirers . . . 



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“I don’t understand what people mean when they ask me when I’m going to grow up. I’ve always been a big kid at heart, and I still am.”

HANS THOLSTRUP

BY PAUL MANN

It is a peculiarly Australian irony that the most macho man in Australia is an immigrant. But we have only ourselves to blame for that. For decades we’ve fronted up to the rest of the world as a nation of hairy-chested, beer-swilling hard men: sun-bronzed sons of Anzacs with a rolly sticking out of one corner of the gob and ribald Strine tumbling out of the other. We know she’ll be right because, when the time comes, we’ll bloody well make her right.

We know it’s all bullshit, of course — but the rest of the world doesn’t. Inevitably, there are mutants of other nationalities who find this image appealing, even admirable.

One of them is Hans Tholstrup.

Tholstrup can still remember the first Australians he met as a 17-year-old Danish student learning English at Cambridge University 23 years ago. “They were like nobody else I had ever seen,” he recalls. “Like, they didn’t give a shit what happened because they could handle it. I liked that. I knew straight away that I wanted to go to the country that produced people like this.”

Tholstrup wasn’t the first macho type to believe he was an Australian who just happened to be born in the wrong place. But he was the first to embrace the classic image of Aussie machismo and turn it into a lifetime job. Within a few years of his arrival Tholstrup had circumnavigated Australia solo by speedboat. He took out citizenship and became the first Australian to fly a plane solo around the

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY

INTERVIEW

world. In the summer of 1982-83 he made the first west-to-east crossing of the continent by solar-powered car. Last year he organised the inaugural Wynn's Sydney-to-Darwin safari, a haemorrhoid-splattering odyssey that left the desert strewn with human and mechanical wrecks. Tholstrup believes it was a bit soft, so this year's event will be "more interesting", he promises.

Next year he will conduct the first solar-powered car race from Darwin to Adelaide, open to all comers. Between all of this he will find time for assorted ancillary adventures, like the time he walked across the Simpson Desert because he needed to lose some weight: "Cadbury gave me all this chocolate and I ate the fucking lot so by the time I finished I'd lost only a few pounds."

Tholstrup is so butch that he once spent his holidays at a war. He has always been intrigued by war, he says, but never had the good luck to get himself sent to one, so he dropped in on the war in Angola because it looked exciting at the time. He nearly got shot for his trouble but says it was a good experience.

However, being macho isn't only about wars and desert adventures. Machismo is an attitude, a state of mind, a sincerely-held lifetime view. Here again, Tholstrup quali-

fies as the genuine article. He is so hopelessly bound up in his own masculine code of honor that he says he has never threatened to kill anyone — because once he had given his word, he would have to act upon it. For the same reason, at 41 he remains single. If he gives his word in marriage, then it will mean “Till death us do part.” Divorce doesn’t exist as an option. So far he hasn’t found a woman prepared to take him at his word, though he’s asked a couple.

Tholstrup used to live in a disused factory in the gritty inner Sydney suburb of Erskineville. There he slept in a ship's container: "The best bed I ever had." Last year he opened an office for his company, Energy Promotions, at Mona Vale on Sydney's northern beaches, mostly so he could be close to the new woman in his life who also lives there. But he says he's been pining for the comforts of home and may move back to the ship's container and the factory.

Paul Mann bailed up the hyperactive Tholstrup in his Mona Vale office for a three-hour interview. Of his subject Mann reports: "He is the holder of the most outrageous views I've ever heard — but he holds them with conviction and sincerity. Tholstrup tends to fly off at all sorts of tangents and pinning him down on any subject is difficult; when he is focused on a topic, he simplifies his response so that it conforms with his world-view. He has a

morbid sense of humor and readily agrees that he's somewhat neurotic — but he accepts that fact with equanimity. Like Popeye, Hans Tholstrup am what he am."

In Denmark the name Tholstrup is as well known as Ansett is in Australia, except that the Tholstrups are big in the production and retailing of LP gas. Tholstrup had what he describes as "a very middle class upbringing in a very middle class town in the middle of Denmark." His father committed suicide when Tholstrup was 18 months old, and the boy was raised by an uncle and groomed to enter the family business. But right from the beginning, the character destined to become Australia's own real-life Indiana Jones had other ideas. Mann considered that the beginning was a good place to start the *Penthouse* interview.

Penthouse: What was your first big adventure?

Tholstrup: The first time I can remember getting caught doing something terrible was when I was still at school, and I took an ice floe across the water to Jutland. A fishing trawler rescued me but I didn't think I needed rescuing; I was only halfway across at the time. It caused a fuss but that's the only reason I recall it. That was what taught me about the stupidity of parents. Instead of warming my bottom they should should have put me in a bath full of cold water to teach me what immersion was all about.

Penthouse: Didn't you get along with your

uncle or the rest of your family?

Tholstrup: The problem was that in a small place, where your family is better off than the other families in town, you're part of a class distinction. I wasn't allowed to play with other children because they didn't have the same social background. I wasn't allowed to know better than my stepfather; I wasn't allowed to correct him whether he was right or wrong. It was hard because I knew he had taken over my father's side of the business and we had fights all the time.

Penthouse: When did you leave home?

Tholstrup: When I was 18, I'd done a year at Cambridge to clean up my English, which was supposed to prepare me for the family business. I was having another big argument at home and I remembered that these Australians I'd met in England had told me you could make 150 quid a week working on the Snowy River scheme, so I decided to go to Australia and make my own living and do my own thing. My first job in Australia was worth 10 quid a week. I quickly learned another thing about Australians — they talk bullshit!

Penthouse: How did you get to Australia?

Tholstrup: I hitch-hiked. I bought a .45 automatic as my faithful companion, packed my rucksack and left. The gun was confiscated when I got to Darwin.

Penthouse: But you got it across every border in between?

Tholstrup: No problem. This was more than 20 years ago, in pre-terrorist days. It was easy.

Penthouse: Did you use it on the way?

Tholstrup: Twice. I used it one night and shot a dog. I was sleeping by the side of the road in the hills of Turkey where there were wolves. My mind must have been fully engaged with the fact that there were wolves, so when this poor little dog came up and yapped at me I shot it. I've never slept with a gun since because I don't recall loading the gun. I went to sleep with a full clip and I must have put a bullet up the spout in my sleep. My first recollection was waking up with my hand out to the side and the gun pointed at the noise, and I pulled the trigger. Made a mess of the dog. The second time was in India and a taxi driver was trying to fleece me. I had the gun in my shirt and I showed it to him and that was the first time I saw an Indian turn white.

Penthouse: So apart from that it was a quiet trip?

Tholstrup: Oh yeah. Well there was a time in Bangkok when things looked interesting. The Americans were just starting to get involved in Laos and I had the chance to get a job with them up there. I had to get a piece of paper from the Danish ambassador in Bangkok and he asked me what the hell I was going to Laos for. He told me to come back the next day and he had money, a ticket and a visa to get into Australia. He'd been in touch with my family back in Denmark. So I got to Darwin instead of working for the CIA. It was a pity;

it might have been interesting.

Penthouse: What was your first job in Australia?

Thalstrup: Jackaroo. It was very hard. It turned out I wasn't much of a horseman and I got a lot of blisters on my bum. Then I went to Groote Eylandt and worked for BHP. I worked there for seven months and made enough money to buy a four-wheel-drive, and then shot buffaloes for two seasons. In the off-season I drove an ambulance. I found out that you got an extra 20 quid for helping at post-mortems at the local hospital. I learned a lot about how the human body works. It was fascinating.

Penthouse: What did you do?

Tholstrup: Oh, it depended on who it was, what the circumstances of death were, how much you had to chop the body up. There were some fascinating cases. We had the body of a child brought in once. It had been dumped at the post office in Darwin with a pair of women's stockings tied around its neck. I remember I untied 17 knots before asking the policeman in attendance if I could cut through the rest because there was a whole heap to go. Somebody had just tied knot after knot after knot to kill that child. We had to see if the child was stillborn or whether it had been alive at birth. It's quite simple to find out. You cut off a piece of the lungs and throw it in water. If the lung floats the child was alive, if it sinks the child never lived. This piece floated so the child had been

murdered, put in a parcel and sent in the mail to Darwin. We never did find out if they got the person who did it. I suppose I helped on 40 or 50 bodies. The very first post-mortem I did was on a guy I'd worked with at Groote Eylandt. I'd spoken to him three or four days before he died. He was teaching his girlfriend to drive and he died in a car accident. When the doctor discovered I knew the guy he asked if I would rather somebody else helped, but I said there was no point. To me you're only a human being when you're walking around. Dead people are no longer people, they're bodies. It's the same with people on total life support systems: what a waste of energy — they're dead. There is enormous wastage in the way we dispose of bodies too. If you cremate people it costs energy to burn them, if you bury people it costs energy to bury them. Okay, burying people is a show of respect, it's a tradition, but the body itself can become perfectly good chicken feed or it can be turned into soap or other produces we can re-use. I think we should have burial at sea because the food goes back to the sea and is recycled.

Penthouse: That's a fairly pragmatic view of death.

Tholstrup: Well, I think George Lucas put it beautifully with his expression: "May the force be with you." There is a force and it comes from living matter, from people. The good in people is a positive force and the evil in people is a negative force. The



INTERVIEW

positive force is people helping each other — the invisible hand of society. In everything I've done, all I've done is come up with an idea and then it's been picked up by people who've brought in their knowledge. I mean, my God, I've been called a complete idiot but I have to be a complete idiot to get this guy to feel sorry for me and then fix my problem. So, you get this enormous assistance from people around you and then you become a force, a total force, instead of just an individual force.

Penthouse: So, between shooting buffalo and assisting at post-mortems, you had a lot of fun in Darwin.

Tholstrup: I had a great time. Shooting buffalo, running supplies to oil rigs, driving road trains . . . all the fantasy stuff, all the things that little kids would like to do, all that good stuff people dream about but never get around to doing. Driving big D9 bulldozers that knock down trees . . . that whole enormous power that's surging in the Northern Territory — I got to try all of that. Even blowing up four or five tonnes of explosives. I mean, the poor little guy who only blows up four or five pounds for the IRA doesn't know what a real bang can do. With enough explosive you can lift up whatever you like: the top five feet of five square acres . . . a square kilometre.

All that was part of growing up for me. I remember one of the old-timers in the Territory telling me when I left: "You were a snotty-nosed, dumb kid when you came here. At least now you've grown up a bit." Today I look at the enormous number of jobs that are out there and all these snotty-nosed kids sitting around in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne who don't know what they want to do so they just sit around and mope and demand that Australia should do something for them. Bullshit! Australia shouldn't do anything for them. They should just get out there and do something for Australia, and at the same time all the people around them will help them grow up.

Penthouse: You really believe the answer to youth unemployment is to send them all to the Northern Territory to drive bulldozers?

Tholstrup: They don't have to go that far. They can work on farms in Victoria and NSW, they can work on road gangs. They can do things. All they have to do is want to go out and do something and then their surroundings will educate them. But when the job interview starts with: "How much you gunna pay me?", then their whole attitude is wrong.

Penthouse: We'll come back to politics in a moment. How did you make the leap from knockabout to full-time adventurer?

Tholstrup: Well, I went to Brisbane and sold LP gas for an American company and

I made so much money I decided to spend it on motor racing . . . saloon car racing. My first race was at Albury, my second at Surfers Paradise. I had a Formula Two Lotus. I ran at Bathurst three times and kept running third in my class, even though I kept changing classes and drove Datsuns and Falcons. I wasn't getting anywhere, I couldn't get a sponsor, and I was spending all my money. I started driving a taxi at night, and I was living in a shed to save money. I needed something to get me out of the rut, and I found out that no-one had ever sailed around Australia single-handed, so I decided to give that a go. I bought this 16-foot runabout and made a deal with BP. They would supply the fuel, and if I made it they would pay for it and if I didn't I would pay them. So I put everything together and tootled out of Sydney Harbor in 1969 . . . and made it. It took 76 days.

Penthouse: It sounds like a stunt to get your name known.

Tholstrup: That was the main reason . . . to get my name known so I could get sponsors for motor racing . . . and it worked. I got sponsorship from CIG, the company I was working for at the time, and I went back to motor racing. Still didn't do any good at it, though. Eventually I realised there must be more to life than motor racing and so I decided to do a bit more travelling. I went to Europe and crossed the Atlantic by speedboat.

Penthouse: Crossed the Atlantic by speedboat?

Tholstrup: Yeah . . . it was just something to keep me occupied. I knew all about the dangers of immersion then so I was careful not to fall in.

Penthouse: It sounds like you took a long time to decide where you were going.

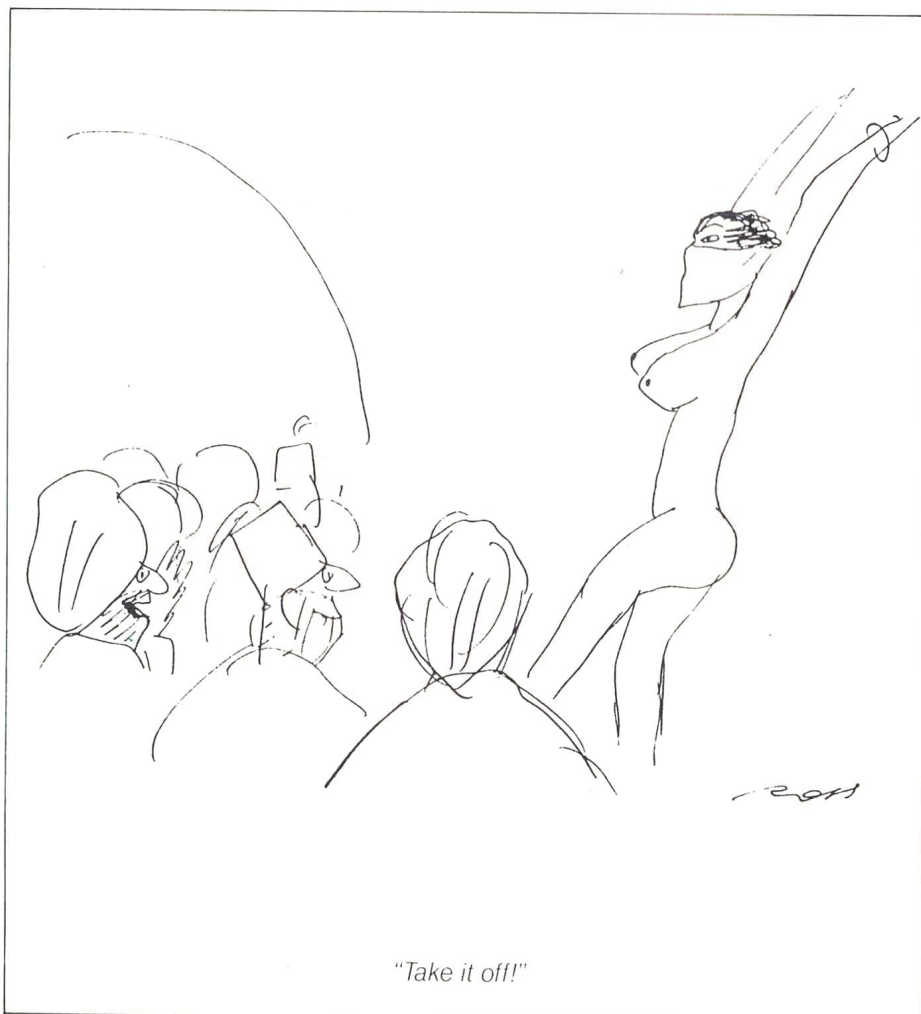
Tholstrup: At that time I didn't know whether I wanted to live in Denmark or Australia but I had this idea about making the first crossing of Australia from west to east, through the centre in a single vehicle. That was the Daihatsu four-wheel-drive crossing. Then I had the idea for taking the smallest aircraft around the world on a solo flight. That was the Grummond Trainer-105 horsepower.

Penthouse: When did you learn to fly?

Tholstrup: Two weeks before I took off on the trip. It took me ten days to get my license and about three months to fly around the world. I didn't know I was the first Australian to fly solo around the world until Dick Smith phoned me up after his solo helicopter flight and asked me when I'd naturalised. Unfortunately I had naturalised before I flew around the world so Dick didn't get that one, which is a pity because I thought he deserved it.

Penthouse: How close did you come to death on that flight?

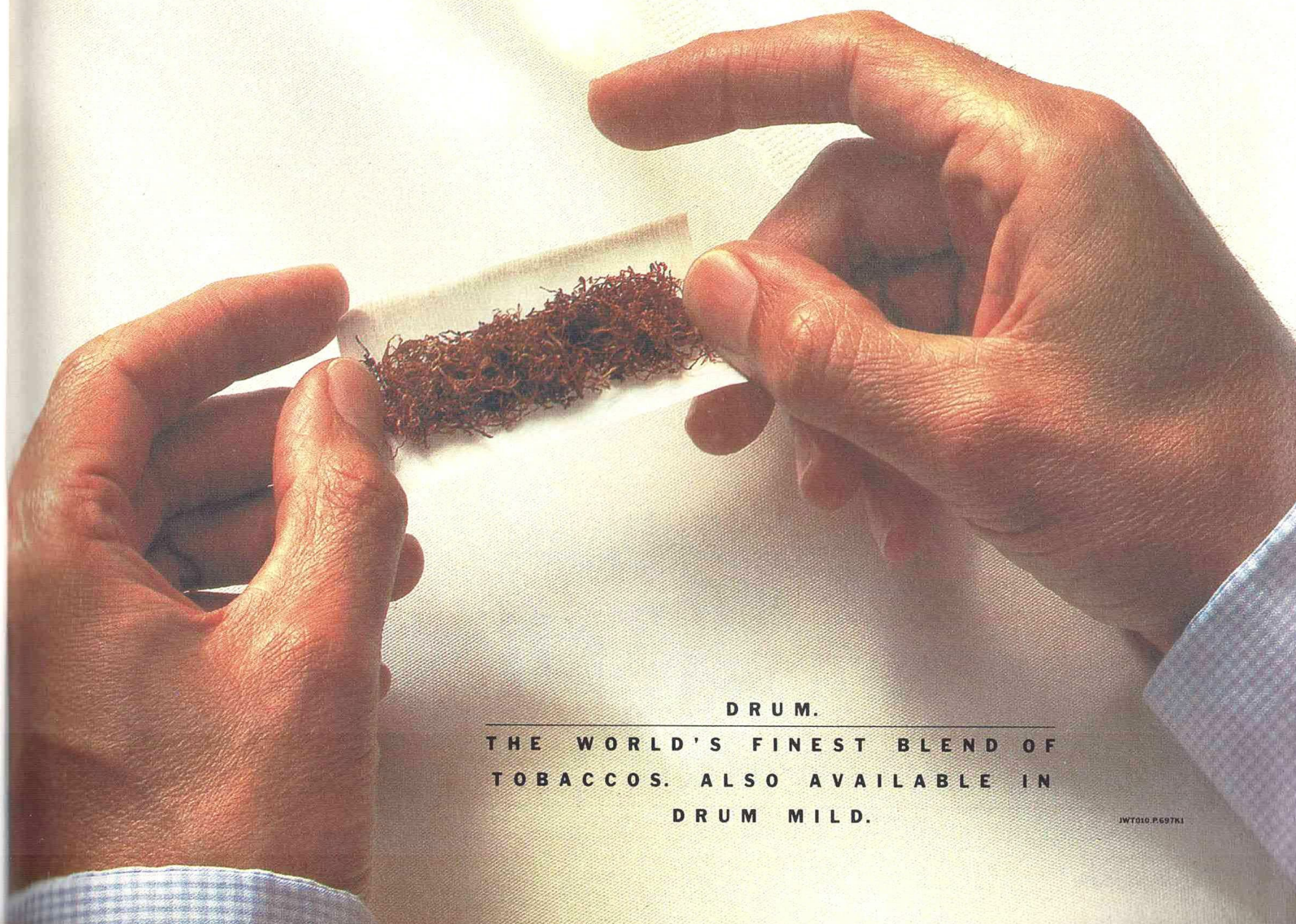
Tholstrup: I came close several times. Flying is not a mug's game and with ten days experience I really didn't have the knowledge to take a small aircraft around the world. There were a few storms that



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INTERVIEW

gave me some nasty moments. Flying into Russia without a permit was interesting.

Penthouse: How come you're here to tell us about it?

Tholstrup: Because the Russians are reasonably nice people.

Penthouse: That isn't what passengers of Korean Airlines Flight 007 would say if they had the chance.

Tholstrup: That's true and I was in the same area, but you must remember I had my own little show, my own little circus and I played by the rules. The rules are that if you have a technical malfunction you can land anywhere, and the Russians play by these rules too. It was quite strange, you see, because after leaving Japan I developed this problem and it got worse and worse and finally, just when I was outside Russia, I had to land because I had lost all this fuel.

Penthouse: Did you find out the Russian word for bullshit?

Tholstrup [Smiling]: Well, they allowed me to get away with it. They knew what I did, I'm sure of it. I'd smashed up a fuel line before landing so it all looked very convincing but they can work out fuel figures and aircraft figures and they knew there was no way I could make it from Japan to Alaska without stopping for fuel somewhere. The first people out to meet me were the soldi-

ers, then they brought an interpreter and some KGB people. They fixed my fuel problem and sent me on my way. They gave it to me, I might add, out of the wing tank on a big aircraft, the only free fuel I had on the whole trip. Look, they're human beings first and Communists second, and if you appeal to the boy in the man you can often get the boy to win because basically we're all boys at heart. My next stop was a big American air force base and it was quite funny to see the difference between the two camps. It was like changing 50 years overnight. The Russian weaponry was very modern but everything else was very much yesterday. Then the Americans, their super-sophisticated weaponry, the abundance of food, the luxuries... it was quite a difference after the cabbage soup and black bread that the Russians had given me.

Penthouse: You decided you liked capitalism better?

Tholstrup: I have always liked capitalism. I like free enterprise. I like total freedom; it's only total freedom that brings out the best in a man. But I enjoy cabbage soup too. I enjoy hardship because without it you can't appreciate luxury. It's a fact that a lot of Australians can't handle luxury and it's destroying them. They're getting spoiled and lazy, loading up their Bankcards so they can live like kings all the time.

Penthouse: How did you get into the war in Angola?

Tholstrup: I did a trip down through Africa. I've seen just about all of Africa... and I don't want to discuss South Africa.

Penthouse: All right, we won't discuss South Africa.

Penthouse: There's racism everywhere. There's racism in Russia, where everybody's supposed to be equal. How many Mongolians have made it into the Russian hierarchy? To me racism is brain power. Intellectualism is racism, it's just that when there are different colors involved it's called racism. But when we're all the same color and we discriminate against each other, what's it called then... elitism? It's all the same thing. I just dislike the fact that if I dislike a black feller, it's called racism. I mean, I probably like more black fellers than I like white fellers, but I hate the fact that if I dislike a man who happens to be a different color, then it's racism. I want the right to dislike anybody I choose.

Penthouse: Is there anybody you like?

Tholstrup [Laughs]: Look, the only people I dislike are people who are negative. Anybody who says: "It can't be done." Anybody who is blind to new ideas, new ways of doing things. Anybody who can't be bothered to open their eyes and who just wants to carry on in their own protected little world. And I dislike socialists because socialists want to live off the hard work of the workers. I believe the worker has the right to determine what he wants to do with his money because he bloody well worked for it. He shouldn't be ripped off and have his money given to some bastard who can't be bothered to work for it.

Penthouse: You realise all this sounds like you're somewhere to the right of Genghis Khan?

Tholstrup: I get accused of being a right-winger all the time, but it's not true. I believe in people having the freedom to do what they like and I think it's very sad that I have to be labelled a right-winger because I happen to believe in freedom for the individual. The politicians have two responsibilities: the police force and the army. Welfare and all the rest should be run by private agencies. And yes, I'm the first to agree that we should help someone who is genuinely sick and families suffering genuine hardship. I would gladly give all that I've got to help someone who would be prepared to do the same... That's normal community spirit so there's no way I accept this right-wing garbage. Yes, I believe in capital punishment. I believe a guy who rapes and kills a girl has forfeited his right to live. I want to save the life of the girl by saying to the guy: "Look, you bastard, you do that and I'll kill you." But at the moment, the girl dies and we save the life of the guy whose life isn't worth saving. I think our values are all arse-about.

Penthouse: How would you define your politics?

Tholstrup: I believe we're born equal but that's where it stops. From then on we're unequal because we could have a drunken

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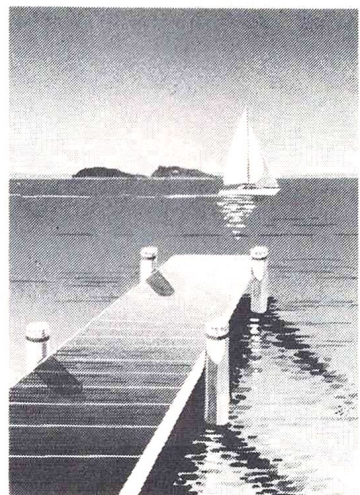
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Ali

INTERVIEW

father, a socialist father, a father who's in business and has no time for us. We could have dumb parents or be in the wrong place so it becomes very circumstantial from the time you're born to the time you're old enough to do what you like. And I can't see a solution because when you're young you need food and you have to get it from your parents. I can't see governments taking that over because I've seen it tried in Denmark and Sweden and all it creates is a bunch of robots, and robots are something you have in a factory. The only answer is education and evolution to the point where we are better parents and therefore we have better children.

Penthouse: Meanwhile, what about the war in Angola?

Tholstrup [Laughs]: Oh, yeah, the war in Angola. Somewhere else I shouldn't have been. Denmark was supporting the East Germans, the Cubans and the Russians and I couldn't bloody believe it. I was in with the other side. I managed to get some credentials from a Danish magazine that got me into Angola, and basically all I wanted to do was to walk around and have a look at the war. I've never understood why people go around killing each other just for fun so I wanted to have a look. I was in with a bunch of journalists and, of course, they were all pretty hard-nosed and detached

about it — I ended up getting emotionally involved. Where we were, people were dying like flies because there were no medical supplies and one night I tried to hijack a truck to go to South Africa for medicines, but I was stopped.

Penthouse: Was it just your natural opposition to communism that got you emotionally involved?

Tholstrup: I couldn't see the sense in the world throwing out the Portuguese, a community of lawyers, doctors and farmers who did not bear arms, and putting in 40,000 Cuban troops instead. I wanted to see exactly what was going on and to experience it because if you haven't experienced it you don't really know what it's all about. Also, Denmark had given \$5 million toward this Cuban-East German takeover and I thought they had no right to do that — I couldn't believe the stupidity of it. But basically I was bored at the time. I didn't go to Vietnam and I wanted to see a war, and that was the closest.

Penthouse: How close did you come to getting shot?

Tholstrup: Oh, close. I'd been out there where they were shooting people with a bunch of journos and we were picked up by some Cubans. We were taken back to this old police station and I was separated from the others and straight away I got the cold shivers. I was handed over to some black soldiers and taken into a room on my own. There wasn't a lot I could do. It's not

like the movies. When you're being guarded by four armed soldiers you just do what you're told. I was interrogated for several hours and they confiscated all my film, about 100 rolls. The sad thing was that Mercedes-Benz were having a competition that year for the best Mercedes-Benz photograph, and in Angola I'd shot about five rolls of an open Mercedes 350 set up with a 50 calibre machine-gun and a couple of grenade launchers. For a couple of weeks I lived with the thought that I could be shot. It was quite obvious they thought I might be a mercenary, because my credentials didn't really make it clear what I was. Every day I made it my objective to make friends with the guards. I would get them to take the bullet out of the breech of their AK-47s. That way there wouldn't be any nasty accidents. They were okay — they thought it was a bit of fun. Then one day I was taken to the airport and put on a plane to Zaire and told that I shouldn't ever try to come back.

Penthouse: What was your hardest adventure?

Tholstrup: Getting the money in the first place. That's always the hardest part. Convincing the bloke who sits behind a desk that it can be done. The most dangerous trip was the flight around the world, but the hardest physically was the boat trip around Australia. Every day I ached somewhere new and I must have felt like giving up a thousand times but that's the interesting part — what makes you keep going?

Penthouse: And what does make you keep going?

Tholstrup: I refuse to fail at anything. That's why it's so easy to die for me — if it's the difference between failing and dying.

Penthouse: You'd rather die than fail?

Tholstrup: Yes, because I'd have to live with failure. I'm not allowed to fail. If I borrow \$10,000 off you to start a business and I couldn't pay you back, but I could go out and run my car into a tree and have the insurance pay you back, then I'd go out and run my car into the tree. I'd rather do that than live with the fact that you were suffering hardship because I couldn't pay you back the \$10,000.

Penthouse: That's a very old-fashioned interpretation of honor.

Tholstrup: A man is only as good as his word. I believe that absolutely. I don't mind being old-fashioned in that regard. I'm certainly not ashamed of that.

Penthouse: There was a criticism of the Wynn's Safari in the trade press. Was that a failure?

Tholstrup: It was criticised for being a well-kept secret, so in that sense it was a public relations failure. But we only had so much money and we could have spent some of it on public relations or all of it trying to give competitors a better event, which is what we did. I was criticised for making it tough but it should be tough. It's got to be tough if it is going to be a worthwhile challenge of man and machine



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INTERVIEW

against the elements. I'm going to make the next one tougher.

Penthouse: Where do women belong in this macho world of yours?

Tholstrup: Oh, I think women are the greatest thing out. I think some have been a bit misguided in the last few years and stuffed it up for themselves. But women's lib has created a situation where society no longer looks up to the housewife. In fact we look down on the housewife and that really gives me the shits because the housewife is the hardest working, most brilliant lady out.

Penthouse: Why have you never married?

Tholstrup: I've wanted to get married twice and both times I've been knocked back.

Penthouse: Why? What's wrong with you?

Tholstrup [Laughs]: Well, perhaps I'm too difficult a proposition. You see, I can't get married and have a divorce — that's where failure comes in. When you say till death do you part, for better or for worse, if you can say that in front of family and friends, in front of the community, in front of God if you're religious, well that's it. It's all black or white with me, none of that grey garbage. None of this business five or ten years later where you say: "Oh yeah, I know I said that but things have changed." You know things are going to change, but you live with it.

Penthouse: What if the marriage goes sour? Would you live in an unhappy marriage?

Tholstrup: I might have to kill her.

Penthouse: That's more respectable than divorce?

Tholstrup: Well, I might have to commit suicide.

Penthouse: So you kill her or yourself, but no divorce?

Tholstrup: That's the way it would be.

Penthouse: Isn't there something just a lit-

tle bit wrong with that kind of rigid thinking?

Tholstrup: No. If you break your word once you can do it again.

Penthouse: And you've never broken your word?

Tholstrup: As far as I'm concerned, no, but other people would say I have. I change my mind, like other people, because as I go along I'm learning new things and people would say that's breaking your word, but if you've got my firm word on something, that's it. My present relationship is falling down because of it. You see, twice I've been late since I've known this lady, and she just can't see why this becomes a major disaster.

Penthouse: Why would being late be a major disaster?

Tholstrup: Well it is, because I've said I'd be there at 7.30. There's no good being there at 7.35, and when I'm late I throw a major tantrum.

Penthouse: If you're five minutes late?

Tholstrup: Oh shit, yeah. Especially if it's someone else's fault. And I'll drive through traffic and get a \$100 fine rather than be late.

Penthouse: Isn't that a bit neurotic?

Tholstrup: Of course it is — but that's me, I can't help myself. It's one of my weaknesses. But that's the way it is. And I never forget if someone does the dirty on me, either. Somebody who did the dirty on me four years ago wanted to do business with me again recently, and it would have been good for us, but I said no.

Penthouse: You never forgive?

Tholstrup: No. Why should I? I can't see any reason at all. The only reason you'd do it is because you thought it was going to benefit you again in some way, and that's just weakness. If you only do things because they benefit you — Christ, that's weak.

Penthouse: A man is nothing without principles?

Tholstrup: A man without honor is nothing. There has to be honor. Even bikies have honor.

Penthouse: You understand the bkie code of honor?

Tholstrup: Definitely. Even though it's sick, I can still understand it.

Penthouse: Okay, amidst all this machismo we've had little time to talk about your views on sex. What was your first sexual experience?

Tholstrup: It was with a Danish lady I met in Switzerland. She was 27 and I was 16. And I can only recommend that all young men should be introduced to sex by an older woman.

Penthouse: She was gentle with you?

Tholstrup: Bullshit she was. She used me all night. But she proved right from the start that a woman needed more than a man could give.

Penthouse: But you didn't mind being used to find that out?

Tholstrup: I still don't mind being used. It's only when they make me feel cheap in the

morning that I don't like it.

Penthouse: Been in many fights?

Tholstrup: No.

Penthouse: Despite all this butch talk, you've never had a fight?

Tholstrup: I can usually prevail on the other feller to be reasonable.

Penthouse: And what if he doesn't feel like being reasonable?

Tholstrup: A piece of four-by-two will make him reasonable.

Penthouse: Show much aggression in traffic?

Tholstrup: Ah, yeah, but come on — that's different. Let's face it, it's too easy to get a driver's licence in this country. Christ those guys who come out on Sundays...

Penthouse: And you've never thumped anyone in traffic?

Tholstrup: I wouldn't want to get physical

... I use the car for that. One guy took my parking spot and so I drove into him. I was already backing the four-wheel-drive in when this guy took the spot. I asked him to move but he told me he wouldn't so I started scraping down his side. Then I stopped and said that was for starters and if he didn't move I'd take his whole side out. He got the point. There was another guy — you know these idiots who sit in the outside lane? I flashed my lights and tooted my horn and he just wouldn't shift. Then he gave the finger and the thumb, and when he gave me this thumb business I thought, well, he must want to be pushed up the arse... so I did. Just a little nudge. It shifted him.

Penthouse: What other Tholstrup adventures have we got to look forward to?

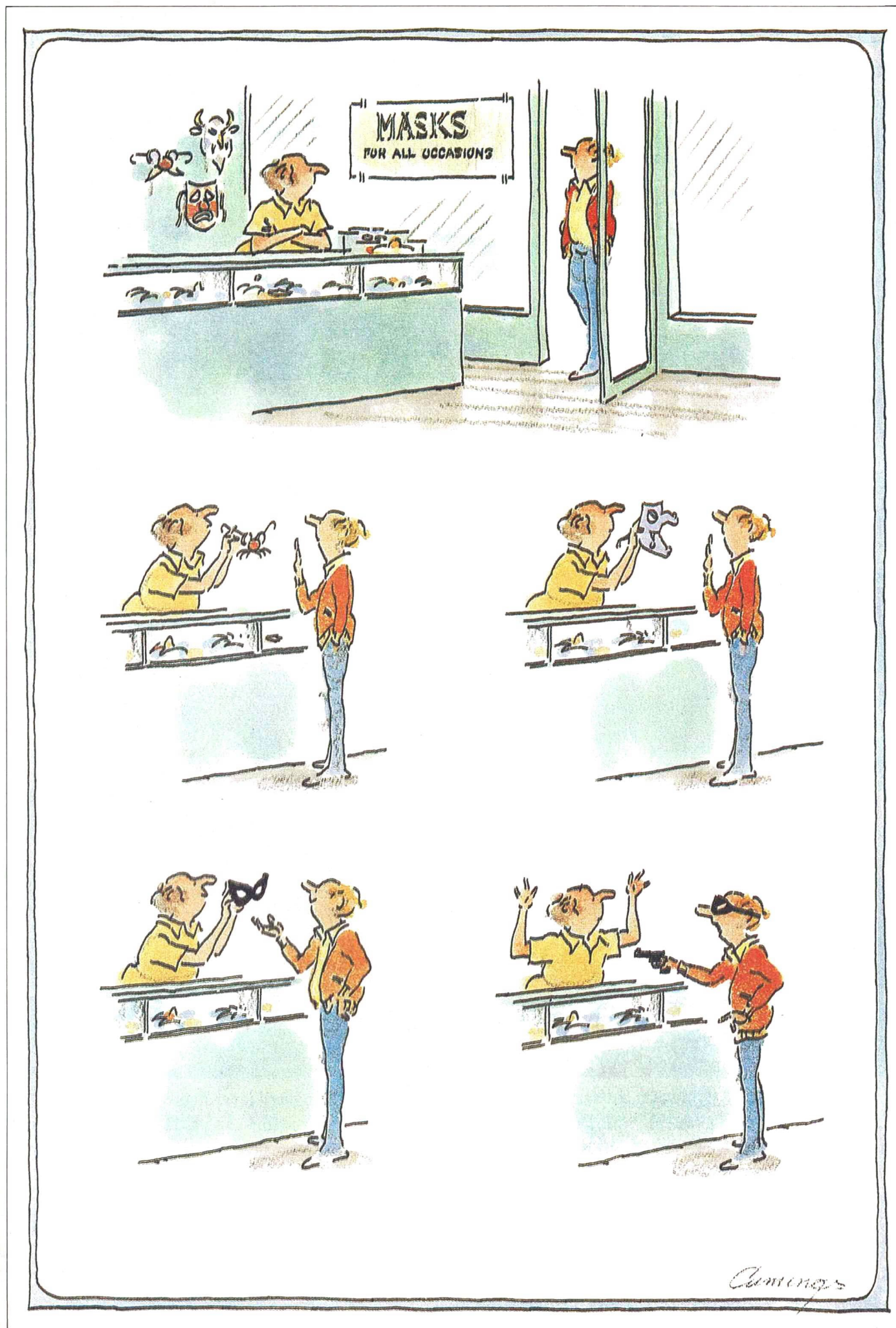
Tholstrup: Well, the solar car race from Darwin to Adelaide in 1987 will be fun. That's going to be a really great event, totally apolitical, open to all comers from any country. Everybody starts equal under the sun. There will be more safaris in the bush. I'm working on a new route through West Australia and Central Australia... 2500 kilometres and you don't see a house. That will be great.

Penthouse: Just a kid at heart?

Tholstrup: I don't understand what people mean when they ask me when I'm going to grow up. I've always been a big kid at heart, and I still am.

Penthouse: What about people who say your greatest success has been self-promotion?

Tholstrup: Listen, that's the worst part of it. It's something that has to be done so I do it, but I'm not very good at public speaking and I can't understand why they keep inviting me. I just get up and waffle for half an hour and really, I can't imagine anything more boring than just sitting there, stuffed full of food, listening to some guy tell you what he's been doing lately. If they're really interested they should be doing it themselves. You want to know what I would really like to say at one of those things? I want to say: "Get off your arses and do it yourselves, you fucking lazy bastards." O+



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BIG FOOT

MOTORING

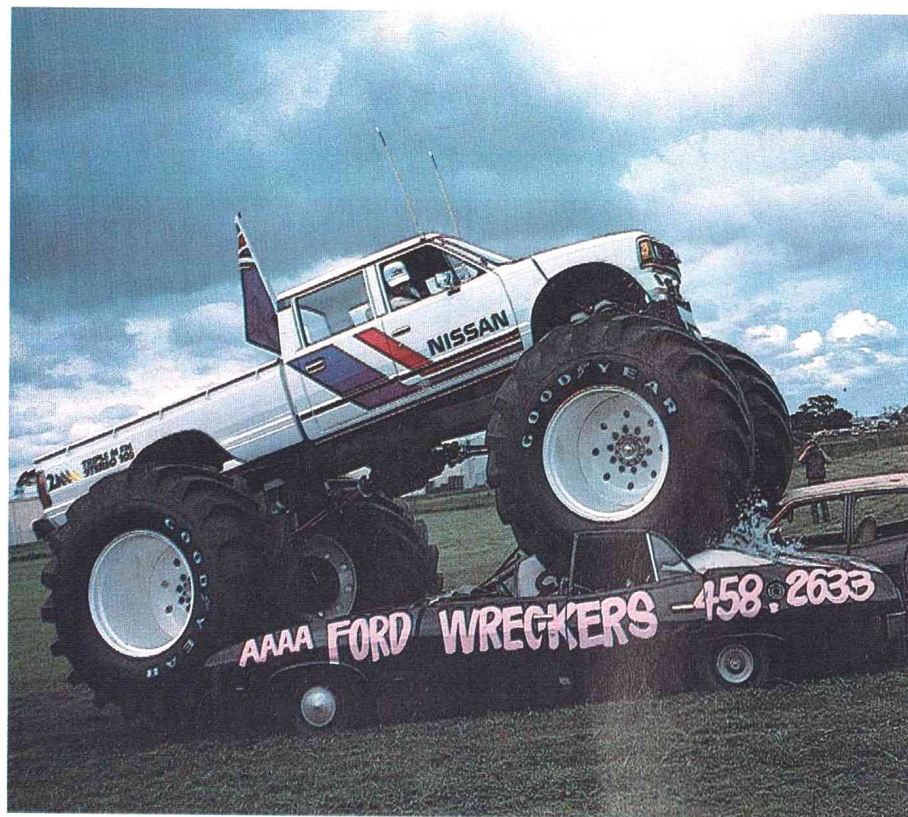
When this monster stomps cars, they stay stomped

BY PETER MCKAY

Here it is — the product of a wicked imagination, a clever engineering mind and a healthy bank account. Categorising *The Thing* can be difficult though. "All Terrain Vehicle" is a soft description, a bit like calling Thomas Keneally a typist.

Purpose-built for little reason other than to inspire awe, a task they manage even in repose, grotesque six-plus tonne beasts such as this trample wrecked cars flatter than a biscuit. That's the start and finish of their act, but it's pulling 'em in all over America, and now here.

"Monster truck" is the tag that's stuck. Stateside — where the craziness all started — there's a whole mess of these outlandish auto caricatures stomping all over the country stopping traffic and wowing the populace. Australia's first super-truck is off and running but numerically we're way behind the Yanks: about 40 American examples of the phenomenon are sharing the glory and cream. They rejoice in names like Intimidator, Walking Tall, Stomper Bul-



BIG FOOT

ly, King Crunch and War Wagon.

But this big daddy is a ground pounder named Big Foot. And Big Foot and the XOS pickups it has spawned are steamrolling along a wreck-strewn path to box-office success. Inventor Bob Chandler has produced BF2 and is working on BF3 and 4. To cope he's stretched his company to 19 full-time employees.

Chandler launched Big Foot the Second in over-the-top American style with TV lights and cameras and a bigger cast than *The Charge Of The Light Brigade*. And almost as many horses; vital statistics include a V8 engine developing 460 hp.

Big Foot the First came together by trial and error. No blueprints existed even in a country where the outlandish is normal and Detroit is the centre of the auto universe. Chandler fussed and fiddled, discarded and discovered for eight years, until finally he was satisfied with his creation.

Stateside, the original Big Foot is a celebrated circus act — a showbiz institution, maybe not up there with Sinatra, but a star nevertheless — storming up and down Reaganland, performing its car-crushing routine before smitten audiences who pay ten bucks apiece for the privilege of seeing something they could watch for nothing at Simsmetal. Still, it's not what you do, it's the way you do it.

And Big Foot is a star. Hollywood snapped him up for *Take This Job, Shove It* and *Cannonball Run II*; that's hardly Academy Award stuff but Big Foot is about headlines, not artistic merit. There's also now a line of Big Foot toys, puzzles and board-games to cater for the bopper market.

Down Under clones were inevitable, although the high difficulty factor and the mind-blowing cost of the exercise put many a would-be entrepreneur to rapid flight. Still, there are at least three Oz interpretations of the Big Foot genre under construction.

But there's nothing quite like being the first with the latest. First kid on the continent with his own monster truck is Sydney's Phillip Christensen.

Christensen sat next to the wrong bloke at a well lubricated dinner party. Next day he woke with a sore head and a vague recollection of having agreed to finance a crazy scheme to produce a local clone of the Yankee car crushers. "Go do it," he'd instructed Bruce McClintock, who until that moment had been a respected builder of off-road race machines but nothing more. That was at Easter last year.

McClintock undertook two fact-finding missions to the US and then rolled up his sleeves. There were countless theories and ideas to mesh together and hundreds of handbuilt components to produce. There were dead-ends and aggravations. But it gradually came together, a not-so-pretty blend of metal sourced from the strangest places. Nine months later he made the long climb to the Nissan cab, fired up the massive 14-litre Cummins diesel, selected low in the Fuller 10-speeder and committed the first trial pancake job on a quartet of ancient wrecks. First sacrifice was a Volkswagen Fastback, which was smartly driven hard into *terra firma*.

"It was a strange experience," recalls McClintock. "Moving up and over the stationary cars was so effortless — the Cummins puts out about 450 horsepower but, more importantly, has a mass of torque. In four-wheel drive, our truck just crawled over the wrecks at idle.

"I could hear the metal grinding and popping and folding underneath, with the windscreens exploding like mortars. When our truck stuffs a couple of wrecks, they stay stuffed."

Most of the American trucks use 5.0 to 6.0 litre petrol-slurping V8 Chevy or Ford engines, but McClintock favored the characteristics of the big Cummins. He estimates it has double the torque of the petrol V8s, with greater reliability. Later, if he gets bored with 450 gee gees, a turbocharger will be bolted on. Still, Christensen and McClintock don't intend to enter into a power race with one American monster truck operator who opts for an engine from an Allison aircraft. Power output is reckoned at 3000 bhp. A touch excessive maybe.

As well as a virtually unbreakable four-wheel drive, thanks to two Rockwell differentials from a Kaiser military vehicle, McClintock's babe also features four-wheel steering. Move a console-mounted lever left or right and the rear wheels move accordingly. It's all done with hydraulics and the result is a car that can move sideways, crab-like, at will. Or turn in its own length.

And whaddaya say to a quick truck? "Our vehicle is capable of running to a maximum speed of 130 km/h," says McClintock. "Except I wouldn't like to be driving it at that speed. It gets a little doughy."

The pioneering Aussie super-truck stands tall at 3.65 metres. It's loftier than most of the Americans, mainly due to its massive doughnuts. The Yanks rarely bother with rubber much taller than 48 inches. Christensen went the whole hog. His big-footed slob is all tired out in Good-year Terras boasting the immodest vital statistics of 73 x 44 x 32... and that's in inches. The retail price of the Terras: \$4500 apiece. Multiply that by five. (Yup, there's a spare).

Other key dimensions of the world's biggest Nissan vehicle — width 4.26 metres, length 6.10 metres — make this one big turkey to slot into a suburban carport. Christensen has built a special pantech to house his travelling sideshow. And even so, in order to squeeze inside, off come the Terras and the specially tailored steel rims and on go much smaller wheels and tyres.

Having outlaid a hundred biggies on the project, Christensen is now in the process of getting the bucks back. Nissan Australia has signed up for a number of appearances at dealerships all over the country. And over Christmas, employees at Nissan's Clayton (Vic) assembly plant were given time off to watch the tricked-up pickup flatten a brace of cars — Fords and Mazdas — at a special show designed to boost workers' morale.

The Nissan-bodied monster truck has also done star turns at the American football at Melbourne's VFL Park, and at a car expo in Cairns. It's a hard act to miss. Just be careful where you park. 

PART TEN

SEX AIDS



AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE GUIDE TO HUMAN SEXUALITY

This instalment of the Guide To Human Sexuality focuses on sex aids and their role in enhancing and supplementing love-making. Sex aids can be helpful in stimulating arousal and can also have a remedial function in sexual problems. Anorgasmic women, for example, can learn about orgasm and their responses by using a vibrator. They can then adapt these experiences to love-making by communicating their arousal needs more effectively to their partners. Sex aids, when used with both partners' consent and in conjunction with imaginative fantasy play, can inject new

sensations and a sense of fun into a flagging sex life. Maintaining the "fun" element by using sex aids occasionally, and not relying on them, is a key element in prolonged enjoyment. Many couples have found that the inclusion of sex aids in their love-making has improved their relationships immeasurably.

Dr. Carl

INTRODUCTION

Sex should be an enjoyable experience and too often we forget the importance of a sense of humor. The use of sex aids helps you to inject a little fun into your sex life. The adage that "variety is the spice of life" encapsulates the need to change our sexual routines in love-making, particularly in long-term relationships where sexual boredom is often a problem. Sex aids can provide that little bit of spice and elevate sexual experiences that are perhaps stereotyped and predictable to new heights of excitement and adventure.

There are an abundance of sex shops retailing sex aids and in this article these products will be discussed. However there are many everyday household items which, used creatively, can become erotic assets to your foreplay and love-making.

WHAT ARE SEX AIDS?

The definition of sex aids will obviously vary from person to person, but in general a sex aid could be defined as an object which enhances the enjoyment or excitement of sexual responses. Some sex aids are quite ordinary and easily obtainable, such as massaging oils and creams, whereas others such as electric vibrators have a more discreet profile.

Sex aids are probably best reserved for those times when a spirit of adventure and a certain amount of creativity are present. Whilst sex aids may have their place in some relationships, it's probably not advisable to whip out your box of gadgetry on the first night with a new partner.

Sex Shops: If you have never ventured past the door of a sex shop, a new world awaits you. Many people are timid and/or embarrassed about patronising such an establishment, but generally you will find the staff pleasant, helpful and appropriately business-like. One sales assistant at a

sex aid shop revealed that most people who came in were "just looking." However, many later returned to purchase, presumably when they felt more comfortable.

Most establishments carry a broad range of materials and sex aids including video cassettes, magazines, books and lingerie, as well as a whole host of gadgets and toys. As well as the more frivolous, there are also some serious sexual instruction manuals.

The staff are used to their customers being at first nervous and for this reason they are prepared to be patient. They are also used to couples who are initially inquisitive, and who may be unsure of the objects they wish to purchase. With a little Dutch courage, you (and your partner) may learn a new facet of your sexuality. Some people choose to buy sex aids by mail order and for this purpose catalogues are available.

The Morality Of Sex Aids: To some people, the idea of using an inanimate object such as a vibrator may seem artificial and even morally wrong. They would argue that sex is a gift of nature which should not be meddled with. For those who have trouble with the contention that mechanical objects can have a place in serious sexual relationships, there is certainly no compulsion for these objects to be used.

However, where is the line drawn as to the definition of a sex aid? There is a sound argument that the clothes we wear are quite artificial, and yet we all tend to appreciate revealing attire. Surely if the aim of sex aids is to allow greater enjoyment and stimulation, especially when interest is waning, then there can be no doubt that some relationships have benefitted tremendously from the inclusion of sex aids in their love-making. Many couples, who were previously disgusted by even the thought of using some sex aid in their love-making, have

found that the use of the object has assisted their relationship immeasurably.

As a counsellor, I would go so far as to say that in some cases, the inclusion of some sort of sexual aid — perhaps because it introduced an element of variation to the routine — has virtually saved relationships where sexuality had become a serious problem.

Whatever your attitude to sexual aids, most people have little trouble with the concept of introducing such simple items as massage oils.

Massage Oils: The importance of foreplay cannot be overemphasised in stimulating arousal and creating a relaxed environment. (This is particularly so when we consider the basic differences in male and female sexual arousal patterns, as we discussed in the article on Arousal, *Australian Penthouse*, October 1984.)

A massage is an excellent introduction to foreplay; it can be both relaxing and stimulating. The use of oil is part of a good massage and it will also heighten the sensuality of the experience. The choice of oil is a personal one. Suntan lotion may evoke memories of summer sands; Indian perfumed oils may provide a touch of the exotic; some oils will provide varying sensations due to their different textures. It probably doesn't matter all that much exactly which is used, and experimentation can be fun. Whatever is chosen it is worth remembering to warm the oil first. An easy way to achieve this is to place the oil in your own hand to allow the temperature to come to body heat before application.

The bed is the obvious choice for massage as a prelude to love-making, but the purists may disagree and suggest that the floor is preferable. Perhaps a compromise is the best. A thin mattress or thick beach towel placed on the floor, especially if placed in front of a full-length mirror, can provide an interesting setting. The temperature of the

room should also be a consideration: keep it warm. Many couples remember with fondness the setting of their massage by a roaring log fire. The effect of both warmth and lighting adds to the mood.

By experimentation you will find some oils more suitable than others for massage. Care should be taken with lubricants which are thick in consistency and those which are highly perfumed, as such creams may make the skin tacky and therefore hinder smooth penetration during intercourse, or they may sting and irritate the vagina. The vagina has its own acidity and some creams and lotions may affect the pH balance or contain toxic chemicals; they may be unsterile or even set up an allergic reaction on the genitals of both males and females. For this reason it is advisable to use such lubricants as Lubafax and KY-jelly on the genital areas, as they are designed for this purpose.

Many men and some women are a little uneasy with the concept of massage and benefit may be gained from enrolling in a massage class. There are various schools of massage but you may wish to adapt their techniques to your own needs. In this sense your own hands become accomplished aids to sexual enjoyment, and chances are that your partner will be appreciative of such skills. Of course it's not essential to enrol in such a school; with a little sensory imagination and experimentation, most of us have the ability to give a satisfying massage.

Mirrors: Many women express a feeling of detachment which inhibits their sexual arousal while watching "blue movies." Research clearly indicates that men are more inclined to be aroused by visual stimuli than women. Making love in front of a mirror may perhaps overcome this dichotomy as you become both participant and voyeur. The placement of mirrors can

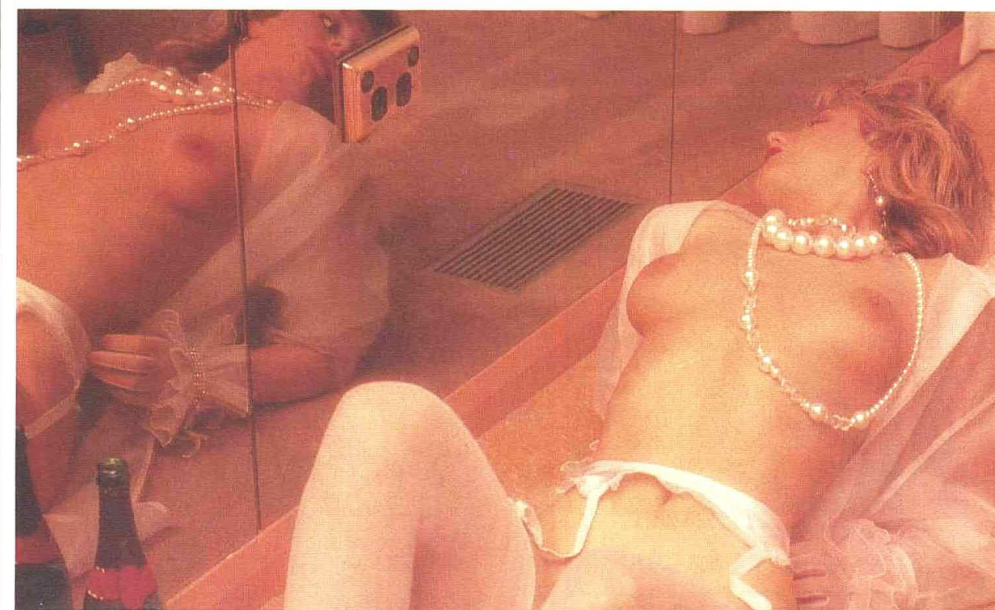
be important. A large ceiling mirror will allow a couple to view their own love-making as if "from a distance", and this may give a new perspective to their partner. A portable full-length mirror (attached to a moveable screen for example) may be moved around the bedroom or loungeroom. By carefully arranging the mirrors with respect to the light, many moods may be created.

A word to those who have learned to associate mirrors with immaculate grooming: try to use the image as a *total* experience rather than being distracted by any faults in detail. In this way those extra few kilos or the odd wrinkle will not be as important as the stimulation created.

Lighting: Whilst personal preferences dictate whether the light is on or off, a change from the typical routine of sexual approach can introduce an interesting scenario. For the romantic, the flicker of candlelight can create a soft warm glow which may be conducive to love-making, whereas others respond better to colored lighting. By experimentation, you will find that the use of lighting effects can be an important and effective aid to the creation of mood in sexuality.

Music: The recognised correlation between music and mood suggests the potential that music has in seduction and romance. We all have personal preferences in our taste for romantic music, but again with just a little communication it should be possible to establish a mutually enjoyable background. Whatever your musical tastes, music can be an aid in establishing a warm and relaxed atmosphere which can enhance sexual arousal.

A word of advice: investigate your lover's musical tastes. The classical buff who is aroused by the "1812 Overture" will hardly be turned on by AC/DC. The thoughtful lover planning a night of



Pictured are three common accoutrements popularly used for erotic enhancement — mirrors in the bedroom, titillating lingerie and the soothing spa bath.



While some couples are repulsed by X-rated video, many find them a rich source of variety and sexual inspiration.

romance can enjoy the anticipation through careful preparation. Remember that foreplay takes time and what better way to relax than to listen to music? It is essential that the music be a supplement to sexual harmony, rather than a distraction.

Literature: Erotic reading material can also be an aid in enhancing arousal. Sharing the letters from Forum or reading extracts from novels can be mutually exciting. Again the question of personal preference arises and there is an obvious need to communicate with your partner to determine what material turns them on. Most sex shops carry an extensive range of magazines and novels.

One feature of literature is that it evokes a vicarious response in the reader, who can experience through the printed word many situations which would be otherwise

unknown. By sharing erotic literature, a scenario for communication is established and you can explore each other's preferences, desires, fantasies and imagination. In discussing the subject matter of erotic literature and by reading aloud the sexual experiences and desires of others, the focus is removed from the individual, thus making the conversation less intimidating for the sexually inhibited.

Clothing: The well known cliché, "to slip into something more comfortable", demonstrates the acknowledgement of apparel as a sex aid. Connoisseurs of lingerie are usually appreciated by their lovers and are aware of the visual stimulation which can occur when they leisurely undress in front of their partners. From the flimsy lace negligee or the suspender belt to the leopard print jumpsuit or tight leather pants, the range of erotic lin-

gerie and clothing is extensive.

If you have ever been to a fancy dress party, you will be aware of the correlation between the relaxation of social inhibitions and the disguise of a costume. In the security of an established relationship, fantasy evenings in costume can provide a lift to a waning sex life. Again the possibilities are limited only by your own imagination — uniforms (such as nurses', French maids' etc) can be most effective as aids to sexual arousal; lace and feminine see-through materials will make even the least perfect of figures more alluring to the majority of males; some garments will enhance a woman's best features or provide sensual textures for massage. Even simple masks or wigs can provide the guise of anonymity conducive to the adding of a little spark to a tired relationship. The artful use of make-up can create a

new persona.

Role-playing can also have its place in sexual expression and costumes are an important sex aid in the enactment of fantasy with a co-operative partner. As discussed in a previous instalment on fetishes, many men and women can be sexually aroused by the sight of their partner dressed in fantasy wear. The different roles chosen can reveal a different personality and sexual attitude of each partner. Role-playing may help to heighten arousal by rekindling the excitement of early sexual experiences, or by allowing your partner to take part in a "forbidden" sexual situation. The classic mistress/slave scenario is an example.

Settings And Venue: The setting of your love-making is very important to arousal. Bubble baths and spa baths can be sensuous preludes to intimate encounters. The mas-

sage of the water jets is evocative, while soaping one another can achieve the tactile rewards of massage.

A change of venue can inspire a powerful enhancement of sexual responsiveness, the catalyst being the variation of predictable routines. Check into a motel for an evening or weekend of indulgence. For those who usually make love in bed, send the kids away and explore the potentials of the kitchen table, the living room, the shower or the floor.

Cameras: Cameras can be used to capture your most intimate encounters. Position your partner in poses similar to those you have found most exciting in magazines. Fantasy and role-play can be incorporated to create a photographic study of your private vision of your lover.

For those who do not develop their own film and who may be a little embarrassed by the thought of their intimate photographs being circulated in the local chemist shop, there are cameras available (such as the Polaroid range) which automatically process the film. The selection of background, props, lighting etc, provides the opportunity for your creative expression and

will certainly inject interest and variation.

The equipment for a photographic session need not be extremely complicated, but a tripod will be necessary if you are going to join the action. As with most sexual techniques, it is important to approach the inclusion of photography in your love-making in a sensitive and sensual way. Obviously the whole purpose is to arouse both partners and heighten the enjoyment of one another's bodies; this will not be achieved if the focus of attention seems to be on the new light meter rather than on the erotic glimpses.

A video camera and recorder can be used to create your own X-rated movies. If you do not own this expensive equipment, there are companies which will hire for the day, weekend or week. The television screen can be hooked up to act as a monitor so you can watch while you record, providing another perspective.

At first you may not achieve wonderful results, either from a photographic or arousal point of view, but this is understandable. You may find that you are concentrating on the "hows" of the session — experimenting with angles, light-

ing, close-ups and changing positions — rather than on the excitement potential of the subject. A sense of fun and adventure is important in making your partner comfortable and in achieving personal satisfaction in creating your own pornographic videotape.

Pornographic Movies And Video Hire: Pornographic movies and videos are available at most sex shops and at many video hire centres. Obviously in places where videos are for general exhibition, you may need to ask the assistant to see their R or X-rated stock. Some people find the thought of watching couples making love on film quite repulsive, but for others it can be a source of variety and fantasy in their relationship, and as such will make their sexual encounters more fulfilling.

For the uninitiated it might be wise to begin with an erotic rather than a pornographic movie, particularly if one partner is reasonably inexperienced, shy, or easily shocked. Topics for erotic and pornographic movies are quite diverse and the particular sexual roles which your partner finds most stimulating should influence your selection. Common themes include

the normal "boy meets girl", bondage, group sex, same sex and a minority of special interest topics. The brave may enjoy choosing their movies together.

Vibrators: A very useful aid to relaxation and arousal is the vibrator. Physiotherapists and other skilled professionals have known about the relaxation properties of vibration for many years as part of the healing process. It is known that vibration can assist in the reduction of muscle tension. Vibration plays an important part in healing as it increases the blood supply to an area. Chiropractors, for example, use vibration on the paravertebral muscles prior to manipulation as they recognise that muscle relaxation is optimal under these conditions.

In addition to the therapeutic benefits of vibration, there is no doubt that many people simply enjoy the sensation. The frequency of the vibration is important — to some, a high frequency, gentle oscillation is very pleasant; others find that a stronger, lower frequency vibration is better. For this reason, those vibrators which have an adaptable vibration speed are the most popular.

Not an array of medieval torture devices but a selection from the wide variety of harmless aids available for the sexually adventurous.





Vibrators and dildos. They may look funny but you'd be surprised at the number of people who keep one in the bedside drawer.



Colored, ribbed and textured condoms. Important sexual enhancers as they lessen fears of conception and disease.

What type of vibrators are available? There are two categories of vibrators: battery-driven and electrical. Those with batteries come in a variety of shapes and sizes, the most popular being a penis-shaped plastic or rubber-outer sleeve, containing two household batteries. Often these are available with a variety of rubber attachments — with a range of textures, shapes and protrusions — to provide a range of sensations. Other types of battery-operated sex aids include a vibrating ring which slips over the base of the penis and provides stimulation for both partners, a vibrating "love egg" which can be inserted into the vagina, and "porators" designed to stimulate the clitoris and prostate gland.

Electric vibrators tend to be much more powerful than their battery-driven cousins and these are largely intended for muscle relaxation or for direct stimulation of the clitoral area. The more sophisticated models have an attachment which allows the user to vary the intensity or amplitude of the vibration. In this way the amount of vibration can be adapted to the response of the individual. Many therapists prefer these electric models in order to introduce both relaxation and new sensations to couples. They are usually not intended to be inserted into the body.

For women who have great difficulty in manual masturbation, or who have never really experienced the sensation of clitoral arousal or orgasm, the electrical vibrator is a useful aid. It should be kept in mind, however, that the therapist will need to discuss the proper use of the vibrator at home, so that the maximum therapeutic benefit can be obtained.

How should vibrators be used? Whether a vibrator is used as a toy or whether it is used as a serious therapeutic technique, there are a number of generalisations that can be made. Firstly, it is probably

best to avoid direct genital contact with the vibrator until some general state of arousal has occurred. By applying vibration to the genitals too early, the sensation may be too intense and thereby lead to a decreased response level. In fact, some women testify that they become numb in the genital area if too much stimulation occurs prior to normal foreplay.

As with any form of sexual arousal, it is important to listen to your partner before moving on to more intensive stimulation. Very few people respond in the same way, and the length of time the vibrator is used, the amplitude of the vibration, the pressure applied and the parts stimulated will need to be explored.

Care of the vibrator. Obviously care must be taken when using a vibrator near water. A number of fatalities have occurred when people have used electrical appliances such as hair dryers whilst in the bath.

It is also important to remember that cleanliness is essential when using the various attachments available for vibrators. This is especially the case when the object may have come into contact with body fluids or secretions. Certainly it is easy to transfer bacteria from the anal areas to the vagina when using a vibrator with poor hygiene. To avoid this, a cloth which has been soaked in an antiseptic solution may be helpful, and in addition, after each use the attachments should be thoroughly washed in hot soapy water and allowed to dry completely. (Battery-operated models should not be totally immersed in water, as electrical contacts will be ruined.)

Dildos: A wide variety of dildos, generally penis-shaped, are available. Whilst some are equipped with vibrating parts, others are merely sex aids which can be used for penetration.

The most popular non-vibrating model is made of latex rubber and, although solid, is quite soft to touch. Many couples have discovered various ways of using dildos as part of foreplay and to enhance sexual arousal. Some, but certainly not all, women admit that they enjoy the sensation of a slightly larger than normal object within the vagina at various stages of love-making. Because this is such a personal issue, it is essential that this matter be discussed with your partner prior to the inclusion of a dildo in sexual practice.

Stimulators (Ticklers): Nomadic tribes of ancient times were well aware of the value of additional stimulation which could be given to the clitoris by wearing a "tickler." With this in mind, the eye-lashes of goats were applied around the shaft of the penis which during intercourse stimulated the clitoris and its surrounding tissue.

The modern version of this is the stimulator (or tickler) which consists of a ring of rubber or plastic which has a series of protrusions from it. The effect of the ring around the shaft of the penis assists many men in maintaining their erection; the projections, which vary from soft to quite firm, cause the clitoris and surrounding areas to be stimulated rhythmically during thrusting. It is claimed that ticklers are of particular assistance in the case where the woman has a high clitoris. However, many women find ticklers irritating and cumbersome. Again, communication between partners is important, for otherwise the effect of stimulation may be simply annoyance.

Duo-Balls and Love-Eggs: These items originated in the Orient and are designed to produce stimulation within the walls of the vagina. They are usually made of plastic, but contain metal balls which are sometimes magnetised. The

whole effect is to set up a rhythmic form of stimulation within the vagina, usually in the area of the G-spot. Some women claim that it places them in a high state of arousal for hours.

Love Potions, Creams And Drugs: Throughout the ages Man has attempted to find love-potions and aphrodisiacs. Despite many years of enthusiastic research, there appears to be little evidence of aphrodisiac substances. However, a large number of these are advertised and are of dubious value. Some may even be harmful. You will find some examples of these items, such as erection creams and "Spanish-Fly" liquid, in most catalogues and sex shops... but their effect is debatable.

Condoms: Finally, let's look at an important sex aid — the condom. They are obtainable in a wide variety of colors and textures. Some are quite ornate and have a ribbed effect, thus introducing an element of fun to this useful sex aid.

Apart from their obvious advantage as a contraceptive device, condoms can play a significant role in reducing the spread of sexually transmitted diseases, such as gonorrhoea, herpes simplex, urethritis and perhaps even AIDS. Thus their use is to be greatly encouraged, especially in casual sexual encounters.

CONCLUSION

I have attempted to cover the range of sex aids which may be used as an adjunct to sexual experiences. Their basic purpose is to introduce variation, increased arousal and a little light-heartedness. Many couples have found great enjoyment from experimenting with some of the objects discussed here. But be assured that whether or not you decide to incorporate such items into your love-making is your own affair and any decision as to their use should be mutually agreed.

LETTERS

Herpes sufferer

I have been a herpes sufferer for the last two years. At first the herpes appeared about once every four months. Now it comes about every two weeks. I am in desperate need of all possible information on this subject. Sometimes I feel as though I'm going to lose my mind over this problem.

I don't know how to go about receiving help, and I'm also ashamed to ask for it. I've been told recently about a new pill that stops herpes from appearing, but I don't know where or how to obtain this medication. Please give me some suggestions. There must be others who would be interested as well. — Name and address withheld

Your letter is typical of the difficult plight of herpes sufferers. Herpes is a viral disease which has been made ugly by social stigma because it is a sexually transmitted disease which is incurable. Since almost all sexually transmitted diseases are "curable", we can erase the tales of sexual adventures and experiences. Herpes is not so easily erased; it reoccurs with frequency and no-one knows why. But herpes is a simple disease: it doesn't kill; it doesn't deform or maim; it just comes back.

No-one worried about this virus when it was but a simple

cold sore. It was when herpes became a sexual sore that fame and publicity came its way.

We think that the frequency of reoccurrence of herpes is related to stress. Of course, the disease is a stress in itself, and if each episode makes you feel you "will lose your mind", that is obviously heavy stress. Once you anticipate its arrival, your inner thoughts help to create the next episode. The sun can cause a recurrence, menstruation may add to it, but there are undoubtedly a myriad of factors involved which we don't know a thing about. But the tragedy of herpes is what we have allowed society and the media to make us think about this predicament. A second tragedy is that charlatans and bad media writers prey upon our hope for a cure tomorrow to make this socially-stigmatised malady "go away forever."

There is a drug on the market with the chemical name of acyclovir and the trade name of Zovirax. In its ointment form it is used to tame and alter the first or primary episode of herpes. You may have heard of acyclovir usage in its tablet form which has not yet been released because the long-term side-effects are not yet known. However, it has been shown to hold the disease in check, although not to effect a cure. The virus still lives on in

the nerve root near the spine. The drug keeps it here, but does not conquer it. This drug is not available now because it is still in the experimental phase, so we must wait.

There is a lot of research, study and hope, but no cure is available today.

For the present, it is important to bear in mind that herpes is a disease with more social than physical power to cause harm. Herpes is being blown out of proportion by "do-gooders" who are making you feel bad about yourself. Medical help is on the way, and, in the meantime, be careful of a real and present danger — your attitude about yourself.

Tired of acting

I am a 20-year-old female and my husband is 25. I have been having sex since I was 16. My husband is the only person I have ever had sex with, but I have never really enjoyed it. My husband has slept with a lot of other people and never had any complaints, so it must be me.

My doctor said that I was too nervous. It doesn't hurt when I have sex but I have never had an orgasm. It feels good but that's all. My husband knows about my problem, but half the time I act like it feels really good so that he can enjoy it. I am hoping you have some ideas for me

so I don't have to act all my life. I want to start really enjoying sex acts. —Name and address withheld

Just because your husband has had sex with other people and never had any complaints does not mean that your problems must be all your fault. But it would be helpful if you and your husband discussed your desires more fully. It might also be helpful for you to show your husband how you like to be stimulated, what you find pleasurable and what type of stimulation usually brings you to orgasm with masturbation.

For a start, read and learn. Once you find out about your body and how it responds, you can then share this information with your husband verbally and by showing him what forms of stimulation you enjoy. If you want to learn about how certain forms of vaginal stimulation cause some women to orgasm during intercourse, you might want to read Ladas, Whipple and Perry's The G Spot.

Acting as if you enjoy something when you don't is not being open and honest and can lead to many problems. If you find that you and your husband have problems talking about what is sexually pleasing to you and to him, you might want to consider talking with a sex therapist.

NEXT...

In the next instalment of the Guide To Human Sexuality, the fascinating advances in surgery of the sexual organs will be explained. In particular, plastic surgery of the breasts will be looked at as well as surgery of the penis; exciting new work is being done in the area of penile blood flow and surgical implants. More people are benefitting from sexual surgery and this highly technical field will be explained in layman's language to help bring you up to date.

Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1



WARNING — SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

LEO BURNETT PMLP0605 CC2244/85

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY THEO BENET

Theo Benet is a journalist and yachtsman. He has worked with the Federal Government making films about nautical and industrial subjects. He recently wrote, produced and directed a film, "On The Ocean Wave", which demonstrated Australia's role in helping train sailors and fishermen from Third World countries. The production of that film resulted in these insights into the Sea Search Centre.

THE HIGH COST OF SAVING LIVES AT SEA

The Australian Government is spending millions of dollars each year to keep watch over people who go to sea. At a time when doubts have been expressed with regard to rescue organisations' efficiency, this expense appears hard to justify when so much of it goes towards search and rescue operations for those delinquent sailors and fishermen who should never have put to sea in the first place. With monotonous, heartbreaking regularity, ill-prepared craft with little or no life-support and signalling equipment on board stretch these rescue resources to the limit.

Government responsibility for seafarers' safety is implemented through the Federal Sea Safety and Surveillance Centre in Canberra. Operational costs at the Centre to the end of 1983-84 were \$7.5 million. This year's figure is expected to be closer to \$8 million, an overall cost which includes administering and operating AUSREP (Australian Ship Reporting System and Coastal Surveillance). As a spokesman for the Federal Department of Transport has stated: "It is not a simple equation when you're dealing with human life." Yet some civilian members of staff at the Centre, mostly ex-service and former merchant marine officers, have been heard to say that the costs and anxieties involved in "molly-coddling" Sunday sailors and the like are unwarranted, and that a country the size of Australia cannot maintain such an expensive service when so much of its search and rescue activity is devoted to incidents that should never have happened. "You feel at times like wringing the necks of some of these idiots after you've brought them in," said one. "You just can't go to sea ill-prepared. That applies to anybody who heads into open waters."

The staff are quick to point out that Australia cannot hope to match the extensive operations undertaken by the United States Coastguard. And yet, the Centre must maintain a 24-hour watch of Australia's coastline and of the area up to 200 nautical miles from our shores. Certain aspects of the safety service are often overlooked in the discussions of the Centre's effectiveness.

For example, the surveillance duties of this huge area were taken over by the Federal Police last October. Speaking for the police, Special Minister of State Mick Young said then that resources available to the Federal Police were extensive and provided a first-class information and communications network on which civilian search and rescue could also draw. "Facilities include full radio communications, a direct link to the Department of Defence, a complete navigational data base for Australian and regional waters, and other oceanographic and meteorological information vital to the operations of both Sea Safety and Coastwatch," Young proclaimed.

These claims have since been threatened, as the Australian Federal Police suffer staffing problems which have forced them to reduce the daily roster hours at the Centre to 16. No doubt, large-scale drug traffickers have welcomed this move. It means that for want of a duty sergeant and a supporting constable (to man the 2300 hours to 0700 hours shift) the coastal and sea-going drug trade can look forward to boom times for the duration. Ironically,

the police say that most drug incursions occur at night, at precisely the times of these missing shifts. This can hardly be deemed extravagance.

Meanwhile, civilian staff at the Centre may have no idea of the significance of some of the monitoring with regard to illicit activity, according to AFP Association secretary Bob Benson. Indeed, the civilian staff have expressed privately thoughts not altogether in line with police thinking, though in their defence it can be said their prime task is to watch over vessels and the people who man them, co-ordinating searches and rescues when necessary — despite times when their task seems obviously needless.

Take the night not so long ago when an American yachtsman radioed in for help from somewhere off the central New South Wales coast. On a journey from the US, he had lost his way. He had set off his EPIRB (Electronic Position Indicating Radio Beacon), an automatic device that sends out an alarm signal on which rescuers can home. He suggested at first that he was shipping water. Then he said he was extremely seasick. His young son was seasick too. It was established that the yacht was not in danger of sinking, that it was serviceable, and that the father and son could remain on board. The Centre in Canberra radioed instructions that the vessel should head for a safe port.

But the skipper had set to sea from the United States without charts for Australian waters. He was literally unable to "find" Australia. Search co-ordinators satisfied themselves that the skipper was able to read his compass and then sent a terse signal that he should head west. From the bearings he had given he was bound to "hit Australia somewhere!"

Such stupidity, as well as hoax callers, waste valuable time when the Centre's resources are needed to co-ordinate genuine searches and rescues. But every call for help must be answered.

Bob McCulloch, operations chief at the Centre, is adamant that their greatest worry is the sailor who goes out ill-prepared, be it in a sail craft or a motor vessel. "It doesn't matter whether it's a proper sea-going yacht or a little three-metre runabout. If they go out without full preparation, without safety gear, without telling someone where they're going, then they're looking for trouble. And in the case of the slightly larger vessels, if they go out without EPIRB they become a menace if they encounter problems."

In 1983-84 the Centre co-ordinated 71 searches for people lost at sea. There was an 81 percent success rate, a figure on which the Centre may be judged, but one which McCulloch finds difficult to rationalise: "It's meaningless because often by the time we go out the boat is at the bottom of the sea or the guys are drowned; you can't say the search failed. Too often there was nobody to find!"

Figures for the year included hoax calls — some of which were soon resolved. (Co-ordinates showed some signals had come from points inland!) The men at Seasearch say the hoaxter is his own worst enemy. Not only does he run the risk of being tracked down

Until people respond to the basic tenets of their own survival at sea, debate on the efficiency of the Coastwatch Centre cannot be justifiably addressed

and dealt with by law; there is an even graver risk that the "justice of the sea" will prevail when he is discovered by legitimate sailors or fishermen.

The oftentimes staggering expense of searches could be saved if people who put to sea spent more money on their life-support "insurance." Too many people concern themselves with the insurance cost of the vessel without ensuring their own safety. An EPIRB can cost less than \$200. Every vessel should carry sufficient float-free, self-inflating rafts to carry the crew. Flares, life-jackets and fire extinguishers are essential. So, too, is a proper marine radio transceiver, medical kit and food and water supplies. These items should be recognised as essential enough to take priority over such traditional trappings as water bottles and barley sugar.

Bob McCulloch sets small store by the cheap 27 megahertz CB marine radio: "It is very low-powered, and has a terrible 'skip' propagation problem. Often when you get parts of a message heard down in Tasmania and you can't make out a location, you can invariably guarantee it's coming from somewhere way up in Queensland or vice-versa. These things have tremendous 'skip' distances.

"They're popular not only because they're cheap, but also because the user doesn't have to observe formality. It's not like talking to a Coast Radio Station where you have to use formalised procedures. With CB you just chat.

"What we do we do very well," says McCulloch. "We have been running the Centre looking after the 200 nautical mile Australian Fishing Zone. We're also responsible for co-ordinating major sea pollution clean-ups and a dozen-and-one associated activities. For example, Australia is a favorite target for illegal foreign fishermen. Previously, under the old 12 nautical mile limit, it was comparatively easy for foreign illegals to poach our waters. They would sail up to about 13 or so nautical miles off our coastline and then slip over the 12 nautical mile limit to exploit fishing grounds near the coast." Policing the new 200-mile zone is much easier. Licensed foreign fishing vessels must report their positions every other day to the Centre. These positions are passed on to the fisheries authorities and all catches must be reported regularly.

The cost to the nation is significant, but the risks would outweigh the expense if there were no flights, no surveillance, and no Federal Sea Safety and Surveillance Centre in Canberra. After all, what price can you put on human life? What price on maintaining disease-free fauna and domestic animals?

It is an expensive exercise. The costs would no doubt be less if the risks were fewer, but that is as unlikely an event as a sudden change in the attitudes of certain sea-going people who give not a damn about their own safety or that of the people who go to sea with them. Until people respond to the basic tenets of their own survival at sea, and understand the many facets of the Centre's work, debate on the "cost effectiveness" of the Canberra Centre and its efficiency cannot be justifiably addressed. 



THRILLER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER AND PAT HILL

The close contest in the voting for US *Penthouse's* Pet Of The Year last year has provided us with a special treat — a new runner-up category, which means an encore. But then, setting new precedents is nothing new for gorgeous Antonia Larsen. She has a habit of cutting her own swathe through established traditions and finding her own special niche. People tend to go out of their way to make room for Toni.





With her gorgeous half-Scandinavian, half-Italian looks, she's certain to go a long way in acting, one of her driving passions. But think again if you see her delivering the inane lines of soap opera or melodrama, for Toni would rather play the female equivalent of Charles Bronson . . .





Toni is
obviously a thriller
in more ways than one.
"There's no doubt in my mind
that I could play the tough-guy role as
well as any man. I could be quite
convincing if I was called
upon to fight
dirty..."
O+M





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LOOSE ENDS



A GUIDE TO WEDDING TELEGRAMS

Living in sin is out of fashion. As the song goes, "All my friends are getting married," and from where I sit on Sin St I'm feeling puzzled and out of pocket. It beats me why my buddies, after years of carefree de facto existences are opting for the altared state, though I suspect they've only done it for the presents. It has sure pained my pocket to shell out around \$400 in six months for nuptial knickknacks for a succession of happy newlyweds.

I'm getting connubial blisters on

my bum from wriggling around uncomfortably on church pews and I'm sick of nursing bruises sustained in spear tackles by unwed women fighting for the bride's bouquet. I'm locked into a couple more bridal bashes before the winter recess and I've asked myself why I'm going to go to them, as I know I will. The limp answer I came up with is that I have a particular fondness for wedding telegrams.

In days of olde the village yokels, full of mead and merriment, would hurl rocks and crude

comments from the courtyard as the newlyweds went at it hammer and tongs on the bridal bed. Another time, another place and I would have been chucking rocks with the best of 'em. But as a modern lass I'll content myself with the Twentieth Century version of the humiliating ritual. I'll get my jolies watching the groomsman lurch to his feet in his rented tux and spew forth a succession of lewd, childish and distasteful false messages in the presence of everyone from sweet wheelchair-ridden gran to trifle-smearing toddler.

Oh, I've got my favorites and there are some that no Aussie *Dimboola*-style wedding is complete without. They usually kick off with the old chestnut: "The Bureau

Of Meteorology forecasts rainstorms so the bride can expect a good few inches overnight." The traditional follow-up seems to be: "A honeymoon is like the Nullarbor Plain — one long route." Then in quick succession: "Don't buy your bed from David Jones, they stand behind everything they sell"; "All the best from Mr and Mrs Farkin and all the Farkin kids"; "Seven days' honeymoon makes the hole weak", and the ubiquitous caterer's sentiments: "May your honeymoon be like a good chook dinner — a bit of leg, a bit of breast and a lot of stuffing."

Another clutch rear up less frequently but are standards nonetheless. Like the one from the travel agency to the bride: "The groom's face leaves at midnight. Be on it." Or the similar sentiment: "We're happy to know that when the groom's off his face at 1am, the bride will be on it." Then there's: "Honeymoons are like power strikes — on again off again affairs." For footballing grooms the coach usually sends his congratulations to the bride: "If you've tried him in 18 positions and he's still no good, pull him off." And somehow the bride's gynaecologist never lets a pre-Christmas or Easter wedding go by without sending this message to the groom: "Good to see you got in before the holiday period." That one's guaranteed to have maiden aunts spluttering their sherry.

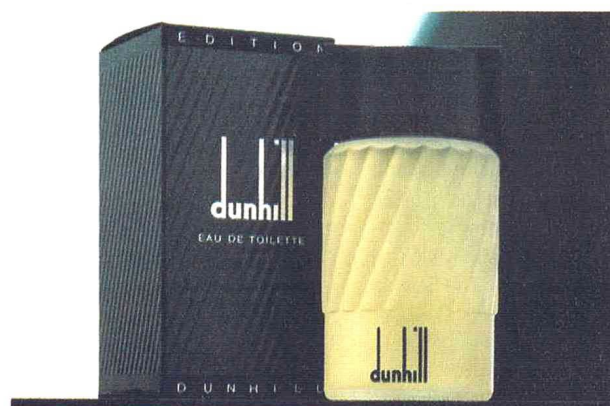
To really bring out the oick in a crowd, a few references to the bride or groom's past indiscretions or venereal ailments have worked like a charm. The one from the girls at Nola's Naughty Nookery to the groom is a good starting point:



"Great buck's night. A little bit of you lives on in all of us." The encore comes from the local VD clinic: "We're glad to see that from your legions of fans you've finally found a fan of your lesions." "Your onions never made us cry" is a nice touch from the Hells Angels East Coast Chapter. For a slightly upmarket interlude, Pinky's Charm School has saved the day with its message to the bride: "He always went straight for the fish fork." And the jetsetting groom is likely to expect something along the lines of: "Please advise on subscription renewal of mail order catalogue" from the Filipino Marriage Service. Then a philosophical note from the groom's colleagues — "What's the difference between your wife and your job? After five years your job still sucks."

Of all wedding telegrams I reckon on those with a racist bent are the most offensive, hence the most effective. Like that classic that always turns up from the Outback for the groom: "Why you marry white woman? Signed, Jedda." Sporting themes aren't bad, like the tennis club's cable: "Two fuzzy balls never guaranteed a great

serve," or the golfer's: "Here's to a lifetime of putting on a one-hole course." But those which combine sport with racism capture the quintessential Aussie mood on the occasion of a sacred union. The blushing bride will remember forever her day of days after receiving greetings from old friends. "It hit us hard when first we knew/Of our Aussie girlfriend's wedding./Next time we'll ask before we queue/To dribble in your bedding. — The Harlem Globetrotters." Or the message from the West Indian cricket team: "It was a black day when we heard/That our white girl was marrying./ Yes, quite sad indeed, but not as black/ As the bundle you are carrying" Not to discriminate with discriminatory telegrams, perhaps the bride could receive this one from a recent touring team: "We Indians are an emotional lot/Who remember fondly each Australian screw./If on your wedding day we bawl, so what?/It's chapati and we'll cry if we want to." Sure, it's a little forced, but it lifts the tone of the proceedings higher than: "Go for it, mate. We all did." Well, sort of. — C.J. Mackay ■



ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE

When Alfred Dunhill began trading in his Duke St, London store in 1907, he expressed his philosophy so: "No gentleman is truly well-dressed without the subtle note of a fine masculine fragrance." The philosophy of the elegant Lord Alf is adhered to in Dunhill's latest range of luxury grooming products for men. The superbly packaged "Edition" collection comprises a series of systems, each designed to care for a separate aspect of masculine grooming. Products range in price from \$16 to \$53 from Alfred Dunhill, 23-25 O'Connell St, Sydney and 405 Collins St, Melbourne. ■

CHEWING THE FAT

If Australian men are anything like their Canadian and American brothers, between four and five percent harbor a fetish for fleshy women. We're not talking here of ladies who carry a couple of extra kilos around the hips, we're talking massive mamas with enough folds of flesh to fill a butcher shop window and dames with so many chins they'd need a book-mark to find their necklace.

For those of us content with women who look like women and not narwhals, the idea of carnal desires for a woman who buys her clothes from Kangaroo Tent City may seem repulsive. But, accord-

ing to William Fabrey, chairman of the National Association to Aid Fat Americans, a taste for a chunky sexual partner is no different than a taste for anything else. "Some people like *cuisine nouvelle*, others prefer something more substantial. An estimated five percent of Canadians and Americans prefer a woman who's more Big Mac and fries than crispbread and lettuce leaf."

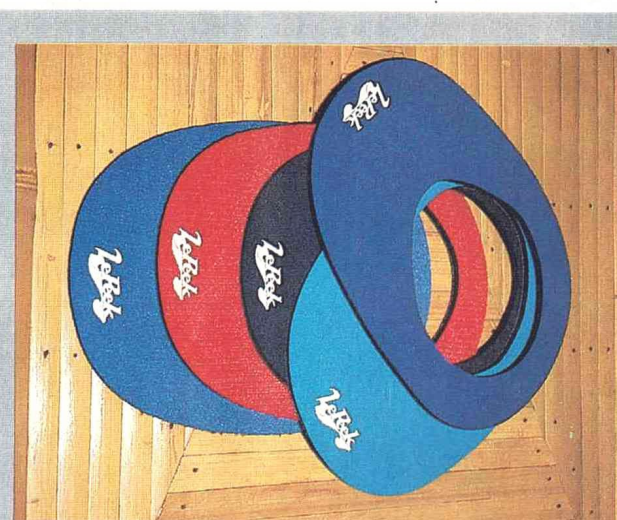
About 80 percent of NAAFA's male members are Fat Admirers (FAs), and more than half of them are not fat. But they prefer to go out with fat women. Chairman Fabrey is married to Nancy Sum-



mer, a 300-pounder, and he confesses: "I might have a problem getting turned on to her if she were really thin."

Fabrey and Summer believe that with more exposure to fat beauties in the entertainment and

fashion worlds, FAs will "come to accept and understand their preference for the larger figure as an ideal." In fact, they say the thin fad has peaked, and "abundant" figures will soon become popular again. Fat chance. ■



MADE IN THE SHADE

Le Peek — a sunshade peak hat in waterproof stretch neoprene — is just the ticket for surfers, windsurfers and sailors. Le Peek from Aquastrap is stretchy enough to fit anyone's

head without adjustment, it's reversible in a range of color combinations and it scrunches up into your bag or pocket. This sporty eye and face protector sells for around \$5.95 at most sports stores. ■

WHAT TURNS WOMEN ON?

These lists of "turn-ons" have a habit of cropping up in all sorts of magazines. They're usually compiled by a staff member — male or female — with a soft spot for a nice arse. Whether it's a list of agreeable male or female traits the bottom line always seems to be the bottom, and somehow those widely accepted gender pluses "A Big Dick" or "A Tight Box" never seem to get a guernsey. Funny that.

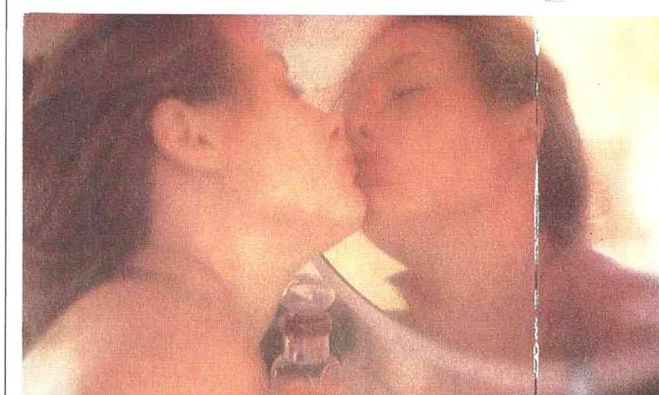
The following is compiled by a female journalist who claims to have seen more beavers than you'd find in a lifetime subscription to *National Geographic* and more breasts than most people have had hot dinners. The fact that never once while pondering the breakfasts of thousands of nymphets has she experienced the slightest venial nibble establishes her as heterosexual — and thus qualified to compile such a list about men.

TEN THINGS WOMEN FIND IRRESISTIBLE IN A MAN

1. A man who likes a bit of meat on a woman is a winner on the singles' scene. If your opening lines aren't packing the old punch, suggest she come back to your place so you can nibble salami slices from her person. You'll be a shoo-in for a pork.
2. Men who move their lips when they read. Smart women know that oral dexterity is a boon in the bedroom and these fellows get a lot of practice.
3. Garlic breath. You've heard the truism "Distance lends enchantment", right? Well, a plate of garlic prawns and a good pungent pasta dish ensures the necessary distance
4. Clean underpants. Sounds fussy, but the vast majority of modern women will fail to succumb to a man whose discarded undies look like something from Jackson Pollock's umber period.
5. Men who are proud to be *men*. This one has been stolen straight from *Dolly* magazine, but it's an accepted fact that women seldom warm to a man who is proud to be a *woman*. It's hard to love a man who keeps borrowing your best clothes.
6. A sense of humor. Another standard but there are a lot of women out there who still can't tell the difference between a knee-slapper and a knee-trembler.
7. A small dick. Contrary to popular male belief, women do prefer the lesser endowed man. A biggie may be nice to look at but it's the guys with the littlies who try harder.
8. Neatly trimmed nasal hairs. It is a little known fact that when a woman stretches up to kiss a man and finds herself staring straight into nostrils like a leprechaun's armpits, a sort of hormonal SupaGlue is secreted from glands in her inside thighs.
9. A hell of a lot of money. Anyone who reckons liquid assets don't get the old juices flowing should return to go and pick-up a couple of grand, then watch those damp panties fly.
10. A nice arse. Yes, it's true. If you love her, give her your ring. ■

KISS KISSING GOODBYE

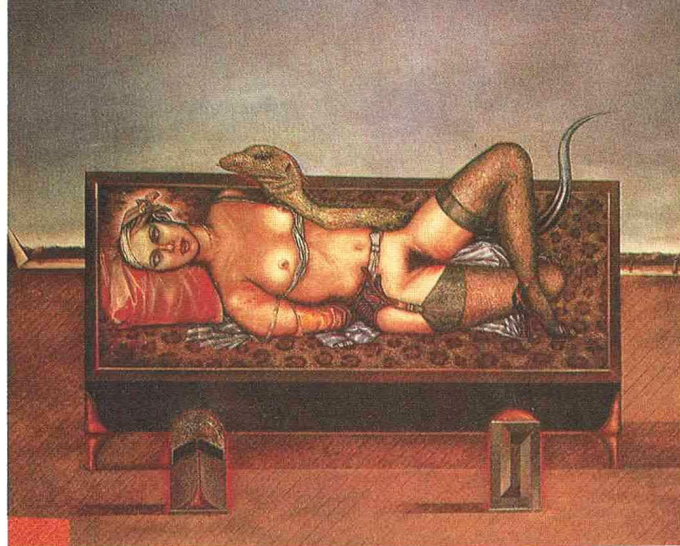
If we know what's good for us, we'll all kiss kissing goodbye, says American Health Consultant Dr Hans H. Neumann. Dr Neumann is leading a campaign to banish the social kiss in the interests of public health. In the Eighties, the public is increasingly aware of the benefits of regular exercise, good nutrition and non-smoking, according to Dr Neumann, but the health hazards inherent in kissing are being ignored. To clean up the public's act, the good doctor suggests promotion of such alternatives as the deep Japanese bow, the Latin embrace, or just clicking your heels. ■



WIN AN R-RATED VIDEO LIBRARY

Want to add five high quality videocassette movies to your collection? What sort of question is that? Of course you do and here's your chance. To coincide with the release of CEL Video's first Restricted rating library of five films, *Penthouse* and CEL are giving away one package and 10 single videos. The CEL package comprises some of the finest R-rated videos available including David Hamilton's wistful *Bilitis*, the acclaimed *Emanuelle* and *The Story of O*, Joan Col-

lin's finest hour *The Bitch* and the raunchy English romp *Fanny Hill*. To win the CEL package or a runner-up prize of the cassette of your choice simply write to us and tell us in 25 words or less why you reckon the CEL video library should be yours. Indicate on your entry your name and address, the video of your choice from those in the package and your video format — VHS or Beta. Address your entry to CEL Video Competition, c/Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. ■



The controversial works of artist Juan Davila are provocative, both sexually and politically. Though Chilean-born and resident in Australia for ten years, his work is often chosen to represent Australian art. Selected

canvases from the past decade have now been compiled in the book *Hysterical Tears*, published by Greenhouse Publications, rrp \$25. The painting shown is entitled *Nemesis*, 1976. ■

OH GEORGE ... OH MARTHA ... OH BOY!

If you want to get it on but she won't get it off, forget about forking out for powdered rhino horn, a truckload of oysters or those surgical pink things that go buzz in the night. The most effective sex aid for the woman in your life may be as far away as the nearest newsagent — in the form of a good old pulp holiday romance book.

A recent overseas survey revealed that women who read Mills & Boon and Harlequin romance novelettes make love more than twice as much as women who don't read them. According to Claire Coles and M. Johnna Stamp, of the Emory Medical University in Atlanta, romance readers make love an average of 3.04 times a week, and those who don't only get it away 1.75 times.

"Readers reported using fantasy to improve their experience during sexual intercourse," the researchers found. They concluded the suggestion of sex, often in a brutish, macho form, is what turned romance readers on. But do they lick their fingers to turn the pages? ■

STUFFED IDEAS

Leadership candidates for Stuffed Idea Of The Year is Bill Boyd, a self-styled toy analyst who, for a price, will read the past and predict the future of any stuffed animal you hand him. Operating his world-wide service from Kansas City, Mr Boyd promises to accurately read the past lives of your teddy, regardless of your fuzzy companion's color, creed or fur texture. Relating one particularly memorable bear analysis on radio, Boyd found that a teddy had in a previous life been a stuffed dog. The kapok canine had weathered the San Francisco earthquake of

1906 only to be later thrown into San Francisco Bay. Boyd also specializes in toy auras and glass eye iridology.

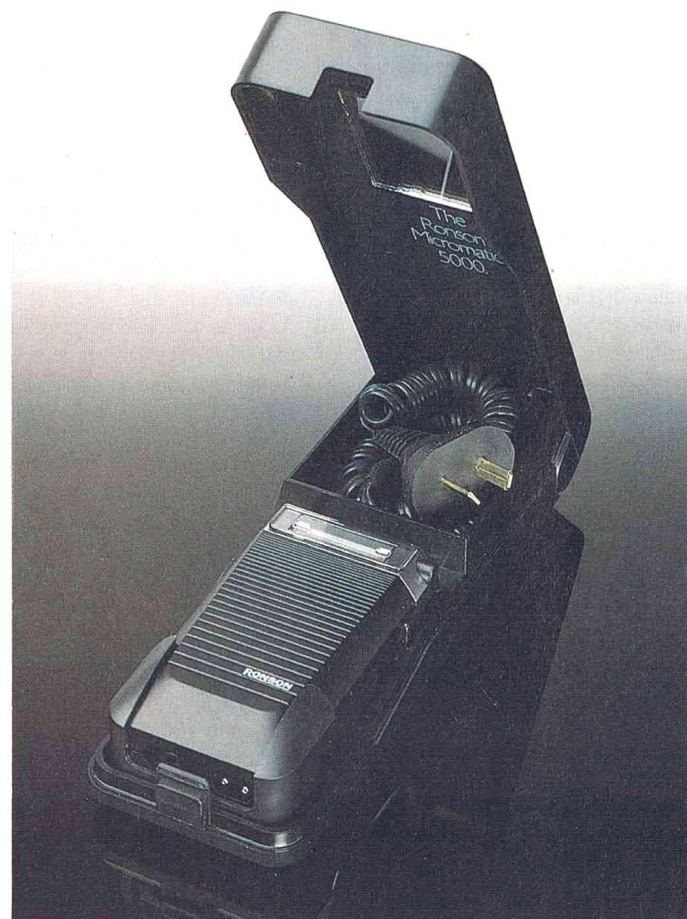
Meanwhile, another animal entrepreneur is cleaning up in the dead cat market. Eccentric businessman Barry Gottlieb is selling toy squashed felines, promoting them as perfect pets.

"They don't have to be fed or put out at night and kids can swing 'em around by the tail and not get scratched," says Gottlieb. The partially stuffed toy, known as Earl, comes complete with a death certificate and sells for \$14.95. ■

WHISKER WHISKER

Ronson claims that putting their latest whisker whisker on your face will put a smile on your face. Looking very "Beam me up, Scotty," the stylish Ronson Micromatic 5000 Power Razor features a narrow radius shaving head specially angled to follow facial contours with maximum efficiency and comfort. Other features

include a micro-thin nickel shaving foil and multi-blade cutter for clean, quick shaving, a retractable super trim for a neat line on sideburns and moustaches and international dual voltage. Complete with presentation case with inbuilt mirror, wall rack and power cord, the Ronson Micromatic 5000 sells for around \$100. ■



AIDS FROM OUTER SPACE

Rock Hudson may have been the victim of a fiendish alien plot to decimate the Earth's population in readiness for a full-scale invasion from outer space. So says UFO "expert" Dr Dhali Bhagheera and he backs up his far-fetched AIDS theory with "proof."

The Indian doctor of UFOlogy shrewdly deduced the origins of the killer disease when he noticed the proximity of AIDS-ravaged Haiti to The Bermuda Triangle. Everyone knows that the terrible Triangle is a veritable drop-in spot for passing aliens, and Dr Bhagheera believes the extra ter-

restrials chose nearby Haiti as a test colony for research into human frailty.

"The increase of AIDS on the island coincides with an incredible number of UFO sightings in the area... this is more than just coincidence," says Dr Bhagheera. "Only a superior intelligence which understands the nature of human disease and behavior could have created this malevolently intelligent virus."

In Bhagheera's view, AIDS doesn't stand for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome after all, but Alien Induced Death Sentence. ET could have a lot to answer for. ■

THE NIPS ARE GETTING BIGGER

And now for the good news. You haven't been imagining it — bosoms are getting bigger. Dorothy Pollack, a veteran of the brassiere industry with almost 40 years service, tells us that "since the advent of the birth control pill, the cup size of the bosom has grown. What's interesting is that there's also an increasing demand for small band sizes with large cups, 80cm (32 inches) D or 80DD. With these changes the bustline is very different to what it used to be."

But it would appear that our female population is not nearly as up-front as the gals in the States. Over there the Goddess Bra Company claim their most popular model is a 42C and their largest,

a mindboggling FF. According to a spokesman, this funbag supreme model represents an engineering feat. "Each cup weighs a minimum of three and a half pounds and the FF is designed to proportionately support as much weight as a road bridge."

In England, Rigby and Peller, corseteers to the queen, claim their own FF model was the world's first. At this discreet establishment in London's Mayfair, clients are supplied with circular Band-Aids to conceal their nipples while trying on brassieres. Despite this quaint service, Rigby and Peller are not known within the undergarment trade as rip-off merchants. ■



GOOD CLEAN SEX

Sex in cars is a Twentieth Century tradition, but getting down and dirty in a grubby car is just not on, according to the proprietor of the Tunnel Of Love Carwash. For \$2.75 customers are invited to get a good polish on the inside and outside of their vehicles at this kinky Chicago autoservice. Car owners arrive at the Tunnel Of Love Carwash with their companion (what do you expect for \$2.75?), and their car is

placed on a conveyor belt that passes through a giant pair of puckered lips into the steamy, sudsy car cleaning process beyond. Customers are encouraged to smooch uninterrupted throughout the six-minute 48 second laundering process. "Sometimes they really get it on in there," comments the Tunnel Of Love proprietor, pleased to be doing his bit for good clean sex and making some money out of it.

On a loftier level, Europeans are paying \$176 an hour to join the "Mile High Club." A West German company now offers "joy flights" for the adventurous who want to have sex thousands of feet in the air. The company, based outside Bonn, gives its high flying fun-seekers a choice of itinerary, promises complete discretion and awards a Mile High Club certificate to its passengers. ■



THE IDEAL ROOMMATE

The Roommate from Bose is just the thing for anyone looking for a compact high quality sound system for their office, bedroom or anywhere your music takes you. The Bose Roommate is a pair of high fidelity speakers with a built-in stereo power amplifier. The 240 Volt powered Roommate plugs into the headphone socket of your TV, VCR or personal stereo. It sells for around \$399 and stockists information is available from Bose Australia on (02) 684 1022. ■

ENDS



Brisbane's Paula Sutton

COMING IN MAY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Pet Of The Year — Who will be the 1986 *Australian Penthouse* Pet Of The Year? Find out next month when we reveal the results of the Pet Of The Year Poll, and you'll realise why one of the eight finalists was a runaway winner when you see her eye-opening all-new pictorial in May *Australian Penthouse*.

The Great Compo Con — Workers compensation abuses are costing the Australian taxpayer millions. *Penthouse* gained access to confidential doctors' files which show that an ever-increasing band of malingerers are laughing all the way to the bank and at present there's not much the authorities can do about it. Read this startling expose and you'll agree that the current compo situation is enough to make an honest citizen sick!

Worst Moments In Australian Sport — Let's face it, we all make mistakes. Fortunately most of us make them in private. Sportsmen, however, have the dubious distinction of having their every physical *faux pas* and fumble illuminated by the cruel glare of the media spotlight. Don't miss this hilarious compilation of Australian sportsmen's personal worsts.

Return to Vietnam — Internationally renowned photographer Christopher Pillitz recently visited Vietnam to photograph the country a decade after the devastation of war. The results of his expedition are hauntingly surreal — a pictorial which truly represents the horror of war.

Pet Of The Month — Introducing Paula Sutton, a statuesque Brisbane beauty with some very obvious talents. Like the song says: she's got legs . . . knows how to use them. If you want to see a whole lot more of the svelte Ms Sutton, don't miss May *Australian Penthouse*.

TRICKS

Continued from page 38

the victim can afford and adding ten per cent — in other words, an arbitrary figure. When confronted by a debt collector or repo agent (who usually resembles a professional wrestler and is devoid of a sense of humor), the average person simply pays whatever is demanded. Next time some gorilla tries this extortion on you, quote section 29 of the *Commercial & Private Inquiry Agents Act*, which makes it an offence to receive money from a debtor for an agent's costs, charges or expenses. The threat of a complaint to the police will have the offender grovelling at your knees.

Repossession agents are also expert at illegally obtaining goods when a finance contract is in default. There's nothing illegal about an agent demanding that you deliver the subject goods to him — but if you refuse, there's really nothing he can do about it. Most repo men operate on the basis that the victim knows he's in default and can therefore be intimidated. But goods can only be legally repossessed by a court order (a letter from a finance company means nothing). If anyone tries to repossess an item without a court order, tell them they're trespassing and if they refuse to leave, call the police.

All collection and repossession agents must be licensed, and under section 23 of the *Commercial & Private Inquiry Agents Act* you can demand to see this licence. Many unscrupulous companies use people who operate without a licence because they don't have the character qualifications to get one. If you're being harassed by an agent, ask to see his licence and if he refuses, call the police. If he shows it to you, make it clear that you're using it to record his residential address (which, by law, must be accurate). Most repo men buckle when their own privacy is invaded, since they're extremely paranoid about repercussions from the people they've harassed.

On no account accept as truthful anything a repossession agent tells you — unless you can verify it elsewhere. These men are only paid for results, so they'll do anything and say anything to get them. Professional ethics in this business are practically non-existent.

I want to make one thing clear: I'm not advocating that people should make direct financial gains by supplying false information. However, thousands of Australians are doing exactly that and getting away with it. The increase in interest rates can be partly attributed to an increase in bad debts and bad debt write-offs; hence the various organs of the system justify their infiltration of the private lives of ordinary people.

Until someone devises a better system, the spectre of 1984 will increasingly become a reality. An individual can only use the weapons at hand to preserve what freedom and privacy he has left. ☐

INTRODUCING

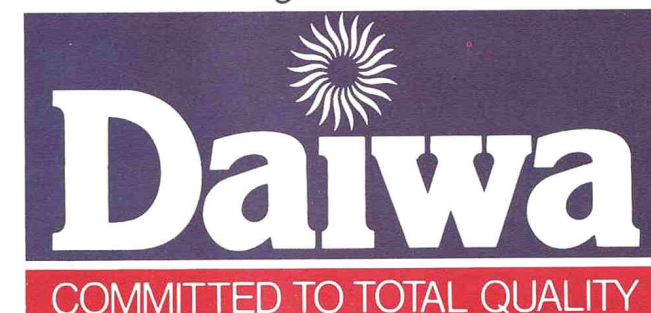
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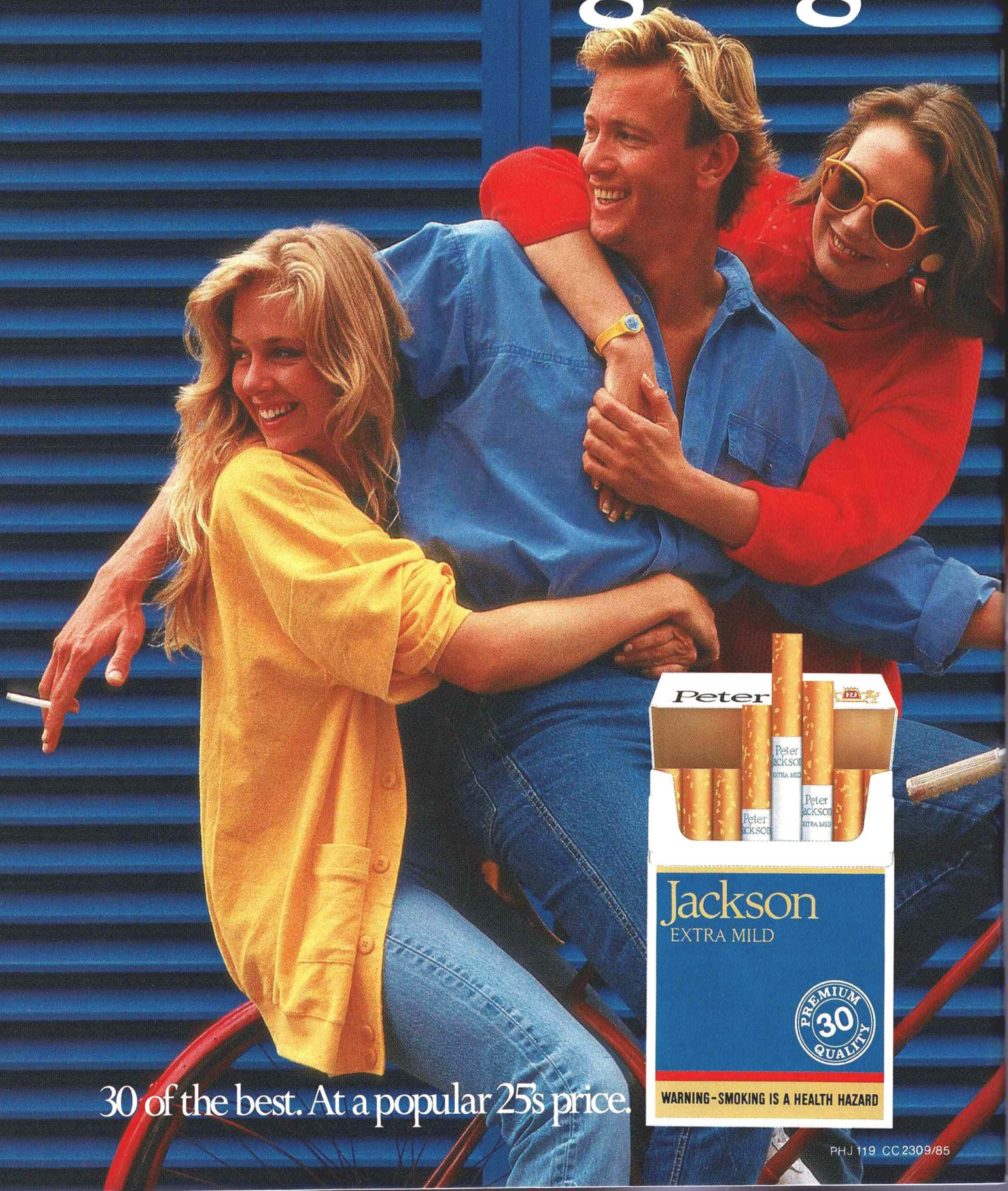
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